# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 12

SEPTEMBER 20, 1924

5c. the Copy

*Beginning* **THE BLACK CARGO—By J. P. Marquand**

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"FROM SUNRISE TO TWILIGHT"

# ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

*Two* Adler Collegian models designed especially for the young man whose clothes must be unmistakably smart. The two-button suit is the *University*. Its broad, manly shoulder lines, wide lapels and low pockets set it quite apart from the ordinary. The overcoat is the *Rugby*—a jaunty, double-breasted, box-back model with turn-back cuffs. Both will be decidedly popular this season.

*The Adler Collegian dealer in your community will have the above and other new Fall models in Suits and Overcoats at moderate prices. Have him show them to you. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.*

## Your Suit Should Be *Cold-Water* Shrunk

Cold water shrinks certain kinds of wool cloth more than anything else will. That's why it costs more for such a suit that is cold-water shrunk. But when you wear that suit it is going to be rained on. If it has not been cold-water shrunk before, it is certainly going to be cold-water shrunk then—which will mean puckers and blisters in the cloth.

So we shrink Adler Collegian Clothes before they come to you. The difference in cost is very small. The difference in looks and satisfaction is enormous. Our cold-water shrunk suit will keep you looking your best when a similar steam-shrunk suit might have you wondering whether you really ought to buy a new one. So ours is far cheaper in the end.

If you could see the hundreds of careful, tiny hand-stitches that go into the hidden part of your clothes, when we make them, you might wonder why we go to all that trouble. But when you see how smartly our clothes hang while you wear them, you know why.

You might wonder why we use fine, pure linen canvas for the foundation of your coat and overcoat, when money on each garment could be saved by using a cheaper canvas. The clothes that you have seen on other men who looked shabby probably made this supposed saving. Was it worth while? Not when you see how good Adler Collegians look on you.

We stitch seams with new, tested silk thread. Silk is elastic, and "gives" to body-motions instead of breaking. Nobody wants the seams of his clothes to come apart.

We use buttons of extra good quality. They do not curl under the presser's iron, and they rarely cut the thread or break. We sew them on by hand, because that is the best way.

There is nothing skimped in our clothes. We give you full measure, all-wool, new style, trim fit, comfort, long wear. And the prices are just what about 90% of the men in America—men just like you—prefer to pay for their clothes. *Most of our Suits sell at $35 to $50—some at higher and some at lower prices; Overcoats at $30 to $75, and thereabouts.*

If your dealer does not sell Adler Collegian Clothes, let us tell you of one nearby who does.

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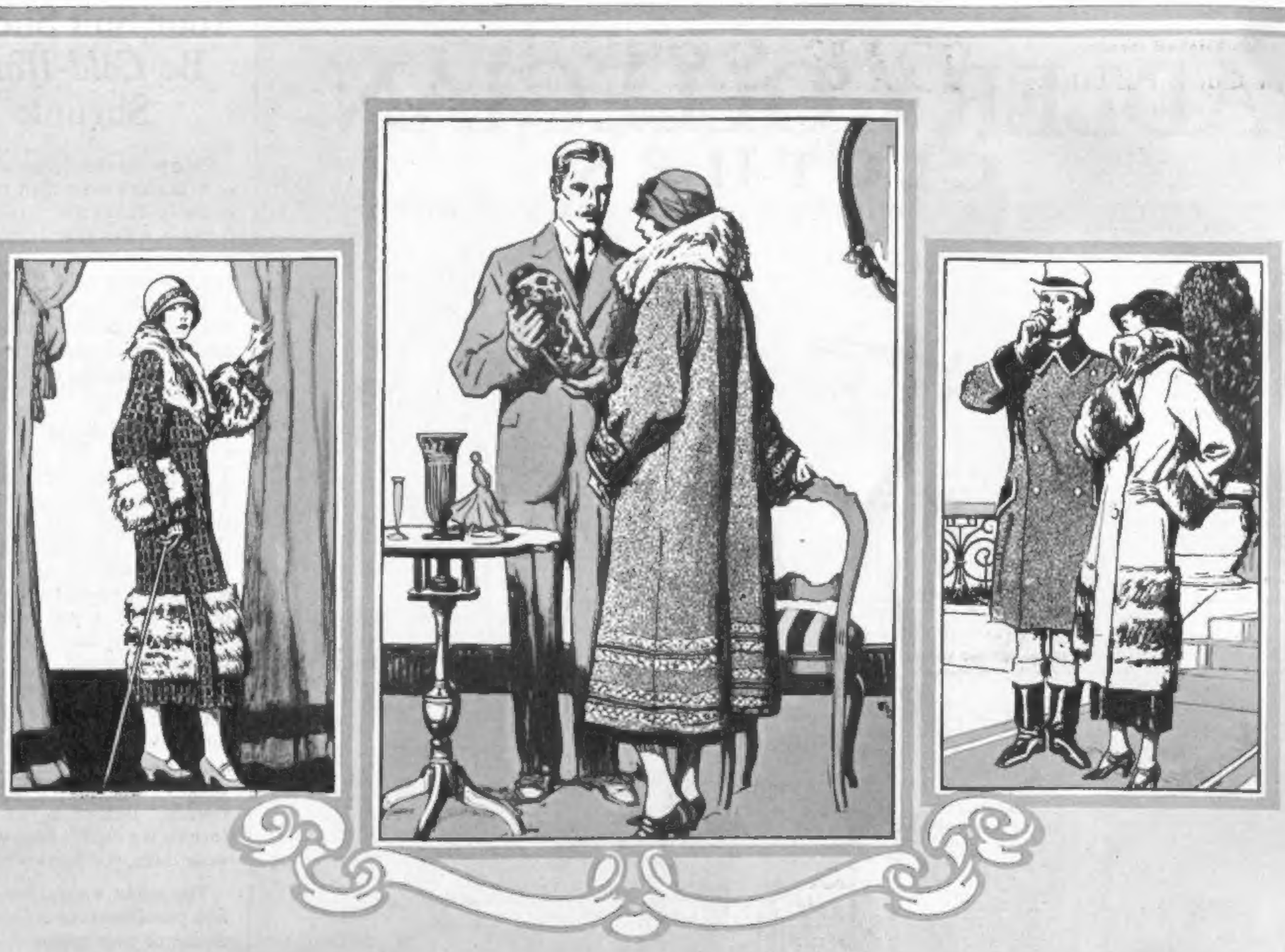

The striking one-button coat of slender lines shown at the left is cleverly patterned in two-tone checks of Chinese blue and dove gray. Straps of the imported fabric loosely gird the bandings of natural kit fox

The center coat with full sweeping lines is golden brown with a quaintly cross-stitched border of burnt orange shade skillfully blurred into the fleecy woolen. Peach wolf ripples in tawny wealth on the huge collar

The coat at the right has a decided aristocratic air. Its soft suede finish velour cloth of warm rust color is contrasted with luxurious black lynx at the high rolling collar, deeply cuffed sleeves and circular border

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*Write for descriptive Style Book It shows smart styles for all occasions*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

*Chicago* *New York*

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# THE BLACK CARGO

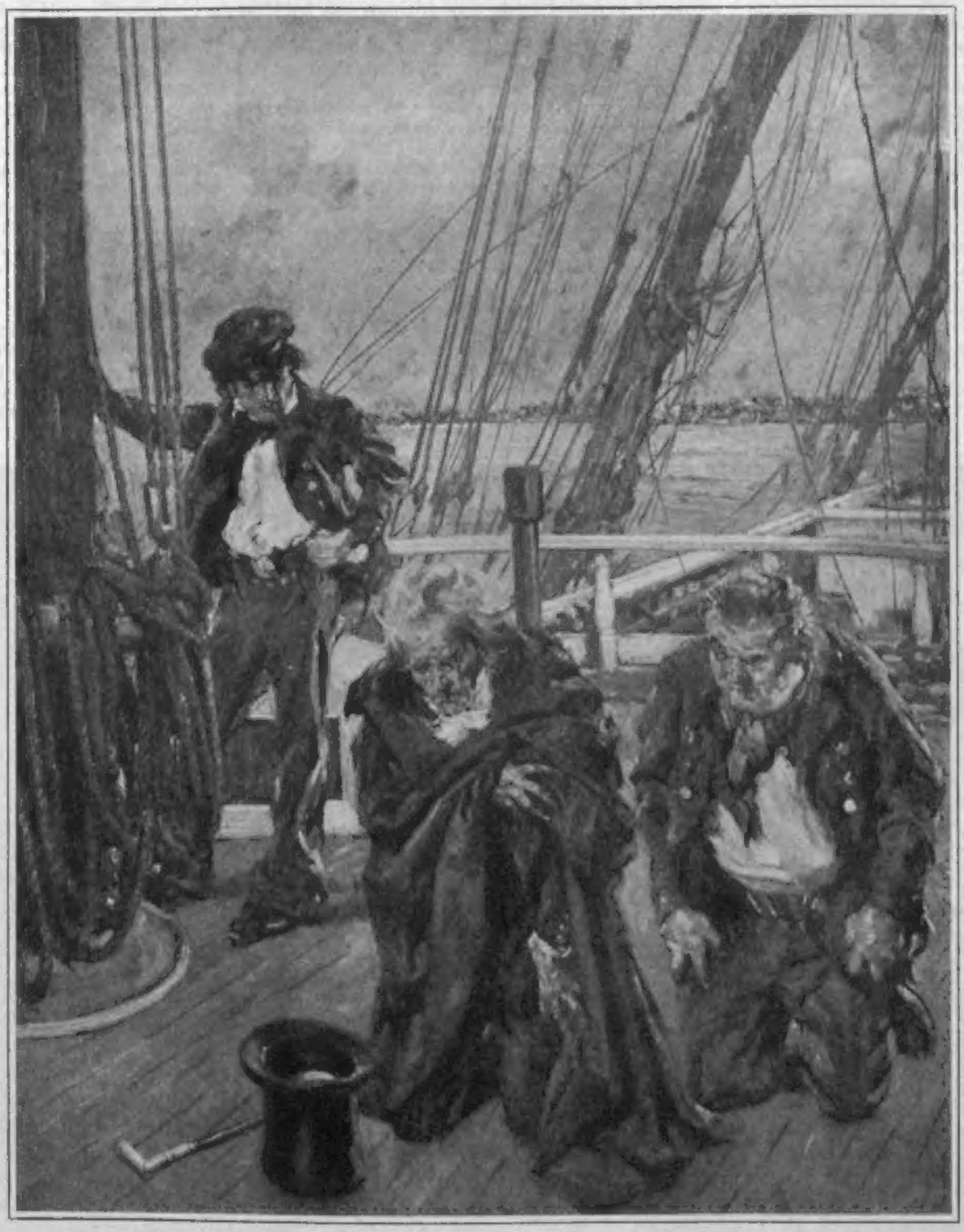
By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

ONLY yesterday I saw the brig Felicity drifting in on the fullness of the tide. I could make her out even without her running and standing rigging, which used to cut the sky above her. It was she, even though she was stripped of masts and bulwarks, stripped as ruthlessly as all things are which are made by man for one use and then abandoned to another.

Yes, it was the Felicity, even though her ports were boarded up, though their frames of black and white were gone along with the scrollwork of the stern windows, though her sides were bleached like driftwood, and though they ran green from copper. There was still the old uncompromising turn of her bow, and the unforgettable steadying breadth of beam. It was hard to remember she was beautiful once, as she scraped against the piling of the coal wharf. It was hard to look upon her at all, for age has a hideous humor, surpassing in its cruelty, with which inanimate things can never cope, and live things only seldom.

Indeed not only the Felicity but almost everything, I think, moves on toward a farcical decline, and an ending not unmixed with sardonic mirth, and even these few papers are like the rest. They should by rights be tragic enough, for they deal with an old man's weakness. There should be a silent sadness about them, such as surrounds our empty warehouses which lie rotting in the sun. There should be something in them unnatural and repellent, for they concern the bitterest and deepest of all human emotions. But somehow, as I contemplate what it is I mean to say, and grope back among the shadows to the time when these events had their beginning, out of the silence which surrounds me I seem to catch the ring of ghostly laughter. Like the brig Felicity I sometimes think that age has given all the rôles we played a similar distorted aspect.



There They Knelt in a Furious Parody of Devotion, Each Casting Furtive, Sidelong Glances at the Other

She was one of Eliphalet Greer's ships, one of the six he had built in the old Morrill yards. You can still see the rotting timbers of the ways half a mile up the river. My father took me with him in his phaëton when she was launched, with a man behind and a hamper full of Burgundy; but that was very long ago. It is odd to look back on it when I think of the relation Eliphalet Greer and I stood in at a later time. The Felicity was one of the best of old Morrill's ships. He picked the timbers himself the year before they laid him away in the West Hill burying ground, and people have told me he would walk around the hull long after dark, smoking his pipe and running his hand along the ribs and sheathing. I have often heard them wonder what old Morrill would have done if he had been there to see Eliphalet Greer break a bottle of sweet cider on her bow the day she took the water.

Eliphalet Greer never made a better investment. Even in the days when he took over our wharves and lofts in lieu of my father's note, and when my father shot himself just as the sheriff came to attach his house, the Felicity was as good as anything in Eliphalet's fleet; never fast, but staunch and a close sailer. It was later when Eliphalet Greer and I came to know each other, but the Felicity was still carrying her cargo. In those days almost anyone was glad to know him. He had grown as rich as any of our shipowners in Boston or to the north. In 1830 he was said to have the fastest carrying vessels along the coast, which was doing very well for a man who once owned and sailed a single sloop. It seems strange that of all his houses, his wharves, his vessels, each as trim as any model in a marine underwriter's office, only the Felicity is left.

And now she lies at the coal wharf, a poor slatternly servitor of an age which has driven her from the sea. She makes a strange final decoration for Eliphalet Greer's story, like a single bit of wreckage drifting back to the lee shore of home. Black dust is over her, and there is a grating of handbarrows on her decks, and her bow points up an empty stream. The gulls are sitting on the harbor buoy, whose echoes roll uselessly on a land breeze out toward an empty sea. They are never quiet for long, those gulls. They keep circling about, edging upward until they seem like bits of cloud drift, and then dropping back to the buoy again. I wonder—are they watching for a ship as they used to watch? They will never see one again. There are still clouds on the horizon, but never a ship comes sailing out of them, a live thing, the tangible shape of a score of aspirations, the embodiment of a score of concerted wills. It is an effort to remember that even the Felicity was once alive.

Yet even now the sight of her brings back what I have to tell. For it was on board the Felicity that I sailed on a certain errand which it still does my conscience little good to think about, and aboard the Felicity that I knew once and for all that Eliphalet Greer was not a simple Puritan walking with soul at rest along the rocky road. Yes, shadows are still about her, lurking in the work that dead hands have left behind, and in the water at her side I seem to see vague shapes. Yes, even with the coal dust she bears her freight of memories.

I sometimes think it's strange when everything else has gone that the spring of 1832, when the Felicity made port from West Africa, was no different from the weather we are having now. As the days lengthen and the water begins coursing down our gutters, it seems incredible that nothing should remain of the life we once led, and that the river ice should go to sea past a deserted water front with hardly anyone to watch. There was a lingering fringe of ice about the wharves that spring, and a half-melted coating of snow on the marshes which gave an added clearness to the sky. They were busy at the shipyards. They were moving consignments of goods along the shore. We could hear their voices, and the rumble of carts on the cobbles, and as we drew nearer we could smell the paint, new wood and tar.

Above the water front our town was standing, newly washed by the rains. Again and again I had pictured it while in many strange roadsteads—the warm brick of its dwellings with their white wood trimmings, its broad streets, its squares, its rows of elms. On many a night when I had closed my eyes I could seem to see its cupolas and its steeples, for our lives were strongly blended with religion, and in the lapping of the water on our bows I had often seemed to hear the notes of their bells. I could hear those bells ringing then, striking out the hour of four. I know that there is a sad irony in our longings, for I have been disappointed by the sight of many things I have most longed to see, but never by our town. It has always been as I have looked for it, quiet in the sunlight, and solid in the storm.

I can recall the inflection of Captain Murdock's soft whistle as he examined the network of rigging by the shore after the anchor was down.

After a while he ceased whistling and listened to the noisy wrangling of the crew, who already were busy with their sea chests.

"Well," he said at length, "we're home."

Save when taking the name of the Lord in vain, I had found Captain Murdock a silent man, niggardly of the voice he gave his thoughts. But perhaps the prospect of an early termination of his responsibilities made him unduly communicative.

"Tonight," continued Captain Murdock, cocking his eye up at me and squaring his shoulders, "I'm going to get drunk."

Not infrequently in our conversations I had heard him make a similar statement, but I noticed that he said it sadly.

"You don't appear to be looking forward to it," I remarked.

"Look forward to it?" he repeated. "Why should I look forward to it? Mebbe you won't look forward to it when you get as old as me. What is it, anyway, but just licker—licker—licker?"

I was in a controversial mood, and spoke, although I knew it would be better to keep silent.

"Well," I said, "then why do you do it?"

"Damn me!" said Captain Murdock in a louder tone. "Because it's what I always have done every time I've got home—always have for the last twenty years, and always will. What else is there for a gentleman to do, I'd like to know, when he gets home, but get drunk?"

A boat had drawn alongside, but when I endeavored to call it to his attention he only nodded absently and continued to speak the louder.

"What else was there to do, settin' under a piece of sail with the sweat a-runnin' off you while the niggers ran in and out of the hold, and the planks were swelling and cracking with the heat? There was rum and tea and lemon—that's what there was. Young man, there's a kind of licker for every occasion, and ought to be used on every occasion, and no Bible-hopping hayseed is going to tell me any different. Here—stop your pulling at my sleeve! What's more, I say, if it ain't licker a man lives on, it's something else. Everybody's got to have something to carry them through. It may be love or hate. I don't love anyone. I don't hate anyone; and there's only licker left."

Captain Murdock had drawn closer to me and had thrust his arm through mine, and not only his words but his nearness acquainted me with the unsettling truth that he had already begun on his ritual, and that in the cabin chest there was less liquor left than a few hours previous. I seized his arm and tried to pull him aft, but his legs were strong and his weight was close to the ground.

"Get below," I whispered. "You're drunk!"

"Young man," said Captain Murdock, louder still, "I've seen life. I've seen hell breaking loose time an' again, and when anybody tells you to stop drinking, just tell them this: There's only three things that make up living." Before I could check him his voice had assumed a nasal, clerical intonation: "Love, hate and licker, all three; and the greatest of these is licker!"

In the very midst of his sentence, however, his words began to die away, and his heavy red face had assumed an expression as near to consternation as I had ever seen. He began pulling at his muffler and clearing his throat, and he had a very good reason. When it was too late he perceived that old Eliphalet Greer was standing beside us, tapping his ivory-headed cane softly on the deck, and moving his long bony fingers restlessly over the handle.

He was a man to remember, and one to think about on an early morning watch. He had been standing in the bow of his cutter the last time I had seen him, like some Calvinist portrait, as we got under way. The water had been rough, so that the cutter tossed restively, but he had stood easily erect, for he was used to the sea. He had removed his tall beaver hat, and his hair, which he wore quite long, had been disarranged by the wind. Now that I saw him again I had the curious fancy that we had not been gone at all, for he was just the same. Not even his dress had altered. Though his hat was stamped hard on his head, the wind had been at his hair again, and the lines about his mouth had the same grim curves. He was still dressed as though he expected the church bell at any moment to ring its summons and cause him to leave his occupation and hasten to his pew. He had on the same black clothes and the same freshly starched linen about his wrists. The great choker which he wore twisted high on his neck had a familiar clerical look about it, like a surplice misappropriated.

Yet, in spite of his simplicity, there was an air of wealth about him. The cloak of black broadcloth, which he wrapped about him in a way which was reminiscent of some foreign land, was so finely woven that it had a texture almost like silk. Though his attire was simple and venerable, befitting a man the fire of whose life was dying down, neither his years nor his dress gave him a wholly sober aspect. Though his face was lined like weathered wood, not a wrinkle of it indicated repose or humor. His eyes had an unnatural intensity, all the brightness of youth set in an ancient mask. I think it was their restiveness, their very contrast, which gave one a feeling that his heavily welded body had an unabated power.

For a little while he stood without speaking, still tapping his cane softly on the deck, but there was nothing reassuring in his silence. In spite of myself my heart was beating faster and my breath was coming more quickly than before.

"Charles," he said, and his words were quiet and almost toneless, "stand away from Mr. Murdock." And again he tapped his cane on the planking. We were all three standing quite motionless. "Mr. Murdock," he continued, "when I employed you as master of this vessel you told me that you believed in God and that you were a God-fearing man."

I had seen Captain Murdock on a number of trying occasions, and I knew he was a solid man, but I never felt the admiration for him which I experienced then. There was a restraint in the old man's words which made me wish to draw away, but Captain Murdock only tilted his chin higher.

"Yes," said Captain Murdock; "and what if I did?"

Suddenly Eliphalet's voice altered in a manner that silenced the voices of the men forward.

"Then," he said, "get down on your knees!"

I saw Captain Murdock give a start, I saw the rush of blood turn his cheeks half purple.

"Damn you ——" he began hoarsely.

There was a crash from Eliphalet's cane. For a second I thought he had brought it on the captain's back, but instead he had hit the rail beside him.

"I've been damned by better men than you, Mr. Murdock," he said evenly, "so I am probably damned already. Did you hear what I said? Get down on your knees and ask forgiveness for blaspheming the Holy Scriptures. Get down on your knees before I knock you there."

I could not, though I tried—I could not look away. Captain Murdock was a small man, but he had not moved.

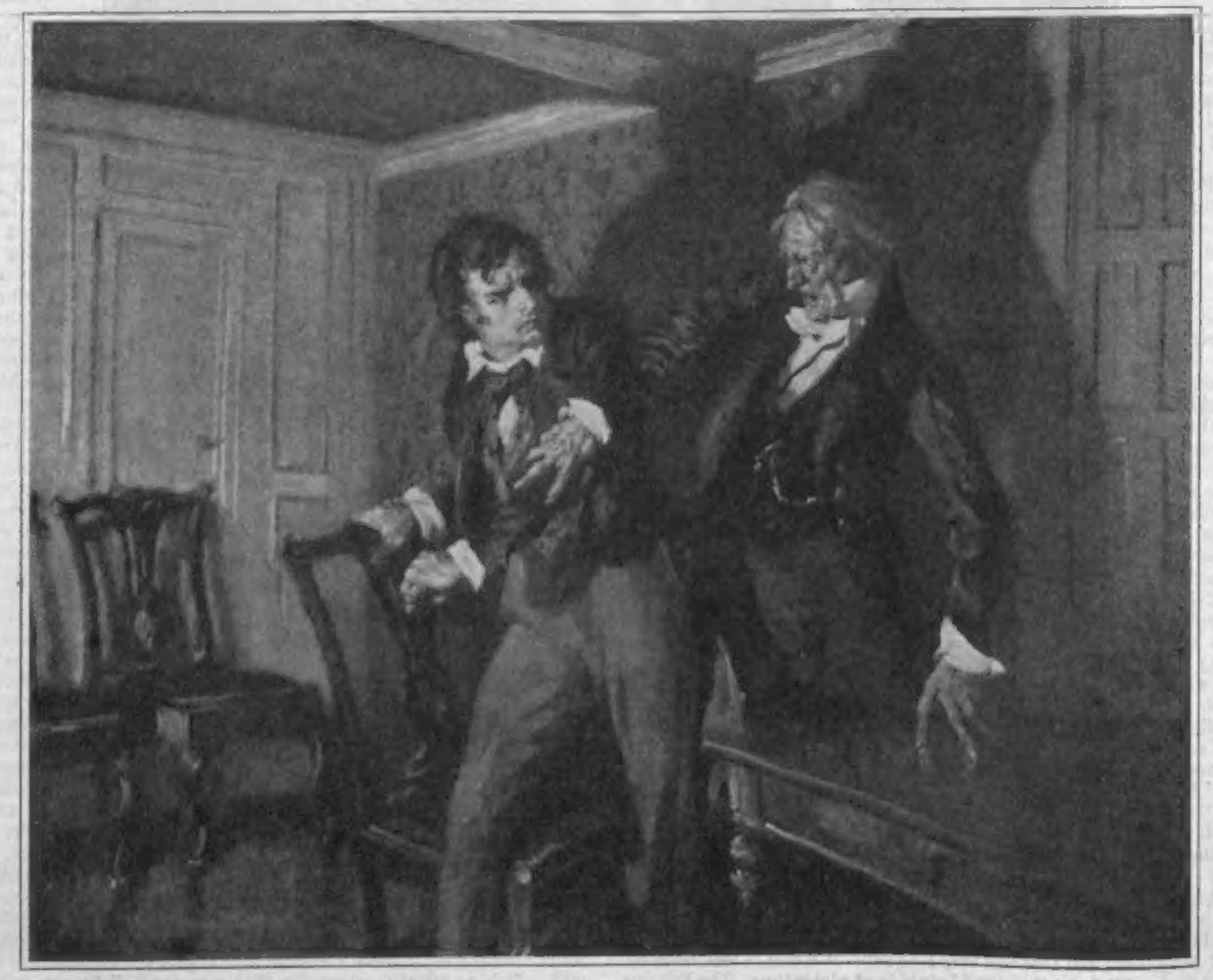
"Damn you!" he cried. "Get down on your knees yourself!"

I heard a slight stir forward. Eliphalet Greer had dropped his cane. Swiftly and dexterously he had slid his hand inside his broadcloth cloak, but Captain Murdock only grinned.

"Slack your line," he said. "We ain't standing to, off Guinea."

I thought that Eliphalet was

(Continued on Page 137)

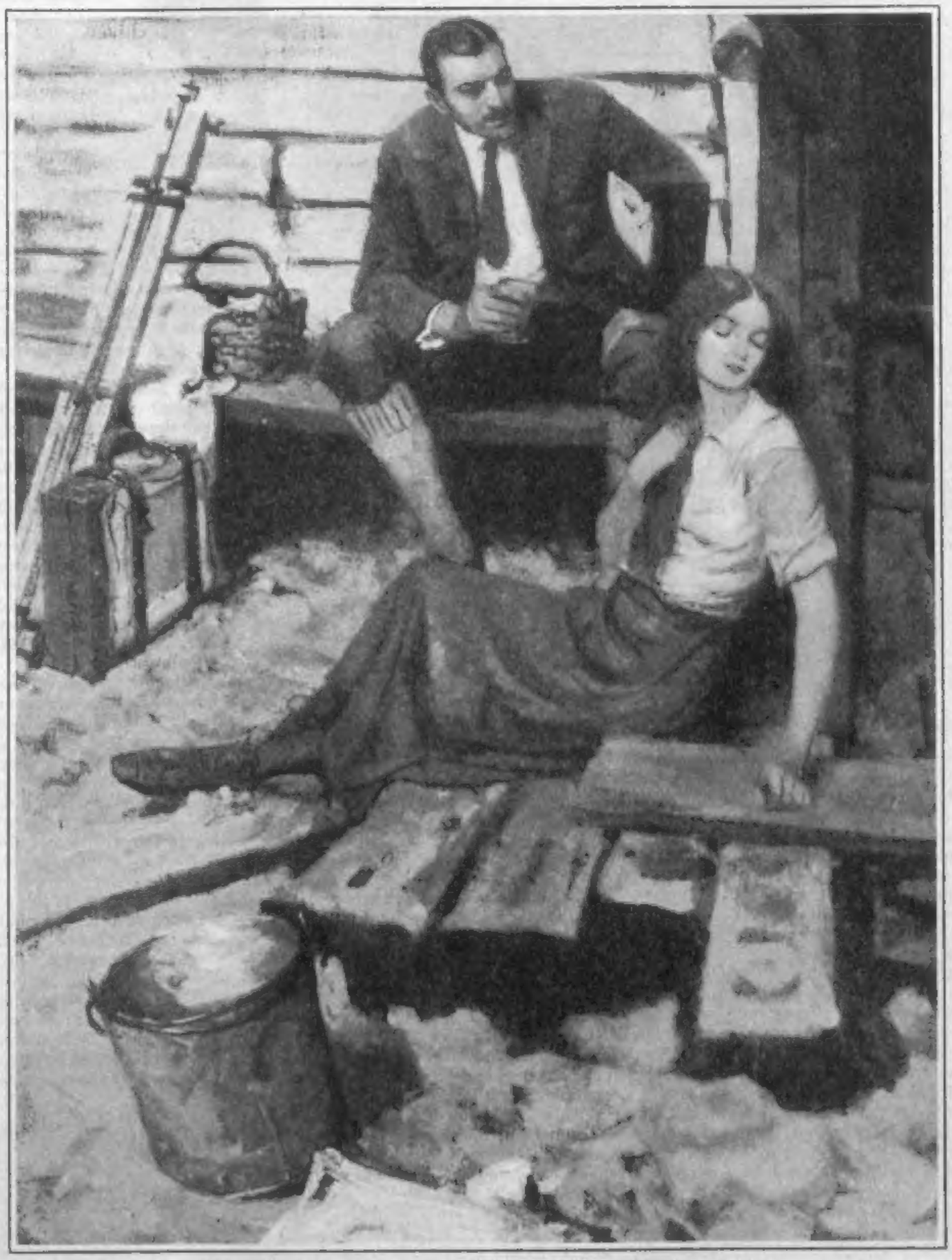


"Take Your Hand Off Me! Do You Think You Can Frighten Me? Take Away Your Hand!"

# NORTHEASTER

## By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



"He Said He Liked the Water. That's Why He Came the Next Day"

ON A CERTAIN Sunday in late summer Jim Saladine had dinner with his brother Bert and Bert's wife—who had been Margaret Dale—in the Castle, that big house with many windows high on the ridge south of Fraternity. The baby, in a high chair beside his mother, pounded upon the plate before him with a spoon and shouted, with wet and bubbly noises, at his Uncle Jim.

These Sunday dinners at Bert's house meant much to Saladine. He and Bert, men who had the respect of their neighbors, had been very close to each other for a good many years, till Bert's marriage separated them. The story of his romance, that tragic drama in which Judd the mischief-maker played a central part, has been elsewhere recorded and is of little moment here. Enough that Bert now dwelt in his wife's house and there was a stout boy baby and Jim went there every Sunday for dinner. Sometimes the fullness of Bert's life emphasized for Jim the emptiness of his own; it was not unusual for him to come away from the Castle in a mood faintly meditative or even melancholy.

It was so this day. When, toward mid-afternoon, he started along the road toward the farm half a mile away where he now dwelt alone, it was with slow and idle steps. At the crossroads midway of the distance a casual impulse turned his feet aside, and he found himself descending the westward slope, wandering more or less aimlessly, intent upon his own thoughts and paying little heed to where he went. He was always a man who liked to be afield, eyes open to the mysteries and beauties of the world about him. This day he walked slowly, automatically observing the chipmunk in the wall beside the road, the red squirrel chattering in a beech tree as he passed, the flock of half-grown partridges that rose from his very feet as he came around a bend, the track in the dust where a snake had crossed. He had no particular destination in mind; and at the foot of the long grade, upon the bridge across the brook there, he paused for a space to lean over the rail and peer down into the dark water where half a dozen trout lay motionless as shadows. The afternoon was warm and fair; white clouds rode majestically across the blue sky, and their shadows stroked the hillsides below with a long, smooth touch like a caress. By and by he went slowly on.

Wherever his glance turned, it was to discover some object that awoke an association in his thoughts. He knew so well the lore of the countryside that each farm, each hill, each brook, each road had some particular significance for him. Down the valley to the south, hidden in the swamp, lay Moose Pond, the quagmire in which Judd had been engulfed. At the crossroads just before him stood the house, now abandoned, where an old farmer, deserted by wife and children, had ended his miserable and forsaken existence with a draught of apple-tree spray. Half a mile to the north, in a spot now lost in a thick growth of poplar and birch, a fallen stone marked the grave of a man who had fought in the Revolutionary War. At this particular angle in the road a bull moose, crossing from one sector of the great swamp to another, had been killed two years before by young Joe Suter. Beside that stagnant little slough hole, dimly seen through a screen of young hemlocks, Saladine himself had once slain a deer. Yonder was the prostrate trunk of a bee tree, rotting now, which Proutt the dog breaker had felled years before another bee tree brought him to his end. Thus the countryside, beautiful enough to any eye, unrolled for Saladine not only this visual beauty but a scroll filled with close-writ drama. It was as though the history of the locality were blazoned upon stone walls and bridges and abandoned farms for him to read.

His slow and aimless progress brought him presently through the flats, where swamp lands lay on either hand, to higher ground, where farms had once reclaimed the fruitful levels, to be abandoned one by one as the years drew along, till now only here and there did stubborn folk persist in clinging to the narrow acres. He passed old Joe Aclund's stand of buildings; a small white house in need of paint, a vast barn in need of shingles, a woodshed with open front revealing how scant a store of wood remained against the coming fall. A setter dog, black and white, slept on the stone before the door. Saladine knew the dog; a creature long past its usefulness, deaf and almost blind, sleeping away the final years of its existence beside the stove in winter, or upon a sun-warmed stone, as now, when summer held the land.

Aclund was not about; indoors, Saladine thought. He did not stop to speak with the man, since the old farmer had a fretful and uncertain spirit and did not welcome visitors. He lived here alone save for his daughter. Saladine knew her by sight—a dull, stale, muddy person, sunk in the routine of a dreary service and submissively accepting her mean existence. She was taller than most women, but she habitually wore faded calico, and a sunbonnet shadowed her face and made her always seem faintly stooped as though under the long weight of toil. She attended her father with a heavy and a humble patience; and Saladine, knowing the man, thought this attendance must be a weary one.

He had at times felt faint sympathy for the girl. Her name, he remembered, was Lou—probably a slovenly corruption of Louise.

Just beyond the Aclund place, Saladine took the right-hand road that would lead him in a wide circle to the village, whence he could climb the ridge to his own farm again. But a little way along he stopped for a moment by the mouth of a grassy lane which turned to the west and up a gentle ascent among the trees. It led, he knew, to the old Darny place, long since abandoned, the house destroyed by fire and never rebuilt. Twenty years before—and Saladine remembered the story—Chester Darny had lived there with his wife, who had been Anna Steeves. She must have been, Saladine thought, a girl of extraordinary and stubborn spirit. The ancient tale ran that she had loved a young man against the will of her parents; that they had by machinations and deceit succeeded in shattering her romance; and that in the hour of her despair she had left the house, putting them forever behind her, warning them that she would marry the first man she met, whatever his person or condition. He was, according to the legend, this Chester Darny, and a negro. But she had kept her word.

Saladine after a little hesitation turned aside from the main road into this lane. He found himself speculating as to how much of the old story was true, how much was legend. It was accepted in the town as fact; the popular belief could never be shaken. But, if true, then how pitiful and proud a drama had been played out in the farmhouse which once stood on the eminence toward which his steps now tended. Saladine knew the spot of old. The house had rested upon the crest of a low hill, whose gradual slopes fell away in every direction for a considerable distance, so that from the summit an extensive panorama was revealed. A man with an eye for such an outlook was repaid for the effort necessary to achieve it; and Saladine liked to come, now and then, to refresh his memory and to renew his accustomed pleasure.

He followed the lane, where tall grasses had long since obscured the wheel tracks, and where frost had heaved up rocks and bowlders in the way. On either side stone walls ran; and along these walls wild cherry trees had taken root, and apple trees filled with bitter fruit attracted partridges, so that one might in proper season count upon a shot or two. Where the lane traversed a little depression, the trees on either side opened out; and two or three hackmatacks stood beside a little slough with a few yards of

"There Ain't a Thing Anybody Can Do for Me," She Said Stolidly

open water where cattle came to drink, and black ducks alighted now and then upon their migration in the fall. There was a gate to be opened and shut, a hoop of rusty wire its only fastening. A pasturing horse, disturbed by Saladine's quiet approach, looked up and saw him and galloped away in pretended fright, tail arched and nostrils dilated. The man emerged from the wood into open land and saw ahead of him, at the top of a short, steep rise, the end of the lane and the flat crest where the house once had stood. He climbed the grade, straddled a wire fence and breasted a slope as steep as a terrace, heavily grown with red clover, to come out abruptly upon the level at the top.

Only as his head came at last above the slope did he perceive that someone was here before him. He saw no one; but he discovered a thing like a tripod, set in the clover near the old cellar hole; and there was a canvas upon it, while a little folding stool a yard away served as repository for a painter's palette. Saladine looked at these things for a moment, then went toward them with a quickened interest. He knew there was a painter staying in the village, a man named DeBemm, who boarded with Lee Motley and who spent his days abroad upon the hills or along the streams. Saladine had met the man in Bissell's store more than once; had watched him with a mild curiosity. DeBemm must be hereabouts; and Saladine was interested, curious to see what he was painting, willing to come to a closer contact with the man.

But as he approached the easel he heard voices; and a moment later, his steps perhaps giving warning of his approach, two persons looked up at him from the old cellar hole. They had apparently been picking berries from the briers which grew against the crumbling wall of the ancient cellar at one end. Saladine recognized DeBemm; but at first he could not credit the testimony of his eyes, which assured him that the woman beside DeBemm was, beyond any mistake, the Aclund girl.

These two people in the cellar stared at Saladine, for a moment as astonished at his coming as he was to find them there; he looked from one to another with a long scrutiny. His first astonishment that Lou Aclund should be here gave way to the extraordinary realization that she was far from being as stolid and unlovely as he had always found her. She had left at home or laid aside the sunbonnet which she usually wore, and her hair was heavy and tumbled about her shoulders. It was of a rich, warm color, shot with brown and golden lights; yet even without this there was something in her countenance and in her eyes quite definitely beautiful. Her cheeks had at sight of Saladine turned from rose to white, and her lips were parted breathlessly, and he saw her bosom rise and fall. She wore a shapeless garment of clean but faded calico, and its very shapelessness revealed to him the fact that she was formed in splendor and in glory.

This new perception struck him like a blow, thrilling and accusing, as though he were to blame because he had not discovered her beauty before. At the same time he was suddenly sure that he had from the first disliked and distrusted DeBemm.

Of the three, the painter was the first to recover himself. He spoke to the girl at his side in a low tone, smiling at her; and his small black mustache turned upward when he smiled, accentuating the lines at either side of his mouth. Then he gave her his hand and helped her clamber up out of the cellar hole, on the side away from Saladine. For where Saladine stood the wall was still sound; there was an abrupt drop of eight or ten feet into the pit.

DeBemm and the girl climbed till they were on a level with Saladine, and turned and faced him; and DeBemm said with a loud joviality, "Looking for somebody, old man?"

Saladine's eyes met his, then turned to the girl with something in them definitely reassuring. He shook his head. "Just walking around," he replied. "Don't usually find anybody here."

"I thought the place my discovery," said DeBemm glibly. "An astonishing spot. So secret, and so surrounded with beauty."

"Yes, it's right pretty," Saladine agreed.

He looked at Louise again, and saw that she was trembling and afraid. DeBemm was coming toward him, around the cellar hole, leaving the girl upon the other side.

"I've been trying to put it on canvas, you'll perceive," the painter explained, and held out his hand to Saladine, leading him toward the easel. "What do you think of it?"

Saladine gravely scrutinized the canvas; his eyes left it and swept across the segment of the circle about them which it pretended to portray.

"Kind of dull," he said thoughtfully. "It needs more color than you've got in it."

DeBemm laughed jocosely.

"A critic, are you?" he exclaimed.

"You asked how it struck me," Saladine reminded him soberly, "and I told you."

The painter nodded.

"And quite right, my friend. But, you see, there are some scenes in Nature so extravagantly vivid in their coloring that to reproduce them exactly is to court an incredulity as destructive as distaste could be. To those who have never stood in this spot, my canvas will seem to be extraordinarily vivid, I assure you."

"Mebbe so," Saladine agreed. "You prob'ly know better than me."

He looked again toward the girl, who stood where DeBemm had left her. Behind her the ground fell away in a long slope to the cedar swamp in the valley; the black tops of the cedars lay like a carpet for miles, which ended at last and gave place to the lighter foliage of birches, and then to meadowlands rising to the hardwood growth along the shoulders of the distant hills. From where Saladine stood it was as though the girl were upon the lip of a precipice, a gulf behind her. The effect was to lift her figure above the earth. A little wind stirred, molding her garments about her body with light, experimental touches, accenting first this contour and then that. She was very still, her heart all in her eyes, which rested upon Saladine, full of dread and doubt, turning in momentary flashes to DeBemm as though for protection.

Saladine understood her distress. He could not know how she and the painter had first come together; but certainly this was a clandestine meeting. He knew old Aclund, knew the bitterness and rage which would be aroused in him if he should discover what she had done. In the past Jim had thought of her and of her father as dull and miserable folk; a fretful man growing old ungraciously; a stolid girl content to serve his miserable whims and attend his worthless existence. So long as she seemed unconscious of the tedious ignominy of her position, she had awakened in him only the faintest interest. But if she could risk so much for the sake of this prancing painter, and if his eye of an artist could discover in her some quality which justified his admitting her to his companionship, then she was more than she had seemed. Saladine confessed to himself that his estimate of her had been a mistaken one.

At the same time he wished to reassure her, to make her understand that this her secret was safe with him. He was conscious that DeBemm was talking, expounding the mysteries of his art as he saw them, in a complacent and hectoring tone, as an ostentatiously wise man does talk to one whom he believes to be ignorant. Saladine gave him little heed. His problem was to reassure the girl, without at the same time

"Louise! Louise! Louise!" No One Replying, the Desperate Man Cast to and Fro, Circling the Spot, Holding His Lantern High and Calling to Her Still

overwhelming her with the knowledge that he understood the significance of this situation.

He perceived, while DeBemm still talked, the solution; and so at last said to the man, "I expect you don't let folks know where you're going, or they'd be hanging around you all the time."

DeBemm nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "That is one of the things an artist has always to take into account—the vapid curiosity of the ignorant. I wished to set down a certain scene near the village; a crook of river, three elms, the meadow beyond. But there were always boys and senile old men watching at my elbow. Now I seek more remote localities."

"Too bad I come along and bothered you," Saladine remarked.

"Why, my friend, you need not apologize," DeBemm replied. "I assure you, I do not suspect you of spying upon me. You do not seem to me a man likely to be idly curious."

"Well, you'll likely be coming here again, so I won't tell anyone I ran into you."

As he said this, Saladine looked toward the girl and saw her eyes widen with understanding and the rigidity of her posture faintly relax with relief. DeBemm caught the glance and laughed again.

"Very good of you," he retorted, his tone faintly sardonic.

"I was just wandering around," Saladine added. "Just happened to come up this way." He was filling his pipe, and lighted it now. "Yes, sir," he approved; "you've picked a good place. Ought to get a right pretty picture here. . . . Well, I'll be moving on."

"No need of hurrying," DeBemm assured him.

"Why, I'm quite a ways from home," Saladine replied; and with a final glance at the girl he turned and retraced his steps.

As he descended the terrace toward the old wire fence, he was conscious that as soon as his back was turned she had left her stand and come around the cellar hole to join DeBemm. He thought he heard her low word and the painter's louder tones as he replied, jocularly reassuring her. But Saladine did not turn his head. Slow anger burned in him; slow anger at the man, and anger at himself for being so long blind to the beauty in the girl. Eyes before him, he descended the steep lane and entered the cover of the trees and went on his way; and even after he was sure they could no longer see him, he kept his glance steadfastly to the fore.

*II*

SALADINE was never lonelier than when toward the end of the day he did the chores, cooked his supper, washed dishes and prepared for the night. At such times he was likely to remember that Bert had used to do this task and that; there were moments when he caught himself listening for his brother's step, as though Bert were apt at any moment to come in through the shed from the barn with a brimming pail of milk in either hand. When he realized his own folly, remembered that Bert would come that way no more, he sometimes smiled with a wistful sadness in his smile. Jim was often a little astonished to discover how much he missed his brother.

But this Sunday evening he forgot to miss Bert. While he milked the cows and fed and bedded them, while he made coffee and fried eggs and bacon for his supper, and while he washed the dishes afterward, his thoughts were full of the incident of the afternoon.

When his tasks were done and he would ordinarily have sat beside the lamp, reading for a while before going to bed, he this night sat motionless, his eyes fixed upon a spot in front of him, his pipe keeping its slow rhythm in time with his inhalations.

He found himself more and more interested in remembering all that he knew of the painter, this man DeBemm.

DeBemm had come to Fraternity about the middle of July, arriving by stage from Union, toward dark, on a night when it had been raining with a steady persistence for some three days past. Saladine was at the store when the stage arrived; he was talking with Lee Motley, in the rear of the place, beside the big ice chest in which bottles of tonic were kept cool. Andy Wattles had gone out to help the stage driver bring in the sacks of mail when DeBemm came in through the door. He was a tall, florid man with black hair and a small black mustache; he wore that day a tweed knickerbocker suit with a cap pulled over his eyes, and in his hands he carried a heavy bag, a large flat case and a long and slender bundle. These he deposited in the corner beside the door, brushed the moisture off his garments with his hand, pushed back the brim of his cap and looked alertly and with a faint insolence about the store. Upon his entrance silence had fallen, and most of the men sitting or standing about were watching him either openly or furtively.

Encountering their eyes, he smiled and said loudly, "Good evening, gentlemen."

One or two of them replied. Will Bissell, behind the candy counter, assumed the responsibilities of host and said quietly, "Pretty wet."

DeBemm laughed at that.

"You are laconic, but accurate," he agreed. "Is this a regular condition hereabouts? I was given to expect something different."

"Easterly storm," said Bissell. "I figure it'll clear off tomorrow."

"But your mud has a singular profusion about it," DeBemm told him.

"A little wind and sun will dry the roads up pretty quick," the storekeeper promised.

DeBemm drew nearer where he stood, lowering his voice a little. He introduced himself and told his business and said he had been advised that this particular countryside offered rare opportunities to the eye able to see beauty and record it.

"I came at a venture," he explained. "There must be someone who can put me up for a month or so?" His tone implied a question.

Bissell said thoughtfully, "There's a boarding house over in Liberty. The hotel here is closed down now."

"Some farmer, perhaps, here in town. My needs are few."

*(Continued on Page 110)*

*"That's How She Come to Know Him. She's Been Carrying Water Up to Him While He's Worked on That Picture of His"*

# Calvin Coolidge—After 20 Years

## By Alfred Pearce Dennis

*Mrs. Coolidge About the Time of Her Marriage*

CONSIDERING the brevity of human life, twenty years is quite an interval, whether measured in time or experience. One's endowment-insurance policy falls due at the end of twenty years. Somehow when the policy is written, one is a bit dubious whether he will live to reap its benefits in person. When I first knew Calvin Coolidge he was always doing the unexpected thing or attaining his little end unaccountably. He puzzled me. Today, after twenty years, he seems as clear and as natural to me as sunshine or limpid water.

I can write nothing new of Mr. Coolidge except in terms of my own knowledge of him. A great many people have written about him. I can only try to write of him rather than about him. I have nothing to give except in terms of my own experience. We both started work in Northampton, Massachusetts, in the late 90's, he a fledgling lawyer just out of Amherst, I a professor in Smith College with a few Princeton degrees as an evidence of good faith. We lodged almost within a stone's throw of each other, took our meals together in an unpretentious little hotel on a side street called Rahar's Inn. Fought each other tooth and nail politically, respected each other and occasionally groped around for each other's companionship.

This was all twenty-five years ago, and as to his larger life in the ampler world of state and national politics I have no special knowledge and nothing whatever to contribute. One runs the risk of seeming egotistical, but there is no help for it when it comes to weighing another's personality in terms of one's own experience. From the first he piqued my interest, his arid personality, the puzzle that he should get on in life when logically he ought to stick fast, imprisoned in the narrow shell of his own limitations. I began by underestimating him and kept on doing so until I had been soundly punished for my errors of opinion, correction being administered by Mr. Coolidge himself.

Coolidge shared modest quarters on Round Hill with Rob Weir, steward of the Clarke School. I lodged a little more pretentiously in a mansion at the foot of Round Hill. We frequently fell into step with each other as we started downtown in the morning for the day's work. I have a perfect picture of young Coolidge as he strode down Elm Street some twenty-five years ago. Not a magnetic personality.

### *A Challenging Personality*

HAD he been simply mediocre and commonplace, one would have gained no clearer impression of him at all. But just as a man may be so picturesquely ugly as to attract attention, so Coolidge's personality was apparently so arid that it at once challenged human interest. In appearance he was splendidly null, apparently deficient in red corpuscles, with a peaked, wire-drawn expression. You felt that he was always about to turn up his coat collar against a chilling east wind. As he walked there was no motion of the body above the waist. The arms hung immobile, with the torso as inflexible as the effigy of a lay figure.

In his enigmatic character he has been compared to the Sphinx. From the enigma standpoint the comparison is inexact; but like the Sphinx, he seemed to look out with unseeing eyes upon a world which held no glow, no surprises. Desert sand blown by the winds, dust—endless, tantalizing dust.

The photographers do him a disservice in softening the lines of his face. The lines are the most characteristic thing about his physiognomy. The tight-lipped mouth was more than a thin line or gash across the face. It dipped in sharp furrows at the corners. One finds the same dip in the jaws of a bulldog or a snapping turtle; creatures that, having taken hold, continue to hold. There are lines of concentration, too, puckering up between the sandy eyebrows, crow's-feet radiating from the corners of the eyes, lines which were born of amusement with the world rather than with the pain of it.

*Calvin Coolidge When He Was a Senior at Amherst*

He seldom laughed out loud, but a thousand times I have seen him laugh with his eyes. The wrinkles came when he was amused. As to clothes, he was always well dressed; but he was not what you might call a natty dresser; he was neat; he was inconspicuous. The dean of his wardrobe was a severe, high-crowned derby hat, set on an even keel and never by any chance adjusted to a rakish angle; a serviceable hat withal, doing duty at the golf links as well as on Main Street.

As far as I know, there was no particular call to dress up for any great occasion. He was rarely seen in any Northampton drawing-rooms. He simply hadn't the time for it. As mayor, he had the privilege of a free box in the Academy of Music, one of the few municipally run theaters in the world; but he seldom appeared in person as a patron of dramatic art. He liked the theater, but there was always something else that pressed for his attention.

Whether or not it is this droop at the corners of the mouth, there is something in his physiognomy that proclaimed the fighting man.

As a balm to baffled hopes, the boys had me sent out to St. Louis as a delegate to the

*The House Where Calvin Coolidge Roomed in Northampton While Reading Law in the Office of Hammond & Field*

national convention which nominated Alton B. Parker and Henry Gassaway Davis. A delegation from a Southern state had seats immediately behind us. One of the members, a perfect child of Nature, with a fund of homely wisdom, kept nudging me and asking what it was all about When Judge Parker was nominated a great banner was run up displaying the engaging lineaments of our standard bearer. My friend's reaction was most surprising

"We've nominated the wrong man!" he lamented

"What's the matter? Is he too conservative for you?"

"No, it ain't that. The folks down our way are conservative. We all believe in hell, calomel and the Democratic Party. I jest don't like the man's looks."

"What's wrong with his looks? He's handsome enough."

"Yes, but he can't win. He's got a face like a sheep. There ain't no bite in his face."

Calvin Coolidge has bite in his face; a fighting, stoic, enduring quality, the set jaw of the man who sees it through.

Young Coolidge always appeared to me to have a mighty poor time in life. Never learned to dance or play cards; music had little appeal for him. He evinced about as much interest in the pretty rosy-cheeked college girls as modern youth would display in a sprinkling of cheap automobiles on the public highway. This was not because he disliked women, but because he was shy. He held women in reverential awe as mysterious superior beings. He was the devotee who worshiped from afar

Neither in college nor in Northampton did Coolidge ever learn to play. For one thing, he did not have the time, nor, I think, did he have the disposition. We got him to join the Warner Meadow Golf Club and he struggled to display a little spontaneous interest in the game. I remember so well the observation of a lusty young player who sat weary and dejected on the club veranda. The poor fellow seemed to be all in.

He remarked wearily, "I have just played a round with Cal Coolidge and feel as tired as if I had come in from a twenty-mile hike. He keeps his eye on the ball all the time and tries so hard. It is not that he plays such a rotten game of golf, but that he does not know what play is. He makes work out of it. You may not believe it, but I'd rather play with that old goose hen D——. He makes me mad, always losing his ball and bellyaching about something, but at least he has a zest for the game."

### *A Man Who Never Learned to Play*

THE love of play was not bred in the Coolidge blood, and he could no more affect to be frolicsome than he could affect to be anything else he was not. Life, I fancy, was pretty sterile of amusements in the Vermont hills fifty years ago. I imagine that small-town life at Plymouth was not so very different from our life on a Southern plantation. There were no public games such as football or baseball; community consciousness on the social side was still in its swaddling clothes. Group social affairs always had an ecclesiastical setting, Children's Day, Sunday-school picnics, church suppers. Our delights on the plantation drew along with the close of the year. Hog-killing time, the squeals of the victims heard in the chilly dawn, the pallid bodies gammoned and hanging on their rude gibbets till nightfall. Christmas drawing on with holly, mistletoe and the ecstatic bursting of dried hog bladders to the accompaniment of firecrackers in the early morning.

Occasionally outside talent lured us to an evening entertainment in the village some six or seven miles away, the elocutionist who repeated with detestable sweetness James Whitcomb Riley's Old Sweetheart of Mine. An occasional musical treat featured the Swiss Bell Ringers. Simple, unaffected joys, but how tepid as compared with the thrilling amusements of the present day! We have never been able to catch up.

We medievalists don't understand the thrill of the baseball fan. Chinless and craven in the daily task as he draws forth a salted fish from the mackerel barrel at the behest of a customer in the corner grocery store; but on the ball field, transformed into the dominating male, cynical, majestical, assessing the merits and demerits of the contending players. His passion stirs him to lyric outburst. Passion-fed illusion it may be, but the passion of those who learned to play in their youth.

To many a man life would seem poor, indeed, if uncrowned by the glory of beauty—music, poetry, art, the changing colors on land and sea. Was young Coolidge really blind to beauty, dead to the enchantment of women? Or did he really see life in better perspective than the most of us? Had he something more important to think about? Was he like Saint Bernard, who fared along the shores of lovely Lake Leman with his eyes bent upon the neck of his mule lest his thoughts be diverted from the contemplation of sin, death and judgment to come by the exquisite beauty of the landscape about him?

One June evening we went trolley riding. There were no automobiles in those days. It was the day after college commencement. One feels let down after such occasions. We scrambled into a front seat and it was nice and cool bowling along in the open car across green meadows, by the shining river, and then up, up the heights to Mountain Park on the crest of the hills. Within the band played, peanut roasters hissed, humanity giggled and screamed on flying horses and roller coasters The carnival spirit reigned No word had been spoken by either of us since we left Northampton. My companion at last broke into speech—"I guess we have had about enough excitement without taking in any shows." So we climbed aboard a returning car.

### *No Frivolity*

SPEEDING homeward, we halted on a turnout to let a south-bound car go by. The five-minute pause in the soft, quiet June night The dim outlines of the river, the green hills, the grassy meadows bathed in moonlight, the scent of wild grape, the flit of little winged things in the air, faint pipings in the grass, life palpitating about us, a world of beauty—aching beauty. To my stricken fancy, the beauty of the entire universe was symbolized in a slender, *printanière* creature who had appeared the day before in the college graduating class, ethereal, clothed in filmy white raiment with roses in her hands. The very thought of her insulated me entirely from the tediums of a commonplace world. It was my firm intention to seek her out some day, to impress her; yes, I would captivate her by the allure of some fine achievement, by my brilliant talk. A querulously discordant note from my companion jarred me out of the splendid reverie.

"I have been kind of counting up the amount of labor and material such as crossties, rails, poles, copper wire, to say nothing of rolling equipment, that have gone into this line. Some of our folks think we ought to strike for a nickel fare to Mountain Park. It's good politics to agree with 'em, but I can hardly see it that way," he rasped disconsolately. "Just as a matter of

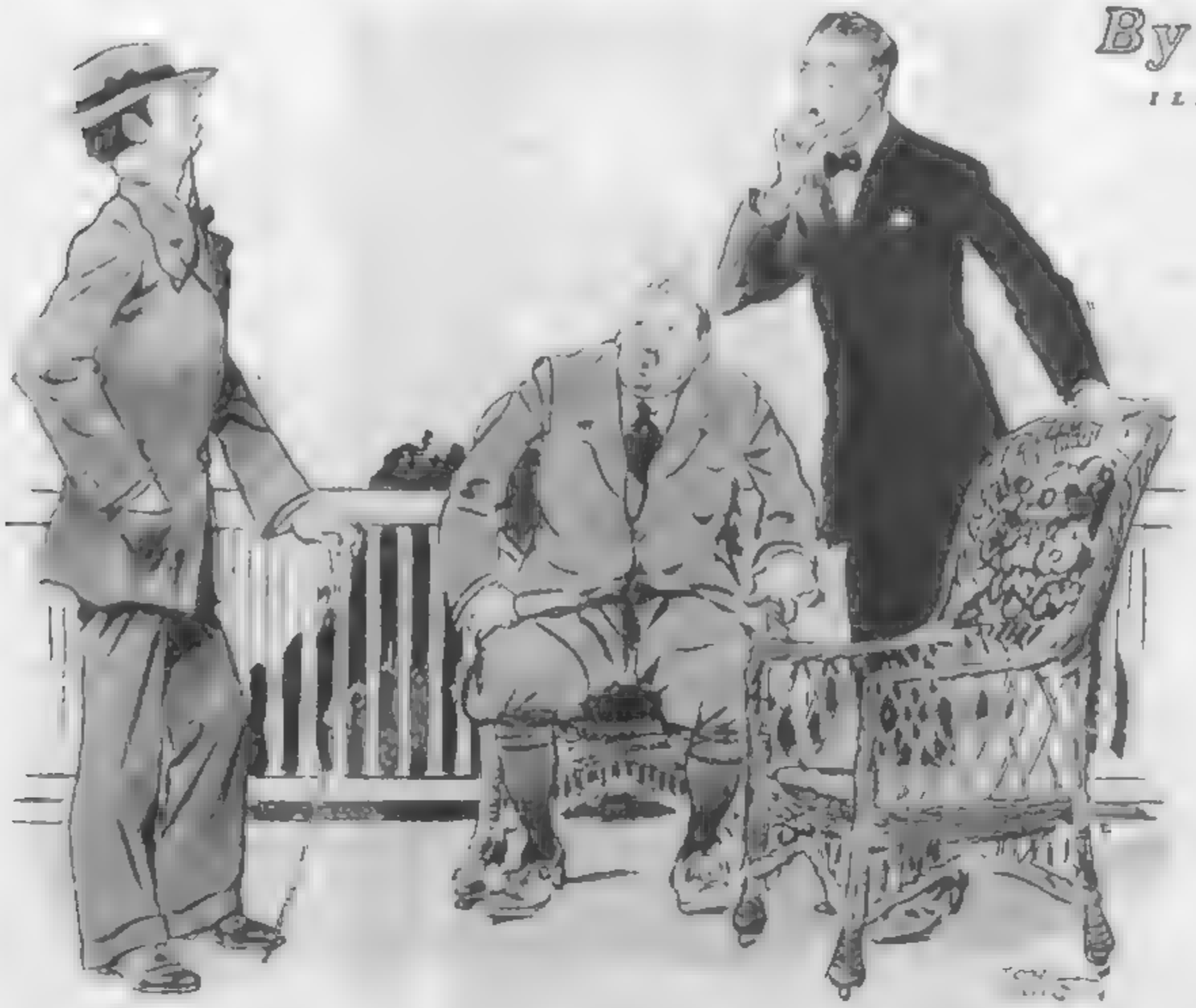
(Continued on Page 173)

*Rahar's Inn, Northampton, Massachusetts, Headquarters for Local Politicians. Here Calvin Coolidge Had His Meals for Five or Six Years Preceding His Marriage. Above—Calvin Coolidge at the Age of Four*

# PENNYWORTH HIMSELF

## By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"My Bags are at the Station. My Room's the Front One Upstairs. See You Later, You and Your Friend Holoway"

YOU can pick your friends, you can pick your wife and your other enemies; but your relations pick on you. They ain't no escaping the skinfolks. A friend can be dropped easy by laughingly reminding him on the Fourth of July of the twenty-four-hour loan you made him on Christmas, a frau can be shot down the chute by the due processes of jaw and law; but relations is like hives in the middle of your back. They can't be scratched.

When I went through the do-you skit with Kate I knew she was all cluttered up with uncles and aunts and stepsisters from her father's third marriage with a widow's fourth and them kinda side lines, but that didn't worry the handsome bridegroom none.

I ain't marrying the family, says I to myselfs, and what do I care if she's hooked up with all the Cohns in New York, all the Schmidts in St. Louis and all the real-estate dealers in Los Angeles?

They used to figure that they was only one rule that didn't have no exceptions—that a guy hadda be present when being shaved; but I got one that's even got lesser loopholes—to wit the viz: When a lad joins up with a jane, he takes on everybody in her gang from the old man to Cousin Updyke, who's related to the misses through his uncle once nearly having owned a dog that her father almost bought and would have if it wasn't for the fact that he didn't have the price and didn't want no dog.

It ain't hardly a month after the foul deed at the altar that I begins drawing gizzards and neck pieces outta the chicken platter, the drumsticks, white meat and other Class-A cuts being voted to assorted and sun-dry aunts and nieces and such on the first ballot. I don't even get a chance to deadlock the contention. As far as I'm concerned, Alabama votes twenty-four for Senator Underwood and I'm Seumas Garfinkle of Alaska.

"Well," I remarks to Kate after we gets rid of a delegation from the younger Woonsocket branch of her family, "what do we get next, the alternates?"

"Don't you like my folks?" she snaps.

"Sure I does," says I, "and I like salt too; but I don't want a sack of it dumped into my soup at oncet."

"Blood is thicker than water," returns the frau, "and ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "and mud's thicker'n blood, but that don't make me the Seven Sutherland Sisters. When I called you, gal, I didn't know they was connecting me with the telephone directory. Instead of just getting a good number, it seems like I was slipped a whole exchange, anyways."

"We has been having a lotta company," admits the wife, "but they ain't nobody coming now that I knows of excepting Cousin Martha's boy."

"Huh!" I gasps. "Who's her and who's him? Them's new twigs to me. Where they from? The elder Mott Street branch?"

"You've heard me speak of Martha Hollingshead a hundred times," returns Kate. "Her son just got outta college."

"What kinda feller is he?" I inquires.

"I ain't seen him for a long time," answers the frau, "but as I remembers he's a nice, quiet, bashful lad and so smart. He graduated from high when he was eleven."

"One of them infant progenies, eh?" I remarks. "How old's he now? Fifteen?"

"No," says she, "he's about twenty. They kept him outta school several years on the account of being afraid he'd get brain fever. It sorta runs in the family."

"I guess brains does at that," I agrees. "They runs so fast that nobody in it's been able to catch up with them so far. How long's this bobo gonna fatten on my fodder and flounder in my flops?"

"Only a few days, I imagine," replies the misses. "Pennyworth ain't the sorta boy ——"

"Pennyworth?" I repeats. "What's that? His moniker or a estimate of his value?"

"Pennyworth," explains Kate, "is a old family name. The first Pennyworth ——"

"Never mind the Bertillon record. I know all about him. He came across with the Pilgrims' Fathers and never came across after that."

"He's in the histories," says the wife.

"So's a lotta mistakes. What's he in for? Being the ancestor of my house guests?"

"Remember April 9, 1885?" asks the wife.

"Not so good," I returns, "seeing it was the day before I was born. What about it?"

"That," answers Kate, "is the day you ceased being funny."

"In your family," I shoots back, "they don't have to be funny. They nets their laughs outta their names. Pennyworth Hollingshead! That's a whole Joe Miller in itself with feetnotes. Ain't they nothing in the middle of the handle, like Montmorency or Stuyvesant or Circumnavigation?"

"He was christened James Pennyworth," says the lady of the house and contents, "but you can't blame him none for dropping such a common name, can you?"

"I should kiss a mongoose, I can't!" I replies. "The 'Abe' in Abe Lincoln always got my nanny's goat. If he'd 'a' called hisself A. Van Alystine Lincoln, for the examples, I'd be stronger for him than horse-radishes and I'd parade on his birthday even if it is in the middle of July."

"If them's your feelings," sniffs the frau, "it's a wonder you ain't had a major's operations performed on your name. Dink O'Day ain't nothing to perjure with."

"It maybe don't sound like a nightinjail singing at dawn through the murmuring pines and the fetlocks," I admits, "but you can slap it on a piece of paper and turn it into the price of a flock of frocks and a heap of hats and what'll you have. Besides the which, I notices it's babies like Pete Jones and Hank Slivins that's always handing out the week-end hand-outs to the birds with monikers that reads like a race riot in the alphabet. Anyways, it takes a O'Day to feed and blanket a Hollingshead."

"You should feel honored," snaps the wife, "to be allowed permission to entertain one of my relations."

"Honored!" I echoes, sarcastic. "I'm all puffed up like I was shot from guns. In facts, I'm overcome."

"What with?" she sneers. "The heat?"

"No," I tells her; "it ain't the heat; it's the humility."

II

I'M SITTING on the porch the next afternoon with Hank Ritter, the frau being away at a neighbor's spilling tea and they-says with a covey of cacklers, when I pipes a bamboo cane coming up the walk towing a slim young lad dressed like a June bridegroom in the haberdashery trade. Something tells me that this can't be nothing lesser than J. Pennyworth hisself in person, not a picture or a radio, and something's righter'n rain.

"Hollingshead, J. Pennyworth," he announces, curt. "You're O'Day," he bites off short and quick to Ritter. "My bags are at the station. My room's the front one upstairs. See you later, you and your friend Holoway," he finishes, pointing to me, and ducks into the house.

"Gargling bullfrogs!" gasps Hank. "Where'd that bad piece of news come from?"

"That is the wife's relation I was telling you about. He graduated from high at eleven."

"I don't care, my dear Holoway," comes back Ritter, "if he graduated at midnight. Ever see a bimbo get so many things wrong on short acquaintance?"

"His bags is at the station," I grins. "You'd better hot-dog over there and grab 'em before Pennyworth comes down and musses your hair."

"Bell-hop for your own house jest," growls Hank. "I've run into a lotta brass fronts at one time and another, but that baby's nerve runs five quarts to the gallon of gall."

"Sh-h-h!" Shushes Kate. "You'll Wake the Poor Boy Up"

"Kate," I remarks, kinda to myselfs, "said he was a shy, bashful boy."

"He's shy a good deal, I ain't got no doubts," cuts in Ritter; "but if that look-at-me is bashful I'm the oldest living Armenian rug peddler in Kankakee, where is it?"

"Here it is," I whispers as young Hollingshead clicks onto the porch.

"Well," says Pennyworth, turning to Hank, "I've just increased your efficiency two and three-eighths per cent."

"Let my efficiency alone," grumbles Ritter. "I promised my youngest son the day after he was hanged that I wouldn't let nobody touch it. You just put it back like you found it."

"How'd you tighten it up?" I inquires, curious.

"By removing that picture in the front bedroom," he explains; "the one in blue of sheep in a rainstorm. Imagine getting up in the morning and looking at sheep and at rain and at blue! No wonder you go to your work depressed."

"Outside of the facts," says I, "that he don't live in this house and I'm O'Day and he ain't, you've hit the head right with the nail."

"Your name's Holoway," he persists. "You just fit that name, while your friend's a perfect frame for O'Day."

"Listen here," I asks, puzzled by the cuckoo cracks, "you sure you've got into the right place? You Pennyworth Hollingshead, Cousin Martha's kid?"

"I couldn't possibly be nobody else," returns the youngster; "but it ain't my name that's Pennyworth Hollingshead."

"No!" I yelps, jumping to my feet.

"No," he replies; "it's I. My personality is the Pennyworth Hollingshead personality. It's the I in me and ——"

"O'Day," I interrupts, "maybe ain't the me in my eye, but it's the monniker they yells out in court every Monday morning when I'm up for wife beating."

"Excuse me," remarks Ritter, rising weary, "but I promised the misses I'd shoot a coupla anteaters for supper and I gotta be getting along before the taxicabs runs 'em all over."

"Stick along a while," I begs, and I got such a pleading look that Hank flops back in his seat. He's too good a pal to leave me alone with that hollow-head Hollingshead.

"It's a shame," says Pennyworth, "that you should have to struggle under the burden of O'Day. Everything about you calls for Holoway. Every movement, every gesture, every pose keeps crying for Holoway, Holoway, Holoway. You've studied the relations between character and names?"

"No," I admits; "I didn't know they was none. I oncet knew a bloke, though, that had the kinda character that turned his name into a number."

"I don't see," mumbles the boy, "how I got you two confused."

"Why didn't you ask who we was when you come?" inquires Ritter.

"I never asks questions," returns Pennyworth.

"How do you get by?" I asks.

"I makes statements," he replies. "One of the first things we learned in the I. K. E. course at the Better Business College was ——"

"What's them initials stand for?" cuts in Hank. "International Kibitzers' Exchange?"

"I Know Everything," explains Pennyworth. "We starts out with the idea that we knows all and works along from that point."

"Modest enough," I suggests; "but I always had the notion that the way to learn things was to ask questions."

"To ask," returns Hollingshead, "is to be weak. It's assuming that somebody knows more than you do. It stunts the growth of the I in I."

"I'm sorry," sighs in Ritter at this junction, "but I really got to shoot them sea otters before sundown."

"Just a minute," says I. "I'm interested in how this stunt operates. Suppose you was in a strange town and wanted to know where Swizzlebone Avenue was. How'd you go about it?"

"In the first place," replies Pennyworth, "it wouldn't be a strange town. Strangeness implies doubt and the I. K. E. don't know no doubts."

"I thought it knew everything," remarks Hank.

"In the case you mentions," goes on the wife's relation, "I'd say to a policeman, 'Swizzlebone Avenue is eight blocks to the east and four to the south'; then he'd give me his idea of where it was. In that way we exchange ideas and the weakness of asking questions is avoided. They is some difference between a exchange of thoughts and a confession of weakness."

"Yeh," agrees Ritter, "in this examples, about as much difference as they is between a fried fish and a fish that's been fried. How'd you go about getting another helping of poached tripe at a swell feed? Wouldn't you ask for it polite?"

"I demand," says Pennyworth "Doubt gets on its knees and begs; knowledge stands up and takes."

"You're likely to take a parade of wallops on the jaw with that system," I tells him.

"Having no doubts," smiles the youngster, "of course, I have no fears."

"Dink," moans Hank, "I really gotta go. You know how hard it is to shoot them aard-varks in the twilight and the frau's got her teeth all rehearsed for one."

"Wait till Kate comes," I pleads. "She'll be here any second now."

"You should say," recommends Hollingshead, "that she will be here in eleven and a half seconds. Be positive."

"Suppose," I wants to know, "she ain't here in that time?"

"That's her weakness," he answers, calm, "not yours. By the way, I think I shall have that hedge yonder moved two and a half feet this way as soon as it's in bloom. It ——"

"That won't be in bloom for a year yet," I cuts in, scared.

"Fifteen months," says Pennyworth.

"You figuring on settling around here?" I gasps.

"Here," he replies; "not around here. I like the place, excepting for some changes that I have in mind, and Cousin Kate has asked me to stay for a short time."

"Let's exchange a few ideas," I suggests. "What's the I. K. E. notion of short?"

"Short," returns the sure-thing kid, "is a relative term and ——"

"Yeh," I interrupts, "but how long is short with this particular relative?"

"You have nothing to worry over," says he. "I know that I won't find either you or your wife annoying no matter how extended I decide to make my stay."

"Oh, look!" suddenly shouts Ritter, leaping from the porch. "There's a Siberian sable and the misses is crazy about their white meat. I gotta go shoot it." And he beats it on the run before I has a chance to beg him back.

"What you figuring on doing?" I asks Pennyworth. "Going into business?"

"In the next thirteen months," he replies, "I shall run through a dozen lines. Your friend Ritter's in the hay-and-grain trade."

"What makes you think so?" I inquires.

"That," returns Hollingshead, "is intruding in my privacy, which I do not permit. Ritter's in the hay-and-grain business."

"Pretty near," says I. "He manufactures pajamas and underwear for young ladies."

"Really?" frowns the youngster, pushing back his long hair. "I must brush up on my Determination of Occupations. It was the least strong of my points at school."

"Too bad," I sympathizes. "What was your dress clothes?" I. K. E.'s maybe don't ask no questions, but they looks 'em. "Your long suit," I explains.

"Well," returns Pennyworth, "if they was one thing I was better at than others it was maybe the Isolation of Values and the Segregation of Motivations."

"You was, you ducky boy!" I exclaims. "That's swell. I never could get the hang of them studies. I remembers oncet the kindergarten teacher—her name was Dawkins or Hawkins; no, no, it was Hufnagel. She was one of the Measleburg Hufstetters. Say, that was some town, was Measleville. I always said if it had a railroad or drinking water and wasn't so hot it would 'a' easy have passed West Meringue in the census; but Fred Stevens—you maybe heard of him; his father, it was really his stepfather, was precinct challenger in Lower Secaucus the time Luke McLevy—oh, well, I never did believe the story that he poisoned his mother so he could get two helpings of spinach on his birthday; but getting back to what I was talking about, what was it?" I finishes, looking outta the corner of my eye to see if the cuckoo cackle's put Pennyworth to sleep or driven him into the hut.

"Your kindergarten teacher," he sighs.

"Oh, yes," I breezes on, my mind made up to keep on shooting the hop till the Ike passed out. "Well, Miss Sweeney thought I was a wham of a wow of a speller on the days we had arithmetic, but when it come to segregating isolations or valuing motivations she said I was the house cat's mange. Nobody could talk to me that way, so I ups and yelps 'You may be a married lady, Miss Rosenblut, but ——'"

"You will excuse me," cuts in young Hollingshead, "but I must change around the dining-room furniture before dinner. I have a arrangement that will increase everybody's appetite at least two hundred and three calories by stimulating the appreciative sensitiveness."

Before I had a chance to tell him that Kate's been thinking of sacrificing her right eye so's to lose that much weight, the kid vanishes. Through the window I sees him tossing the installment-period stuff about. Pretty soon the frau arrives.

"Your one-cent piece has came," I tells her.

"Huh, who?" she inquires.

"Pennyworth," I replies, "and that's rating him high, loose and liberal."

"I hopes you made the poor bashful boy feel at home," snaps the misses.

"I wouldn't go that far," says I; "but when last seen the home was feeling the boy, anyways."

"Where you going?" cries Kate as I lopes down the steps.

*Through the Window I Sees Him Tossing the Installment-Period Stuff About*

(Continued on Page 50)

# THE SOCIAL DESTITUTE

## By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I HAVEN'T a chick nor a child in the world," murmured Miss Araminta Sedley, wetting her lips and patting her hair under her bonnet, and secretly watching her companion out of hard eyes that had been ringed with a skilled pencil to make them look young. "No one," she said, reading her line tragically from her book of life, "to mourn me when I am gone." She dropped her words as carefully as a gardener drops his seeds; and she watched where they fell almost with bated breath. Her eyes glistened. "No one," she sighed, "even to quarrel over my bones."

Her companion, garbed in modish mourning from some specialty shop, required no penetrating eye of an artist to divine the youth and beauty under the folds of her black veils. She sighed uneasily, like a sleeper stirred from torturing dreams. They were passing the cathedral, and, as the shadow of the northerly tower fell athwart Miss Sedley's carriage, the lady devoutly crossed herself and bowed her head in an attitude of desolate prayer. Then she murmured suddenly, in a rich full tone, the while she clutched the old woman's ringed hand convulsively, "Oh, fortunate one!" And, as if speaking to herself, she whispered, "Grief is too great a price to exact for happiness!"

The tall traffic policeman at the Fifty-first Street corner, who had a bowing acquaintance with all the great who passed him by, nodded to the two liveried men on the box and with more respect saluted the blank window of the shining carriage. His eyes lingered on the vain pair of roached hackneys—such a turnout as Miss Sedley's was a rare sight on the rubber-buffed asphalt these days. The handsome pair, moving in perfect step, with high-tossed heads, as if conscious of the admiration they excited on every hand, came to a mincing stop behind a banked file of automobiles; and little Miss Sedley, sitting up like a curious bird, peered out of her carriage window, hoping to be recognized, which in fact she was, and she received many bows. She was an eccentric of such celebrity as people of her class were pleased to point out to their friends. A grim-visaged, square-jawed man lifted his hat to the window pane without moving a muscle of his face; whereat the fluttered old lady seized the woman beside her in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"That," she cried, "is the famous Mr. Parr—a very great detective! Once he scolded me quite severely. He told me he lay awake nights waiting for me to be robbed!" The young creature beside her, apparently sunk in her own somber thoughts, gave no heed. The old lady chattered on. "Imagine," she chirruped, "anyone lying awake nights for me! Except for hate!" she amended hopefully. "Some do that, I believe. My brother's children, now. They estranged themselves deliberately. They must hate me—to estrange themselves from forty million dollars!" At mention of this bumping total Miss Araminta peered shamelessly through the veils that swathed her companion's features; but, save for an involuntary shiver, the other gave no sign.

The famous Mr. Parr, deputy commissioner of police, moving up the Avenue with his Fidus Achates, Oliver Armiston—an extinct author who dabbled in real crime now that he had ceased contriving evil deeds in fiction—muttered as they passed Miss Sedley's stalled brougham, "There is some grist for your mill, Oliver."

"So?"

"You don't know her?"

"No; not wrapped up in a box."

*"Madame, You Walk in Beauty!" Murmured the Chevalier, Delivering Himself of His Formal Morning Compliments*

"We will move slowly," said Parr. "I will show you something that will make your fingers itch for the trigger of your trusty typewriter."

They lingered over a great diamond that invited a brick behind the heavy plate glass in Sylvestre, the jeweler's, window. Semaphore lights on tall bronze towers flashed red, then golden, and the main-line traffic, three deep in opposing streams, moved forward. The musical hoofbeats of Miss Sedley's vain pair of hacks were sounding just behind them. Two blocks farther north Oliver was conscious of a quickening of the tempo of the hoofs into a schottish; a policeman blew a whistle and lifted an imperious hand; and Miss Sedley's coachman with swirling whip executed a grand turn in the Avenue and, a few doors below the corner, drew up at the opposite curb.

"We will examine the hats in this window," said Parr. "It has a handy mirror."

Many other foot passengers were not so delicate as to pretend to do something else while gaping at the rare spectacle of Miss Sedley getting down. The footman, booted, breeched, cuffed, rosetted, tonsured like a monk for Good Friday, was opening the door and reaching inside. A little old brownstone mansion that lay on a fifty-foot frontage like a toad at the bottom of a well, among the glistening skyscrapers on every hand, now suddenly came to life. Its grilled street door opened; and a flunky in livery, and a porter in green billiard cloth, skillfully unrolled a strip of carpet across the twenty-foot pavement as if for a wedding. Passers-by, far from being put out by this obstruction, halted and formed two lines.

Little Miss Sedley, her small fierce features gnarled by age like a walnut, was borne tenderly between the footman and the flunky, her feet scarcely touching the state carpet spread for them. The gallery leaned forward on tiptoe to watch her progress, shouldering one another for choice positions. It was plain the old woman keenly enjoyed being a spectacle for the common herd. Behind her, tall, straight and gorgeous, even under her fashionable sackcloth of grief, came the lady in black, apparently quite unconscious of the vulgar curiosity that pinched the aisle narrow as she passed. The carpet was rolled up, the great grille doors shut, the footman mounted the box, the hackneys started off in unison, and the traffic jam dissolved in the deep running flood of the Avenue. A fringe stayed to gape at the brougham, which wheeled round the corner and disappeared through a gate that opened by magic for it.

"Oh, yes," said Oliver. "Miss Sedley and her million-dollar back yard." He was indicating a tight board fence that flanked the moth-eaten mansion to the north. "And she stables her hacks in Fifth Avenue?" he demanded incredulously.

"She has forty millions," asserted Parr. "Why not, if she wants to? There is a well-nigh universal demand for that old woman's obsequies. But it doesn't seem to affect her health. If a death thought could kill, she would be dead years ago. Every real-estater in town is after that frontage. It's an eyesore. The mourners are all ready—every picture dealer, curio collector—pewter, brass, glass, china, ivory, crystal, tapestries, rugs; that old ruin is a museum. She hasn't a relative that will speak to her—not even for forty millions!" The great detective smiled sardonically.

"Who fights off the thugs?" asked Oliver whimsically.

"She makes pets of them!" chuckled Parr. "That's just the point. The old woman has a taste for drama. She represents herself as a sort of female Diogenes, looking for an honest heir. She picks up strays from the classes or the masses. And just when they think she is going to write a new will she drops them, and adopts new candidates. The spice of her life is to play one against another. Forty millions, Oliver! Why, it's enough to ruin the morals of a church warden! It's a wonder she hasn't been murdered in her bed before this. That's her latest," muttered Parr, with a professional look cast over the mansion. "The woman in black. She is a social destitute!"

"A social what?" ejaculated Oliver.

The man-hunter eyed his companion with relish.

"It's a new breed," said Parr. "It's the princes and the grand duchesses out of a job. Over in Europe they are street sweepers and waiters and cab drivers. Over here our élite are collecting them as authentic curios. This one is out of Russia. The old lady brought her in through the customs last week. They call her 'Highness.' She has nothing left out of the wreck but a gentleman in waiting to pick up her handkerchief and open her purse. Of course," chuckled Parr, "there isn't anything in it but rubles—but, nevertheless, she is so serene she cannot be contaminated with filthy lucre."

Oliver fingered his single white lock of hair as he examined the comedy to the obbligato of Parr's comment. Armiston knew the house. Who did not? There were still a few of the ancient régime who clung desperately to this quarter, the very center now of all that had come to be Fifth Avenue. The mansion stood stolid with age in the midst of this region of the finest shops in the world. A region of topless towers, of sculptured marble, granite and crystal, of spendthrift show windows. It was shouldered on every hand, like a beggar at a wedding feast, by famous silversmiths, jewelers, dressmakers, saddlers, curio dealers—chandlers to the rich. Every front foot of real estate here must be capitalized in terms of skyscrapers and opulent temptation. Yet Miss Araminta Sedley continued to monopolize fifty feet and a million-dollar back yard that had passed into ribald song, lived like a toad at the bottom of her well, with never a ray of sunlight dropping

down to greet her. The woman fitted the domicile, a misanthrope to whom Fate in an ironic moment had given the wealth of a fairy princess, with which she sought to inspire ungodly covetousness in all who approached her

"Sophie," mused Oliver; and "Sophie!" he muttered aloud out of the depths of his thoughts

"Eh?" Parr snarled like a prodded animal.

Sophie! That was his pet corn. Sophie Lang, notorious confidence woman. Great man-hunter that he was, he had never yet come up with Sophie. Time and again as if in sport she had played into his hands, and slipped through his fingers as he thought to close them on her. Sophie was all but legendary to Parr. She stepped from one transmogrification to another under his very nose. While he was sniffing over the spore of her last exploit she would be laughing at him from the ambush of some new incarnation. And, like Ike Walton's troutes, she seemed to bite from wantonness, not from hunger

"What a crib for Sophie to crack!" mused Oliver, delighted with the thought. "I'd give her a blanket absolution for all her sins if she would only discover this dear old lady. Hello!" said Oliver. "Someone comes a-calling. No, someone departs. We shall see!"

A French town car had drawn up at the house. A footman in plum-colored melton got down. The grilled doors swung open and a gentleman of middle years and most august mien came down the few steps to the stoop line. Undoubtedly a gentleman, thought Oliver, from his silk hat of ceremony, his carefully trimmed imperial, his nosegay, his dickey, his spats, his stick, his gloves, and his general air of owning a good valet. Indeed, so distinguished was this personage that his passage of the twenty feet of sidewalk to the curb to his waiting car caused another little traffic jam among foot passengers.

"Ah! Gentleman in waiting to Her Highness!" growled Parr. And he added, chuckling, "Rubles must have gone up."

The gentleman did not seem to perceive the furor among the beholders, any more than he observed the obsequious salute of his man. He took his seat and drove off like a king. Like a king, Oliver was thinking queerly.

"Class!" grunted Parr, with grudging admiration "They do breed a better animal over there than we do here." His lip curled in contempt for the feudal fealty this personage typified.

Two blocks farther north Oliver suddenly said, out of his thoughts, "Did you ever see him before, Parr?"

"Him? Who?" asked Parr, taking his eyes off a safe-cracker slinking away in the crowd.

"The lady's gentleman."

Parr stared dully at Armiston.

"No," he said shortly; but he looked sharply at Oliver.

"Think," urged Armiston.

Parr shook his head, puzzled at his friend's insistence.

"He makes up like someone," persisted Oliver. "It's a true twin. Think!"

Suddenly Parr's look of annoyance faded. He stopped, turned to sweep the Avenue, as if he would snatch the personage out of that swirling maelstrom. He glared at Oliver. Oliver nodded encouragingly.

"Ah," he breathed in triumph. "Then you have seen him before!"

Parr muttered a mild oath.

"The king! It is the king!" he cried.

"Yes; the old king," said Oliver. "I saw him"—he mused, ruminating—"oh, say twenty years ago—shortly before he died—at Mentone. With his dog—Cæsar! Remember the king's dog? In just that make-up! The same bull neck. Great shoulders. Head of a Roman. The look of a lion! What a man that king was, eh?"

Parr made some Masonic pass with his stick; and a taxi that looked like any other, but was not, stopped at the curb. Parr got in, motioning Oliver to follow. This was a new turn to Oliver, but he asked no questions. There was something peculiar in the physiognomy of this taxi; as it sped southward to Headquarters the mere sight of it lifted semaphores and paralyzed the cross-town tide.

It was like riding in the king's chariot, the chariot of a king who may not be kept waiting.

"Oliver, I think I grow old," Parr was saying, as, in his inner office at his desk, he fingered a little stack of files. He took out a yellow envelope and handed Oliver a photograph from it. Armiston started in amazement.

"A crook!" he ejaculated.

Parr nodded, in rare humor now. Things fell out this way occasionally, especially when that clairvoyant, Armiston, was with him. Curious, what the extinct author would see in a crowd, that he—Parr, the man with the camera eye—failed to apprehend.

Parr touched a bell. He asked for Dupré, his international expert; and Pelta, too, if he were about. Dupré came at once, slightly gray, with a scholar's stoop, and the weary air of a professor. Dupré nodded to the face in the photograph as if to an acquaintance in flesh and blood, saying as he sat down and disposed of his long legs, "Lonnie Bell."

"A crook, yes," said Parr to Oliver. "One of the best."

Dupré shook his head.

"No, if you please," he said. "Not one of the best. He is too vain to be clever. But either from stupidity or luck, he has never been in jail. And big crooks have used him as a decoy in some big affairs—always as a left-handed prince of the blood. Is he in town? I'd like to bring him in," exclaimed the expert.

Parr shook his head. No; there would be no morning line-up for this left-handed personage—at least until the gentleman had made some use of the hospitality of these shores.

"Is he really left-handed?" asked Oliver.

"No," said Dupré. "The French police scotched that yarn. But, nevertheless, they handle him with silk gloves. However, if you wish to flatter him, just walk out of his presence backward." Dupré smiled feebly. "The story he likes best is that his mother was a famous French actress. Who brought him over here?"

"Araminta Sedley," said the man-hunter, his eyes twinkling.

The professor looked hurt; he held his peace. Parr was studying the passenger list of the La France.

"Here we are," he said. "'Suite C: Miss Sedley, Xenia Gottorp, two ladies' maids and four servants.' She carries her own cook; she thinks her relatives are trying to poison her. Let's see about the gentleman. I have it—'Suite B: Chevalier Henri de Fressy and manservant.' That should be our friend Lonnie."

"Xenia Gottorp," Dupré was repeating. "Then she is a Serenity."

Parr looked his bewilderment.

"You don't follow me," said the professor. "There is a morganatic line of princes and princesses—dating back to the time of Alexander II. They are Serene Highnesses by royal ukase. There is a Xenia among them—or was. They were scattered like wolves after the cellar massacre at Ekaterinburg." *(Continued on Page 85)*

*With a Dry Sob She Sank to Her Knees, Clutching the Gems to Her Bosom*

# LUCK

## By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

ONLY a few uneasy birds had begun to cheep and flutter when the diluted darkness beyond the east window woke Elbert Weston; and these, the gentle even breathing informed him, had not yet disturbed Nelly. He lowered his feet carefully to the rag mat and lifted his weight so gradually that for once the springs failed to stir and creak. He was unreasonably pleased by this. To get out of that bed without a sound was a feat, in spite of much practice. It was a simpler matter to draw down the shade so that the roller only whispered, and by following the line of a joist to gain the open door of the sitting room without a protest from the floor, especially since he'd thought of that scheme of putting his clothes in the outer room when he went to bed so that there was no need to fumble for them in the mornings. Nelly had a way of waking at even such faint noises as the fall of a sock on the rag mat.

The hinges were cunningly oiled and the door moved without a sound. He paused a moment before he shut it, to reassure himself with the sight of Nelly's face, pillowed on her palm, and, in the dimness, still the face of a sleeping child. Elbert Weston released the knob delicately, grinning in affectionate complacency at his earned triumph. Nelly wouldn't wake now till he came in to tell her that breakfast was ready. She'd scold him for getting it, as she always did, but there'd be something in her voice

He dressed with silent swiftness and went into the kitchen, carrying his shoes and shutting the door behind him. It was daylight now, and the birds were lifting a great clatter, but he knew that they wouldn't bother Nelly. It was only human sounds that woke her. He grinned in approval of the forethought that had filled the kettle last night so that there'd be no need to risk the noise of running water now. Very cautiously he lifted out a stove lid and stared down at the phenomenon of wood and kindling ready for the match.

Nelly must have made up her mind to beat him this morning. He chuckled softly; that was a first-rate notion of hers, fixing the fire beforehand; she must have done it while he was downstairs locking the garage doors. He'd do it himself after this. It was ticklish business building a fire without making a sound, no matter how well you understood it. He shook his head over Nelly's unscientific arrangement of the kindling; building a fire was one of the things Nelly just couldn't or wouldn't learn. Why, she hadn't even brushed out the ashes! He decided that he'd have to take out every stick and begin at the beginning. An unwelcome thought that it didn't greatly matter was sternly dismissed; there were just two ways of building fires, and Elbert Weston's was the right one. Besides, he admitted honestly, he liked doing it. There was always a sort of excitement about it, a sense of adventure that survived from the days when matches had been forbidden and playing with fire a high misdemeanor.

He lifted out the sticks very carefully and grinned at the tightly crumpled, inadequate bit of paper with which Nelly had expected to kindle the wood—the wrong kind of paper too; stiff, thick stuff that would smolder instead of burning. He tossed it aside and substituted the properly loose and liberal newspaper, replaced the kindling and adjusted drafts. The flame of the match sucked eagerly inward; there was a cheerfully subdued snap and crackle; a pungent smell of burning cedar followed him as he moved about his remaining tasks. His foot touched the discarded scrap of paper and he thrust it into his pocket. If Nelly saw it she might guess that he'd rebuilt the fire and he knew that it would please her to think that she'd saved him that much work, even though she hadn't managed to wake first.

Presently, when the smell of coffee told him it was time, he put on his shoes and went boldly back to the bedroom.

"Breakfast's about ready, Nelly."

She was instantly awake, her slow, drowsy smile greeting and reproaching him at once. Again he wondered at the illusion of her youth. It was too dark behind the drawn shades to see the gray streaks in her hair, and her face was smooth and fresh, like a child's.

"Beat me again, did you? I was just bound I'd be up first this time." She sat up and it seemed to him that there was a change in her voice. "I fixed the fire so I wouldn't wake you when I ——"

"Good notion." He nodded. "Saves a lot of trouble. Do it myself after this."

"I'll beat you, anyway. It isn't right that you should be doing my work besides your own."

He laughed.

"Shucks, you can't rightly call it work, all I got to do around here; more like fun, fooling with the cars and tinkering around the place."

She shook her head, but said nothing. He went back to the stove, uneasily conscious of her growing habit of silence. Nelly had never been one to talk, and lately she'd said less than ever. It came home to Elbert Weston that he didn't know what she was thinking, that he'd never known, all these years, what went on behind that tranquil face; that he wasn't sure right now whether Nelly hated living in these three rooms up over Eb Slade's new garage, or whether she had come to like it, as Elbert Weston liked it. But he knew certainly that if she hated it she wouldn't say so, wouldn't let him see even a shadow in her look. They'd been through too much bad luck in these thirty years to leave him any room for doubt about the way Nelly faced it.

*Protection, Mothering, Shielding Him Against Himself Without Shaming Him by Letting Him Guess Her Thought and Purpose!*

Watching her across the oilclothed table, he was uncomfortably aware of this inability to read her thought, reproached for his tame contentment by memories of the life Nelly had led before she walked out of her father's big white-columned farmhouse to marry the unluckiest man in Hilton township. He didn't blame himself for his luck, but he realized that it was through him that Nelly had shared it; that he hadn't any right to feel happy and at peace while Nelly, because she loved him, lived over Slade's garage like—like a hired man's woman

The thought went with him to his morning work on the two cars in the big cool room downstairs, spoiling the pleasure he usually found in fussing over their motors and rubbing their varnish to a cloudless luster. He'd liked it in spite of a persistent sense of humiliation. It was just the sort of work he'd always enjoyed best on his own farm—doing the chores that kept him within earshot of the house and gave him opportunity to see Nelly now and then at door or window while he was fooling with machinery under the shed on rainy days, or tinkering at odd jobs of carpentry. He'd been almost glad that he'd lost the farm at last, when Eb Slade took him on as caretaker of the big place at the town's edge. He liked the certain steadiness of his wages, the grateful freedom from worry over the debts at the bank and the stores, from anxiety about the crops, from the relentless weight of responsibility that had ridden him through most of his fifty-six years.

He'd liked the new, convenient living quarters upstairs, the running water and the electric lights and the heating system. He'd been ready to take it for granted that Nelly liked them, too, to interpret her placid silences as approval. Now for some reason he doubted all this, seemed to understand that Nelly hated it and suffered all the more because of that dogged loyalty of hers that had always denied her the relief that lesser women found in complaint of word or look.

The trouble drove him out to dew-drenched grass and the warm breath of roses borne on a breeze touched with a promise of noontime. There was medicine for his mood in the discovery that the oxheart cherries on the great tree beyond the rose trellises were ripe for picking. He had always loved the task of gathering fruit above the sterner business of field and barn; and cherries, first to ripen, were first in his regard. He whistled softly in the tool house as he lifted down the folding ladder from its pegs in the wall. He had spent a good many pleasant hours on its building, last winter, to a design of his own, and he set it up under a promising branch with a glow of pride in its sturdy firmness.

The design was sound, he told himself; building both wings double width at their bases made it stand as solid as a rock; that notion of using a notched rod, clamping firmly on the bottom rung, to hold it open at any desired width, was ever so much better than the old plan of a rope; there might be a patent in it. He let his mind run pleasantly forward to a factory, shipping out thousands of Weston ladders, to money in the bank and respectful envy in other men's eyes. A marauding robin fluttered to a farther branch as he climbed into the laden leafage, and brazenly resumed its trespass. Elbert Weston grinned at it, dimly conscious of a certain fellowship. The cherries thumped musically on the bottom of the pail. He forgot, as he'd learned to forget lately, that he was Unlucky Bert Weston; even that Nelly was Unlucky Bert Weston's wife.

Looking down through the leaves, he could see Marian Slade between the rose trellises, and his conscience stirred

uneasily at the sight of her can of kerosene, the implacable look with which she brushed beetles out of the roses. He ought to have attended to that before beginning on the cherries, no matter how much more fun it was to pick cherries than to kill rose beetles. He stood very still, watching her and wondering why she made him think of Nelly. They weren't a bit alike; and yet as she moved among the flowers something carried Elbert Weston's thoughts persistently to another garden and the girl who had walked there thirty years ago.

He saw Chester Sprague on the sidewalk and his understanding cleared. This was what reminded him of Nelly and himself. People were different, but here was something that never changed; something that brought Chet Sprague two blocks out of his way to the bank just as it had led Elbert Weston across two fields and a marshy brook; something that wouldn't let Chet go round by the gate and prompted him to hurdle the picket fence instead of vaulting it.

The rose trellises made a screen against the street and the opposite windows, but Elbert Weston looked almost straight down on that encounter, and what he saw troubled him, in spite of a stubborn friendliness for Chet. He was sorry for Marian, afraid for her; more than ever she reminded him now of Nelly.

Chet, with a tiny rosebud in his buttonhole, sidled away between the trellises, turned to wave his hand without pausing.

Marian cried out, "Look out, Chet! Don't go under that ladder!"

"Bad luck?" Sprague laughed. "Think I could be unlucky today if I tried? You watch!"

He didn't see the cross rod close to the ground; a waving hand caught the side bar as he stumbled, and Elbert Weston clutched the nearest branch and hung, the heavy inverted V of the ladder flailing downward spitefully at the sprawling figure on the grass. Marian's cry was in Weston's ears as he dropped; Chet Sprague scrambled uncertainly to his feet, one hand touching the back of his head.

"Didn't even break the skin," he said. "Gee, that was luck! If I'd been an inch farther it'd have caught me square in the back of the neck!"

He grinned at Marian. Weston could see the color turning back to the drained pallor of her face.

"Guess you'll take more stock in the old notion that it's bad luck to walk under a ladder after this."

Eben Slade had crossed the turf from the house: his voice was dryly jocular, but Elbert Weston felt an undertone of hostility in it. He had a brief recollection of Nelly's father, straight and grim, using that very key to young Bert Weston.

The words puzzled him; Eb Slade was hard-headed; he'd never believed in luck, good or bad, and here he was, talking as if ——

"Something in it, after all," Chet agreed a little too eagerly. "Got to be going—be late for work first thing I know."

"Twelve minutes late now," said Slade, consulting his watch.

Chet whistled, wagged his head and sprinted toward the fence, hurdling it neatly as before.

Eben Slade jingled keys and coins in a pocket, watching him, his eyes narrowed, deep grooves scored in the flesh about his heavy jaws. Dimly apprehensive, Weston lifted his ladder, and Slade's face relaxed into shrewd, appraising interest.

"Good scheme, that pointed top. Gets in between the branches without catching on 'em."

"Yes." Weston pointed to the cross bar. "And this holds it open any width you want—solid as a rock."

"See it does—till somebody 't doesn't believe in luck trips on it."

Slade's tone hardened and Weston saw Marian's mouth draw obstinately straight. She walked away without speaking. Watching her from the ladder, Weston fancied that as she neared the porch a dancing quality lightened her step. Again, unreasonably, he thought of Nelly. He could see Eben Slade sitting on the bench by the lilac bushes, his hat over his eyes, his legs crossed, his big hands tightly clenched.

Elbert Weston discovered that he was a little sorry for Eben Slade; that, by some obscure association of ideas, he felt a similar compassion for Nelly's father, dead years ago. It was bad enough to be licked by luck when you believed in it; it must be a lot worse to find out, after all, that you were beaten by something you'd ridiculed all your life.

II

ANGER and surprise lifted Jim Thurlow's voice above the level of discretion; it carried clearly to Elbert Weston's ear

"You mean to say you're going to lay down on me now, after I been going ahead on the strength of your say-so and picking up timber options on - -"

Weston couldn't hear Slade's answer, but Thurlow spoke even more audibly than before.

"But it's so dumb-foolish, Eb, when we got enough timber in sight to keep a mill busy ten years! What's the sense of throwing away all that option money?"

Slade's tone carried now.

"Changed my mind, that's all. Guess that's my privilege If it suits me to let those options lapse, I can afford to pay for it. You're no worse off than you were when you got me into this scheme, and you've got two years to find capital for your mill before the options run out."

"Maybe; but I guess it won't help my chance much when folks know you pulled out of it. Anyway, I'm thinking about your end of it, Eb. It's clean crazy to waste money this way, not only what you put up for the options but what you stand to take out 'f the mill—a hund'd thousand, anyhow, in the next ten years, and maybe twice as much if lumber keeps on going up."

"Guess I can stand it. Don't know's I need any more'n I got. Don't aim to tie myself down here to a sawmill 't my time 'f life, not for twice what I'd make out of it."

"Thought you wanted to be tied down; thought that was why you come in with me in the first place, so's you'd have a business to keep you working up here, 'stead of loafing around the house."

"Changed my mind, that's all. Don't aim to stay here and I never tie up money in a business I don't handle myself. No use trying to talk me over, Jim. I'm kind of apt to mean what I say."

The words hammered at Elbert Weston's brain. His luck hadn't let up on him, after all. It wasn't enough that

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"Thirty Years Back Bert Was So Much Like What Chet Is Now 't You'd Have to Look Close to Tell 'Em Apart"

# Our Early American Builders

## By Ruth Scott Miller

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE little carpenter scowled at the settled floor with pale measuring eyes and stamped upon its wide gray boards. He suggested, "Underneath, it's rotten, probably," laconically. "Better get enough for six new floor beams, anyway, along with that stuff we need for underflooring." The testing foot sounded the space near the corner cupboard. The pale eyes considered the ceiling line. "Yep," drawled the artificer in timber, "she's settled about four inches like I thought. Probably her sill's gone too." Cheerfully—"But even if it is, she's stood up pretty good for nearly two hundred years at that," he concluded.

I groaned and went to order the demanded sill and flooring and two-by-fours. Restoring a typical example of fine old Colonial architecture to its pristine staunchness was threatening as the summer advanced to lose its sporting aspects and take on the look of a term of hard labor.

After four days, a long truck panted up the drive carrying the ordered timber. Men with great sun-scorched arms unloaded it, flinging the heavy beams into the grass before the house. The little carpenter, with three others, eyed it; and then the little man shoved a sleeve higher on a red arm and said "Well" in a tone of command.

It was a signal. The four trooped into the east room where the place had settled four inches. The head worker bent over the broad floor boards. He paused, stooping, and cocked a pale inquiring eye at me.

"A new floor, narrow boards, hardwood, would be nice. I laid a pretty one down in the dance hall at Bournset," he insinuated with hope.

I was firm

### *Saving the Old Floor Boards*

"NO; WE'LL relay the red pine. You can't get twenty-two-inch boards of red pine today, so don't split it," I cautioned.

He insisted, "You can get wide boards if you use cypress. I'aint it. Who'll know the difference?"

"But it won't be red pine," I retorted.

The little carpenter sighed at this stubbornness and gave brief orders. Baseboards were pried from old plaster and carried away. Ancient nails were wrenched from seasoned wood, and the middle plank was ready to be lifted. Straddling it, the chief artisan grasped its edges and lifted cautiously until it became a crescent, inverted, above the floor. A helper, stationed at the unnailed end, eased it up carefully. A brusque monosyllable, a final wrench and a length of sound red pine no longer lay in the space it had occupied for the better part of two centuries.

The boss carpenter grunted at the gap it left, and demanded, "Well, whadda y' know about that?" of the atmosphere. "She's got an underflooring a'ready. Well, whadda y' know about that?" prodding the brown strip of rough, unplaned wood, lying revealed, with a blunt finger. Everybody exclaimed and bent to finger the ancient wood. Its unsmoothed surface left pine splinters in prying fingers. The little carpenter said "Le's see if the rest of it's as good as that," and the four men fell upon the remaining boards.

Broad plank by broad plank they were pried from their moorings and shoved through a window to be carried out of the way. Their top sides were hand-planed—the marks still showed where countless footsteps had not worn them smooth—and painted with many coats. But underneath they were rough and brown just as they had come from the saw of those elder builders.

When the last strip was lifted another floor lay revealed without blemish of rot or break. The head worker regarded it solemnly. Disgusted, he pronounced, "And I'd have sworn she was rotten."

The underflooring yielded to bars and hammers with a screaming of nails. The youngest helper brought a handful of those slivers of hand-beaten iron and gave them to me. They lay, rusted, twisted and quaintly irregular with their flat long heads, heavy in my hands. I twirled one between a thumb and forefinger speculatively. It was one of countless thousands in the beams and boards, rafters and shingles of my house and it had been wrought by hand. Two hours earlier I had ordered, carelessly, so many pounds of eight-penny, ten-penny, thirty-penny, shingle and finish nails. Faint annoyance had sharpened my voice when I was told that the order could not be delivered that afternoon. To secure those pounds of slender bits of metal had occupied two or three minutes of my time. The ancient splinter of iron turned slowly in my fingers. Two minutes! But would mine last two hundred years?

The carpenters whooped over something and a facetious onlooker yelled from a window, "It's Daniel Webster's bottle!" Legend had it that the house and one of its early owners had been that great statesman's refuge from boredom evening after evening. Many were the tales of the debates these two held around the old Franklin stove. And, so the natives babble, the famous orator had his views on this here now prohibition question. So I bent to view the flask so frivolously attributed to the great man. The little carpenter was lifting it from its bed of sand. He rubbed the sand from its dull emerald sides with a broad thumb. It warmed to color under the light.

Someone offered, "Betcha that's why the house settled in that corner. Daniel Webster wore out the sill putting his likker under there. Betcha."

The dull emerald bottle was balanced aloft in the broad paw of the carpenter. Against the pearl-tinted plaster its squat misshapen contour made a blob of a silhouette. The chief artisan squinted at his find. He divulged, "That antique woman down the road a piece told me that if I ever come across any old glass when I was workin' on one of these old houses ——"

### *A Tribute From the Little Carpenter*

MY VOICE entered into the shrill protest of ownership and the flask joined the fistful of ancient nails clutched in my hands.

The carpenters stamped the sand lying like sifted salt under the floor beams and considered the skeleton of the house. The beams were great logs with the top side smoothed by an ax. The bark still clung to them. The ends had been pointed and fitted into grooves chiseled in the massive sills.

An inquiring barytone demanded of the carpenter, "Is that front sill gone, d'ya think?"

The little man glared at it.

"Looks all right," he vouchsafed.

The inquisitive one insisted, "Well, then, if the beams and sills are all right, why did she settle four inches?"

The carpenter searched for a cause.

"It might have been the roots of that tree at the corner, or ——"

A helper hopefully suggested, "Probably them beams are rottener'n they look."

The chief carpenter settled the matter. He grasped a pointed bar of iron and hurled it, sharpened end down, into a sill. He tore it loose and stabbed it in again, his weight behind the blow. Again and again fell the punishing iron. The beams received the blows. The wielder of

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# HOW TO LIVE ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING A YEAR

## By F. Scott Fitzgerald

"ALL right," I said hopefully, "what did it come to for the month?"

"Two thousand three hundred and twenty dollars and eighty-two cents." It was the fifth of five long months during which we had tried by every device we knew of to bring the figure of our expenditures safely below the figure of our income. We had succeeded in buying less clothes, less food and fewer luxuries; in fact we had succeeded in everything except in saving money.

"Let's give up," said my wife gloomily. "Look, here's another bill I haven't even opened."

"It isn't a bill; it's got a French stamp."

It was a letter. I read it aloud, and when I finished we looked at each other in a wild, expectant way.

"I don't see why everybody doesn't come over here," it said. "I am now writing from a little inn in France where I just had a meal fit for a king, washed down with champagne, for the absurd sum of sixty-one cents. It costs about one-tenth as much to live over here. From where I sit I can see the smoky peaks of the Alps rising behind a town that was old before Alexander the Great was born. . . ."

By the time we had read the letter for the third time we were in our car bound for New York. As we rushed into the steamship office half an hour later, overturning a roll-top desk and bumping an office boy up against the wall, the agent looked up with mild surprise.

### *Off to the Riviera to Economize*

"DON'T utter a word," he said. "You're the twelfth this morning and I understand. You've just got a letter from a friend in Europe telling you how cheap everything is and you want to sail right away. How many?"

"One child," we told him breathlessly.

"Good!" he exclaimed, spreading out a deck of cards on his flat table. "The suits read that you are going on a long, unexpected journey, that you have illness ahead of you and that you will soon meet a number of dark men and women who mean you no good."

As we threw him heavily from the window his voice floated up to us from somewhere between the sixteenth story and the street:

"You sail one week from tomorrow."

Now when a family goes abroad to economize, they don't go to the Wembley exhibition or the Olympic games: in fact they don't go to London and Paris at all, but hasten to the Riviera, which is the southern coast of France and which is reputed to be the cheapest as well as the most beautiful locality in the world. Moreover we were going to the Riviera out of season, which is something like going to Palm Beach for July.

When the Riviera season finishes in late spring, all the wealthy British and Americans move up to Deauville and Trouville, and all the gambling houses and fashionable milliners and jewelers and second-story men close up their establishments and follow their quarry north. Immediately prices fall. The native Rivierans, who have been living on rice and fish all winter, come out of their caves and buy a bottle of red wine and splash about for a bit in their own blue sea.

For two reformed spendthrifts, the Riviera in summer had exactly the right sound. So we put our house in the hands of six real-estate agents and steamed off to France amid the deafening applause of a crowd of friends on the pier—both of whom waved wildly until we were out of sight.

We felt that we had escaped from extravagance and clamor and from all the wild extremes among which we had dwelt for five hectic years, from the tradesman who laid for us and the nurse who bullied us and the couple who kept our house for us and knew us all too well. We were going to the Old World to find a new rhythm for our lives, with a true conviction that we had left our old selves behind forever—and with a capital of just over seven thousand dollars.

The sun coming through high French windows woke us one week later. Outside we could hear the high, clear honk of strange auto horns and we remembered that we were in Paris

The baby was already sitting up in her cot, ringing the bells which summoned the different *fonctionnaires* of the hotel as though she had determined to start the day immediately. It was indeed her day, for we were in Paris for no other reason than to get her a nurse.

"*Entrez!*" we shouted together as there was a knock at the door.

### *The Governess We Did Not Engage*

A HANDSOME waiter opened it and stepped inside, whereupon our child ceased her harmonizing upon the bells and regarded him with marked disfavor.

"Iss a madamoselle who waited out in the street," he remarked.

"Speak French," I said sternly. "We're all French here."

He spoke French for some time.

"All right," I interrupted after a moment. "Now say that again very slowly in English; I didn't quite understand."

"His name's Entrez," remarked the baby helpfully.

"Be that as it may," I flared up, "his French strikes me as very bad."

We discovered finally that an English governess was outside to answer our advertisement in the paper.

"Tell her to come in."

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*"Hasn't It Been a Good Summer! We've Become Absolutely French"*

# TOM GENTRY QUALIFIES

*"Listen! Can You Change Fifty Berries?" "I Have No Fifty Dollars, Sir," Said the Beggar, Rolling His Sightless Eyes*

## By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

TOT GARGAN struck the ceiling with a round-arm blow, depositing on it the last jot of brown plaster from his hawk, and then he shrugged his big shoulders to get the cramp out, and stepped to the plaster tub. He reloaded his hawk and resumed his battle with the ceiling. He gripped the heavy hawk in his left hand and the plastering trowel in his right; he swung the hawk against the trowel and then smashed the trowel against the concrete arch overhead. Outside of pulling army mules by the tails, no sport or trade creates such hitting power as does plastering. Tot's shoulders were thick and spreading and his arms were huge. There were spare and wiry men among the fourteen plasterers who were putting on the brown coat, men whose trade was wearing them down; but Tot was a hearty fellow, and the exhausting labor only built his strength. When his new supply was spent, he brushed some crumbs of fallen plaster from his furry chest, lit a cigarette and roared out to a jig tune:

*"Con Conley lived on Sullivan Street,*
*A laboring gentleman mighty odd;*
*He always drunk his whisky neat*
*And to rise in life he carried a hod.*

*"Thwack-fal-lad-din, swing your partners,*
*Welt the floor and shake your trotters ——"*

He stepped about like a dancing bear, while the scaffold on which he and four others of the men were standing rocked and bounced. The others were delighted with the impromptu offering and they shouted encouragement. Their response to his song and dance did not cheer Tot Gargan at all; he was pleasing himself, and if they didn't like it they could do the next thing; he was a merry and ill-tempered man.

"Is it a cabaret we have here?" cried the plastering contractor, appearing in a doorway. "Come down out of that and get to the blazes off this job!"

"Ah, dry up or I'll jump down your t'roat," grumbled Tot Gargan, letting himself slowly down from the scaffold.

"Is it hit me you would?" said the contractor, stalking up to Tot. He was a long and skinny man of no physical power, but he thrust his passionate face forward until his long nose almost touched Tot's. "Put one of your five thumbs on me, you hippopotamus you, and I'll leave you dashed in your blood!"

"S'all right this time, fellow," grumbled Tot, turning away.

"There's your time," said the contractor, after standing his ground for a moment in token of victory. "Day and a half. Get off the job."

He handed Tot eighteen dollars, swept the thirteen other plasterers with a challenging glance and walked from the room.

His straw boss was also prowling about the building, seeking whom he might fire. When building mechanics are plentiful, it is the fruit of cold calculation to discharge one or two of the gang each day so as to put the energizing fear of unemployment into the others. The straw boss popped into the room and pounced on Tot, who was moving slowly and smoking his cigarette.

"Is that all you got to do?" he shouted.

"Close your trap," said Tot.

"That's how you're gaited, hey?" blustered the straw boss coming forward. But he did not come quite all the way, and it seemed to Tot Gargan that his willingness to accept battle was feigned. Tot's long arm shot out and his big hand closed on the straw boss and thrust him back against the terra-cotta partition.

"Do you want any?" asked Tot through his teeth.

"Don't hit me," gasped the straw boss. "I didn't do you nothing, did I? Don't hit me, fellow."

"Then don't give me none of your lip," said Tot with restored self-respect. "I don't take guff from no man, you hear?"

"Listen," said the straw boss, wriggling free. "Eddie told me to fire you, so don't blame me. Day and a half, ain't it? Here's your eighteen dollars. And any of you other men that want the same thing," he shouted, shaking his arm at the thirteen hustling men on the scaffolds, "just open your trap and say so!"

Tot Gargan accepted the eighteen dollars with wonderment, but a look of comprehension crossed his face at last and he grinned. He threw his tools into his canvas bag and bellowed down the hod hoist. The mortar-smeared platform shot up to him, he stepped onto it, pulled the signal rope and dropped at express speed to the street level. He shouldered aside the two Italian laborers who were waiting in expectation of taking empty plaster tubs from the platform and hurried out into the street. When he was clear of the building his joy bubbled up and he sang:

*"They laid him out when he was dead.*
*As a corpse he did look mighty sweet;*
*Fourteen candles at his head*
*And a barrel of whisky at his feet.*

*"Thwack-fal-lad-din, swing your partners,*
*Welt the floor and shake your trotters.*
*Masons, plumbers, framers, hodders,*
*Sport we had at Conley's wake."*

His pocket was filled with money and the world was before him where to choose, and when he ascended from the Subway into his own neighborhood in Harlem it was still only nine o'clock of a fine May morning. His freedom bewildered him.

"Why don't you take in the spring outing and chowder party of the Eskimo Club?" a sympathetic bartender suggested to him at half past nine of the same May morning.

As has been said, Tot's unrestrictedness confused him, and when one is oppressed by the plenitude of one's opportunities to enjoy oneself one can always take a drink or two and not go wrong.

"Some racket," said one of two good fellows who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Tot during the elapsed half hour and drunk at his charges round by round.

"Let's go," agreed Tot. "What I owe you, Charley?"

"Nine dollars," said Charley.

Tot paid down nine dollars like a lord. The two good fellows looked earnestly at his roll of money and then looked earnestly at each other. One of them shook hands with Tot, said that he should see him some more, and departed

"Let's go," said the other boon companion.

"First I'm going home to get dressed," said Tot.

He walked on the street with his new but highly valued acquaintance. The new acquaintance suddenly sprang forward and picked up a shabby pocketbook from the pavement.

"I seen it first!" he cried.

"It's yourn," said Tot.

The acquaintance opened the pocketbook and exposed to view a new and crinkly fifty-dollar bill

"Give a look!" he cried.

"It's yourn," said Tot "You seen it first."

"No, it ain't mine neither," said the other, slapping Tot on the shoulder loyally. "You was with me, wasn't you? Then you get half. That's me!"

"I wouldn't take a cent of it," protested Tot. "I got plenty of money, fellow "

"Say, you don't want to insult me, do you? You got to take half of this, what I mean. Well, how are we going to break it? Say, I got an idea. How about you giving me twenty-five dollars and I'll give you the fifty? See?"

"I'm telling you I don't want it," said Tot

But his scruples were overcome at last and he parted with his twenty-five dollars in exchange for the found money. His new friend left him almost at once, promising to meet him down at the boat.

Tot went to his tenement room off upper Eighth Avenue and dressed himself with care. He put on a beautiful shirt of pink silk and a collar of the same pink, and a green necktie and yellow shoes. He set on his shaggy black head a new straw hat sporting a band which was of the colors of a famous English regiment. Tot, highly suspectful and alert for fraud, had chosen that hat from a thousand solely because the haberdasher had said that that one did not become him at all

He walked across town toward the Hudson River. He passed a blind beggar who was sitting on the doorsill of a vacant store, and he thrust his hand into his pocket to find a coin to throw into the beggar's cup. The beggar had in his cup by way of bait several dollar bills and a handful of silver and seemed to be in no immediate need of money, but Tot had a superstitious fear of passing a beggar without giving him something. He searched his pockets without avail, finding in them no money but the neatly folded fifty-dollar bill. On the corner below was a bank Tot went to it and pushed the bill across the paying teller's slab.

"Where did you get this?" asked the teller after a single disdainful glance

"What do you care?" said Tot. "Good, ain't it?"

"No," said the teller, thrusting it back. "If you try to pass that thing you'll be arrested."

"I give twenty-five dollars for it."

"Don't you know you can't buy good fifty-dollar bills for twenty-five dollars?"

"Well, what'll you give me for it?" bargained Tot. "I bet you could pass it here fast enough. Look at here! You can have it for eight dollars. What do you say?"

The teller would not negotiate for the purchase of the note and Tot walked out into the street. He went back to the blind man and said, "Listen! Can you change fifty berries?"

"I have no fifty dollars, sir," said the beggar, rolling his sightless eyes.

"Well, you can have it for whatever you got," said Tot, and he picked up the cup and took out the money. "There's your fifty. Feel it—good, ain't it? Say, you ain't going to begin to kick about it, too, are you?"

"Billy!" shouted the blind man.

"What's coming off here?" demanded a stocky young rough who had been watching the blind man from a distance. "Give him back his jack or I'll knock you squiffy!"

"You will?" said Tot, and without more ado he swung his right fist and it hit the young rough with an impact that spoke eloquently of seven years of plastering. The blind man's manager fell as though hit with a sledge. Tot took a tentative kick at him and then strolled away.

"Gave him his cold corned beef and cabbage!" he chuckled as he rounded a corner.

To find the text from which this phrase had recurred to him, he searched a memory well stored with pothouse choruses, and after some humming and false starts, he sang:

*"Tim Murney was a blaster and each day he brought to work*
*His cold corned beef and cabbage just like any other Turk.*
*One day he blew the whole job up, and as he rose on high,*
*They blew the whistle to fetch help and they heard Tim Murney cry:*
*"'Tis twelve o'clock and time to eat; the hunger it does ravage.*
*Will someone kindly hand me up me cold corned beef and cabbage?'"*

II

IN THE Hudson, off the foot of Manhattan Street, lay the river steamer Mary Powell, gay with streamers and banners and bunting of red, white and blue. On the pier stood the Tammany leader of the Fortieth Assembly District, Jimmy Clahan, one foot on the gangplank, so that he might intercept his guests, a jovial scowl on his face, a big cigar in it. It was Jimmy's blow-out; he had invited eight hundred people and he was there to prove that he could call them one and all by name.

Beyond him was a fringe of men selling blue spectacles to shield eyes from the water glare and black cords to save hats from blowing overboard, limes to be sucked for seasickness, horns and rattles to express joy beyond the power of speech, maps of the Hudson, ham sandwiches and Frankfurters with mustard and sauerkraut.

On the upper deck sat Stilgebauer's Concert Band, thirty stout German men with red cheeks and yellow pompadours. Any ten of them weighed a long ton. When they tensed their shoulders and pressed down on their big chests they blew into the brass so hard that one imagined one saw the metal strain and bulge. The pennants on the upper deck snapped gallantly in the melodious breezes from the instruments. They never grew weary. After the greatest effort they needed only three seconds to swallow a pint of near-beer and they were off with the encore. The excellent group of artists, or artisans, played the guests on board to the tune of "Swamp 'em, swamp 'em, get the wampum, Tammany!"

There was a reception committee and an entertainment committee. The members of the reception committee were

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*His First Conscious Sentiment Was One of Contempt for Tom Gentry's Prowess. "He Don't Know How to Fight," He Murmured*

# The Good Old Days of Anthracite

## By PHIL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THEY were. There was no one to harass the companies or the men. There were no unions or antitrust laws. The old W. B. A. had gone out of existence. There were few who remembered what the letters stood for, and it was spoken of at rare intervals with and without regret. The Molly Maguires were only a memory of the dim past. We had no slack times, no rush times, no strike times. Everything moved calmly and slowly every day. There were enough comfortable old shoes for every employe to wear.

That was many years ago. I picked slate in the breaker, got forty cents for a ten-hour day and was happy. We lived in one side of a company house, paid four dollars and eighty cents a month for rent, and two dollars and sixty-five cents for a ton of coal delivered in the shanty built against the front fence.

The perfect peace of a slate picker at that period was an every-day affair, rudely dispelled at times by our boss, Jimmy Crane, by name, a testy old man who had worked out his vigor in the mines cutting coal and was then given a pension sort of job supervising fifty of the worst young devils that ever walked. I was one of the fifty.

*He Would Then Rise Carefully to His Feet and Walk Along the Floor Behind Us, Prodding Us With His Stick, While We Bent Lower to Hide Our Grins and Tears of Mirth*

Jimmy was impartial in his favors. Whenever a car of coal was condemned, which was seldom, he started out on an errand of reprisal. He walked up the seats of one chute and down the seats of another, going the entire round, shaking and kicking each boy as he came to him until all of the fifty of us had felt the strength of his arm and the hardness of his sole. After that violent exertion he returned to his seat in the corner and indulged in a furtive smoke, one eye peeled for his boss and the other eye peeled for us while we let the coal run its merry way between our feet down the chute and into the pockets ready to be loaded into the railroad cars on the tracks below.

The only respite we had was when the pockets blocked for want of cars to load the coal in, some of the machinery broke, or because of a delay in the mines that held up the supply of fresh coal. Otherwise for ten hours we lived in an atmosphere of dust, grime and a loud medley of noises, bent over at our task until the all-over whistle blew at 5:30 P.M. Happy? I'll say we were.

### To Keep the Home Fires Burning

OUR ages ranged from eight to twelve years. We all chewed tobacco. There were no cigarettes then. Had there been we would have smoked them. By slow stages our pay was raised as we were promoted until in the course of a few years we sat on the bottom seat of a chute, an understudy of the boss, the wildest and biggest rascal of the fifty, and received for our work of cleaning the coal sixty cents a day.

We were without a care in the world. Whether the coal was clean or not mattered nothing at all to us. At that time they mined coal with less rock in it than now and it was generally clean in the railroad cars, not especially because of our efforts but in spite of them.

Pleasant days the women of the patch forgathered on the dirt bank to lay in a winter's supply of coal, the low price at which it sold being proportionate to the wages, and few families bought any. A glance out of the begrimed windows disclosing our mothers, sisters and small brothers on the bank picking coal was the reason for a quiet signal passed to all of us, and then we piled coal into the slate chute with our hands that they might have plenty of it to pick, bag and carry home, the while the testy boss smoked, his eyes on the door and on us. His wife too was probably climbing the bank filling her bag.

Pay days came once a month. Our fathers generally drew our pay. This sufficed partially to feed us, clothe us with made-over pants and shirts, which with an old cap or hat made up our wearing apparel. During the summer we never wore shoes at work or at play.

The blowing of the all-over whistle was the signal for a wild stampede out-of-doors. The roar of the breaker died away into silence and we rushed down the stairways with our dinner pails and dispersed to the various houses where we lived. The kitchen immediately became our vantage ground. Washtubs filled with warm water stood there on the floor, one for each working member of the family, and after unbuttoning a few buttons we jumped in, mother came along and washed our backs and ears, and we jumped out again, clean and shining with soap, and put on our shifting suit, which next week would be our working one.

The houses had two rooms downstairs, the front room and the kitchen, and two rooms upstairs with beds in them where the family slept, we younger ones sleeping in the same room with our father and mother. There being no differences in the houses, every family lived on the same social scale. Even our front gates were all the same. It was a feudal system, had we known it, the fathers being the miners and laborers, or men at arms, and the boys being the drivers and slate pickers, or attending squires. The bosses of course were the barons, varying in degree according to their positions with the coal company. But the meat of it all was that we were happy, satisfied, contented, and lived clean healthy lives.

My father was a miner. Nearly all of the men in the patch were miners except those who were too old and had graduated from the shaft back to the breaker where they had begun as boys. He cut his six cars of coal every day. His laborer loaded it. The price paid per car varied from seventy-seven cents to one dollar and nine cents, depending whether they were loading top or bottom coal, the top coal being mined and loaded at the low price.

Alas! There is no top coal today. We are mining in many veins that are from twenty to thirty-two inches thick, using jack hammers to drill and mechanical loaders to load it.

The miners started going down the shaft about six o'clock and came out again late in the afternoon, around five o'clock generally. There were no shifting shanties, or wash houses, and they led off the rest of the family in the kitchen tub. I suppose the mining and preparing of coal was as much of a mystery to the outside world then as it is now. We had occasional visitors, who would walk through the breaker looking at us and our surroundings. Which interested them the most I never knew. Like the other boys, I accepted the whole life as a matter of course. Some day I thought I would be a miner like my father and draw big wages. Schooling? You make me laugh. We had none.

The first tiny urge for something different came to me from a woman. What a handsome woman she was to my boyish eyes. She was one of a party of visitors. There was no coal going through when they entered our picking room and we were looking out of the windows or chasing each other over the floor and chutes. Jimmy spied the big boss and the visitors first, and let out a yell at us. It quieted us and we closed up into a small compact group, eyes outward. We were like nothing so much as a lot of young chickens hovering around a brooder, although Jimmy, who stood in the center, more closely resembled a hawk. We stood there waiting. We saw the door open; the big boss—the foreman—entered, and behind him came three women and two men.

### A Break in the Monotony

HE WAS talking. We saw his lips and hands moving as the party walked slowly toward us, explaining everything in sight. We looked on listening, and scrutinized our guests. We nudged each other, raised in as low tone as would carry through the turmoil, while Jimmy rapped one after the other of the more noisy ones with his cane. They came closer—close—and we petrified into attention.

"And who are these?" one of the women asked.

"They're the slate pickers," answered the foreman, and intended giving us no further notice.

She would not be put off. Her eyes swept across us and centered on me. I had crowded to the outer edge and now regretted it.

"Come here, Johnny," she said kindly.

I dropped my eyes and did not move.

Jimmy prodded me with his cane.

"Where's your manners?" he asked. "Don't you hear the lady?"

I had heard her. I remained motionless. The foreman came forward.

"What's your name?" he asked, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Phil Moore."

"Well, Phil, step out. Mrs. Taylor wants to talk to you." I stepped out because his hand forced me to.

"How pale they are," Mrs. Taylor remarked. "Are they healthy?"

"Healthy?" He laughed. "You couldn't kill them with a club."

I felt her eyes on mine

"How old are you, Phil?" she asked.

"Nine, going on ten."

I heard her gasp. They gathered around me. I let some tobacco spit dribble out of my mouth at a crack in the floor. I had to or swallow it. She gasped again.

"Do you chew tobacco?"

"Yes'm."

I heard a man laugh and felt a kindly hand on my shoulder where the foreman's had been.

"They have to chew on account of the dust."

"Look up here, son," the man said.

I raised my eyes to his and held them there

"That's it. Hold your head up. You're just as much of an American as any of us. Some day you may be a boss. You have a chance with any of us. Do you go to school?"

I shook my head.

"Can you read or write?"

I shook it again. My accomplishments in reading and writing were not worth mentioning. The handsome lady sat down on Jimmy's box in front of me.

"Do you want to learn to read and write?" she asked.

Not knowing whether I did or not I remained silent.

"Of course he does," the man answered for me.

"Then he shall—and these others too," she said. Amazing to chronicle—she leaned forward and petted my dirty cheek with her hand. Her hand was perfumed. For this act of hers I got forty-nine demerits from the other boys. "Will you go to school if there is one built here?"

"Yes'm."

I'd have gone anywhere for her. I did not know it at the moment, but I was never again to be so happy and carefree. Some of Pilgrim's burden was being adjusted to my shoulders grain by grain.

### *The Boys' Favorite Joke*

SHE gave me another intent look and stood up. I heard her say something with shame in it. No one laughed. In fact no one replied, and presently they went out, not, however, before she had told us, and it seemed me in particular, that she would see us again. I heard the foreman remark something about his father being one of the best miners we have, and the door closed behind an angel. In a short time the roar of the coal in the screens and down the chutes drowned out all other thoughts

We slate pickers had our moments of recreation. They were few and far between. The one that gave us the most pleasure was when our stern Jimmy slept, lulled by the deep steady tone of the breaker and his old age. When we saw this moment approaching we kept close watch of him until we saw his lower jaw sag down and his mouth fall open. Then we knew we were safe.

One of us would get an old dirty piece of waste, sop it full of the tar-like substance on a journal, and while the rest all watched, one of us would approach him and carefully draw long streaks of the black grease over his face until it looked like the staring image on top of a totem pole. During this operation Jimmy always made a few weak motions with his hands to drive the flies away.

How our sides ached with suppressed mirth as we bent again to our work. I can yet see Jimmy's guilty look when he awoke and stared around him to see if he had been noticed. No, every boy was busy. He would then rise carefully to his feet and walk along the floor behind us, prodding us with his stick, unconscious of his grinning mask, while we bent lower to hide our grins and tears of mirth

Once the foreman came in after we had decorated Jimmy I shall never forget his yells of uproarious laughter Jimmy was surprised, startled, and his solemn countenance lent itself to accentuate the skill of the slate picker's absurd artistry. The remainder of the day was one of fierce joy and pain. We felt the weight of his boot, the strength of his arm and the length of his stick as he goaded us until it was all over

Tragedy at times reared its ugly head among us. The mine then as now took its toll. It has always been a cruel, lustful thing, striking sure and quick, leaving its trail of woe and sorrow. Its victim had entered its portal with the opening of the day, happy perhaps and unconscious of the fate that lurked within its black depth. With his fellows he had gone down the shaft and at the bottom strode away brave and strong to his working place. A fall of rock, a premature blast of powder or an explosion of gas, and another one was crippled for life or gone into that vast eternity of which we know so little and hope so much.

Figure it out? Can we penetrate the veil which Wisdom has hung? Can we do what God can do? I never heard anyone question the stern decrees

In the breaker someone among us had seen the ambulance leave the barn. Duty was forgotten until it returned with the victim, and even Jimmy crowded to the window with us to watch its progress through the patch until it stopped at some particular house, telling us by that which family had been chosen to sorrow. Or a messenger might come in at the door, look around and finally beckon to one of us, and the boy thus singled out would depart with him, sobbing loudly.

That night there would be a prayer meeting in the house where the dead man lay if he were a Welshman, or a wake if he were an Irishman, which we all attended irrespective of our religious affiliations. At such a time death was the common bond, and it always is, whether we know it or not The modernist would have found little consolation among us at such a time. We were a simple folk with a simple faith

Our colliery had its quota of pay-day men. No saloons were built on company property, but they occupied the adjoining lots. It was a common practice for the men to gather in them evenings, especially after pay days. Their bars were not very elaborate. The principal ornaments were a keg of beer on a rack and a few bottles and glasses on a shelf. If they were the poor man's club certainly he deserved a better one. However, you could get just as drunk in their modest surroundings as in more pretentious ones. And some of our men did every pay-day night.

The hardships of their work were thereby augmented. The steady miner was given the good place and the pay-day miner the poor one, out of which he dug his living and his drinks with more labor than his soberer fellow.

My father drank a little, never enough to intoxicate him with one exception, and then mother drove him to bed before we children had time to observe his condition. He went to work the next day as usual and the incident faded from my youthful mind.

Mother was the sun of our system around which we all revolved, and a very stable and bright sun she was too, shedding her light upon us, and without the spots that astronomers say cause stormy weather. Morning, noon, night—morning, noon, night—every day—seven days a week the same—a mother for anyone to be proud of and love.

### *Mother's Bedtime Song*

SHE attended faithfully to our every need and want as best the limited means at her command allowed. She cooked our meals, mended our clothes, bound up our bruises and comforted us in sickness. She tucked us in our beds, sang us to sleep and prayed over us and for us. She was firm and tender, stern and sunny, according to the merits of each particular case. Every bare board of our floors was clean. Every inch of rag carpet—and we had a few inches—was washed until it was white; and from our earnings she managed to put by a small amount monthly for old age, never reckoning on any of us. Whatever we were in later life we owe to her.

I can see her face even now—hear her song—the one song she always sang to us at bedtime. I can write down its words from much repetition, and her longings expressed by them have long since been answered.

*I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary often whiles*
*For the longed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;*
*I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see*
*The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree*
*Song: My Ain Countree*

One night at the supper table I noticed my father's eyes bent on me oftener than usual. I wondered what I had done to incur his displeasure. This did not trouble me greatly, but I wanted another potato from the dish and fidgeted about it, my hunger being only half satisfied

"The lad ought to be earning more money," he said gravely, observing the flight of the potato from the dish to my plate on mother's fork. "He eats more than I do."

"He's a healthy growing boy," mother answered. "He must eat."

"I spoke to the gaffer about him the day," father calmly continued, ignoring her defense. "There'll be a job for him in a day or two, nipping."

Nipping! A door tender. Inside.

Inside, it may be observed in passing, means in mining parlance inside of the mines, and outside means outside of the mines.

The potato lost its flavor, mother's protests fell on deaf ears.

Did not a nipper get seventy cents for a day's work? Arguments against that solid fact were unavailing.

A few days later with my graduation cap from the breaker to the mines on my head, a new lamp hooked in the cap, I followed my father up the hillside path past the old stairway I had tumbled happily up and down for years, and came to the top level, where the loaded cars ran from the shaft to the dump and back again to the shaft

*The Meeting That Day Between Our Gaffer and Mr. Emery Was Historic So Far as the Big Shaft Was Concerned*

*Continued on Page 68*

# THE LOVE PENNY

## By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

*To His Surprise She Flung it Into the Grass and, Covering Her Face With Her Hands, Began to Cry*

WHEN he had washed his supper dishes and fed his cat, Henry Semple made his toilet, preparatory to going to town. He was a neat man habitually, and on Wednesdays, when the Shakspere Club met, he was accustomed to very nice ablutions and a careful shave by the kitchen lamp before donning the blue serge, fresh linen and polka dots of metropolitan activity.

This evening his simple personal routine was preceded by an act so unusual, so much a violence to his schedule, as to bring the sensation of a bad taste into his mouth. This act consisted of bringing out of the closet of his adjoining ground-floor bedroom, cleaning and loading for use an ancient heavy shotgun—akin to Robinson Crusoe's fowling piece—which had been the property of his father, and which Henry himself had discharged but twice in his life. Firearms were not in harmony with Henry's spirit, which was mild and pacific in the main.

Now he turned the gun over rather gingerly as he cleaned it, glancing at times toward the unshuttered kitchen window, whose small old-fashioned panes, like squares of polished bakelite in the night, gave back the lamplight here and there in hard gold splinters, yet allowed a warm effulgence to penetrate beyond, whitening the strip of earth outside and revealing the night-grayed bulk of an aged apple tree his grandfather had planted close by.

There was something, Henry thought, about the mere fact of a gun in one's hands, in connection with a very rural residence on a dark November night, particularly in the present atmosphere, that filled one with misgivings.

Once or twice, as he shifted the stock in his hand and squinted along the barrels, he confessed to himself that the apple tree, old friend though it was, took on the uncertain, suspicious contour of an evening marauder, as of a figure drawn near, yet standing off a little to watch him. Again, a creaking in the boughs, some of which rasped the kitchen eaves, though an accustomed sound, held now the muffled, stealthy suggestion of footfalls.

It was easy to see how things of this sort got on people's nerves. It was—in his case—begotten of the fact of the gun, and he wished very much it had not been so strongly insisted on. But Doctor Creel had been very urgent in the public meeting the day before yesterday and had created a considerable body of opinion, with the result, so far as he was concerned, that Henry had promised to stop this evening, with the shotgun, on his way down to town and call for the Kembles—Miss Addie and Miss Belle—who also belonged to the club.

Because it had been decided, in the interest of public safety, and under the pressure of Doctor Creel's advice, that no outlying dweller on the borders of Christian Hollow could safely risk the usual approaches to town unarmed—particularly those like the Kembles and himself, who lived out on the north road and had to traverse the long dark hollow bordered with a sumac fringe that led to the railroad bridge, a deserted enough gap on any moonless night, but one now offering infinite possibility of ambush.

Since the day two weeks earlier, when Andrew Knude, an old Norwegian farmer living on the Willow Run Road—and Henry's rival for the honor of isolation—had been found murdered in his bed; with an ax presumably, which had left a trail of rusty spots reaching to his doorsill, and there had, together with its wielder, ceased to be.

It was this peculiar cessation of evidence, this evaporation into the night of the murderer, leaving behind him a neatly locked but keyless door on his departure, that lent the tragedy an element of eerie horror to the local mind.

True, the motive was fairly clear. Robbery, it was reasonable to assume, had been the motive for old Knude's death. Every drawer of desk, bureau and cupboard in his dwelling had been violently ransacked and overturned. A madman's frenzy of search seemed to have swept through the place, just as a madman's hand had apparently determined the sanguinary nature and many unnecessary aspects of the crime; but the madness, of whatever kind, had changed its character at the front door. With a cunning that savored of black art, the criminal had seemingly erased himself in the night, taking with him most unnecessarily—unless for future use—the weapon of death itself, for search of the place revealed that Knude's ax was gone, and also the key with which he had so neatly and conventionally locked in the gruesome and terrible interior.

It was this manifestation of two phases of mental condition that gave the murderer a quality of diablerie, and in conjunction with the nature of the crime itself, and the kindly harmlessness of the aged victim, had thrown the whole region of Christian Hollow into a panic of consternation. As the Christian Hollow Clarion put it:

"Never in the annals of this region has so bloody and dastardly a crime been committed. A church member, an honest taxpayer, a Christian friend and neighbor of eighty-five years has been sent to meet his Maker while engaged in peaceful slumber, by the hand of a human fiend, who has made his safe escape.

"Where, where is the murderer?

"This is the question our community, one and all, is asking since the news of Andrew Knude's death spread through it like wildfire last Friday."

Henry sighed as he worked. It was possible that Creel, much as he himself hated to admit it, was right—that it was better to carry arms at present in passing through the hollow—better for some. For his own part, his distaste for arms was fully as great as his fear of ambush. In fact he had no fear of ambush at all—without the gun.

His residence, one of the two loneliest holdings hereabouts and a property cleared by his fourth-removed grandparent, was eloquent of a hundred small associations that endeared it. Even the suspected town path—a cross-field ribbon uniting presently with the pike and the dark hollow stretch—was too much a fact of his daily life to take on any frightening qualities, except as everyone was a little frightened just now; as everyone was disoriented and pushed from normality by the peculiar current of fear and suspicion that had seized on the popular mind, as only it can seize on the popular mind in very small communities.

Within twenty-four hours the psychological blaze was burning steadily. Old Knude's funeral was the largest, most passionately attended, ever known locally. And there was no other topic, public or private, but possible clews to the technic and identity of the chief living actor—which thus far had led nowhere; or rather, after a fortnight of fruitless activity by borough and county processes, to the mass meeting in the town itself, directed by the better element.

It was perhaps time, Henry reflected, on general principles, that this element should assert itself.

Christian Hollow was a sad misnomer. What had been originally a settlement by members of the Society of Friends, an agricultural, peaceful, even cultured community, had, with the slow processes of the years, sadly altered. Henry himself could remember when it had still worn something of its early character. When his grandmother and her friends had used the dove-gray habits and small white caps of their faith; when frugality, temperance, peace and the contemplation of the works of God had been the settlement's keynote. But with the growth of prosperity—the forges lower down at Rogersville and the incoming of a certain sympathetic industrial element—this had vanished. The new streets laid out, the flimsy, painted, newer dwellings built, housed a citizenry that cared for anything but peace and the contemplation of the works of God.

An illiterate, peanut-eating, noisy lot, to Henry's mind, indulging in neighborhood quarrels, in moving-picture shows of flaunting erotic types, in bootleg fearlessly peddled with a fish horn to herald it; in a conduct of such church and lodge affairs as it knew, as should bring a blush to the face of the thoughtful. This element was augmented on certain Saturday nights by occasional groups of young rioters from Rogersville—which didn't help the tone of Christian Hollow.

It was possible, but not probable, Henry thought with scorn, that the Knude murder had been committed by a member of either of these groups; not probable, he concluded as he finished off his gun, because the village townies, as he called them, were too petty and ignoble for the scope of actual murder, and the young visiting roughs too hoyden for the elimination of its clews.

But it was little wonder that the educated element should draw aside from these in the name of culture, and now, of course, law and decency. Culture brought Henry to tonight's coming activity. Had it not been for the death of Knude, and the cleaning of his gun, he would have spent these minutes in a last conning of his part for the coming rehearsal. He was to be Antonio in the court-room scene of the Merchant of Venice, which the Shakspere Club was about to produce. Even now his prompt book lay open under the lamplight and he began mechanically to recite:

*"But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd ——*
*Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well ——"*

Although a highly important one, as the wearer of the disputed flesh, Antonio's was, he realized, not what is known as a fat part, and for this fact Henry gave thanks. He was not a good actor, and even in the suitable ambush Doctor Creel had ordered a medieval doublet jerkin and hose of robin's-egg-blue cotton velvet peppered with dull glass brilliants, and Antonio's share of the trunkful of costumes—Henry would be, he knew, very uncomfortable. But in the meantime there were, he admitted, certain

compensations. For one, it brought him near to Miss Ivy Disston.

Miss Disston taught English in the Christian Hollow High School. She also played Portia. Naturally, they were thrown together to some extent; to the extent of some pleasant conversations, and on two occasions he had escorted her home.

It was this that had lately become a little disturbing—pleasantly so. Henry was not accustomed to being thrown into proximity with women. Although he was thirty-six years old, a good-looking shy bachelor with a neat ancestral property and the best of habits, he knew as little of women—and feared them as much—as guns.

Not that he was in love with Miss Disston, but the proximity was more than he could ever have hoped for or secured of his own initiative. Miss Disston was brilliant; also—more important—she was pretty; with a fluff of bright red-gold hair; soft, very pink cheeks; a laugh like a tinkling bell; and a very pretty molelike movement of her little hands when she removed her shell spectacles to essay Portia.

Lately, once or twice, Henry had even mentally transplanted Miss Disston to the mellowed lamplit glow of his residence—and found the thing gave him a little thrill, as it had once thrilled him so to transplant Inga Harris. He had done that, he remembered, years ago, and quite often, when he first began to look at Inga Harris in church and Inga looked back. He still looked at Inga, but he no longer transplanted her. She had become not less beautiful—he had always thought her very beautiful—but usual and accepted, which is fatal to thrill

But it occurred to him now that Doctor Creel would find neither looking at Inga nor being near to Miss Disston thrilling. Doctor Creel was too much a woman's man; far too experienced and too admired by the sex.

And here Henry realized, with surprise at his amount of passion, how much he envied, admired, yet scorned and disliked Doctor Creel—this leader and shaper of town thought, who had thrust a weapon into his reluctant hand and who thrust himself into everything, who was so different from himself.

If Henry and old Knude had shared honors as the remotest dwellers on the village fringe, he and Doctor Creel divided them as its eligible bachelors, and were as different as fire and water.

Henry was dark, retiring, a solitary; Doctor Creel, bouncing, obese, ruddy and talkative; also, Henry grudgingly admitted, a man of parts. He was a man who read. He was a man who led. True, his leads sometimes drew an admiring flock into blind alleys. The doctor was more or less of a faddist. A man passionately addressed to the new, he took up innovations and new ideas that ranged anywhere from experiments in psychoanalysis in his treatment of patients, to the first—and only—banana-colored roadster seen in Christian Hollow; but a man, even Henry admitted it, sincere enough in his civic interest and one who had brought about a number of reforms and improvements.

It was he who had founded the Shakspere Club and had offered to play Shylock—though who had ever heard of a fat Shylock? It was he who started the contributions at the mass meeting whereby the better element offered a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for the apprehension, dead or alive, of the murderer of Andrew Knude. Doctor Creel himself had given twenty-five dollars.

Henry snorted. He felt suddenly, with childish pleasure, that he would like nothing better than to upset or defeat one of Dr. Stanley Creel's well-laid schemes. It would be delightful, he felt cruelly, to find a way to implicate this busy doctor himself in the thing. But, alas, this was impossible. What was it the man had cried dramatically as he finished his final speech—he had made three—at the mass meeting?

"Murder stalks in our midst, friends, and we do not know where it may yet strike. Prepare yourselves and be alert. And above all, look to your alibis!"

Old Knude had been seen alive at 6:30 on the fatal night by a passer-by. At 6:30 Doctor Creel was eating supper with Druggist Kelm and his wife, with whom Miss Disston boarded. After that the doctor had taught mah-jongg. But at eleven he had stopped, because Cole Taylor had wrenched him away at the behest of the stork and had taken him personally to the farm at Rogersville, where he had remained until victory and nine o'clock the following morning. Thence, as coroner's physician, he had been summoned by an imperative call to come and view what yesterday had been old Andrew

No, alibis were matters to be dwelt on by less public, less spectacular folk; those, like himself, whose evenings were all alike—quiet, unnoticeable ones, at home.

Henry looked at his clock. He must hurry if he was to dress and escort the old Kembles. He had two fences to climb, anyhow, and he hastily summoned to mind what he had heard with regard to rules for climbing a fence with a loaded gun. Men, he knew, had destroyed themselves by an improper process. There was a certain formula for safety, but he could not recall it. He concluded it was best to slide the gun under the fence in advance and follow it entirely disconnected.

The gun recalled his eye to the window. This time his spine prickled. He was not mistaken. The gray apple tree without was no longer just a tree. There was a shape beside it. He could see a pale blur of watching face, a felt hat pulled low, the raised collar and shoulders of a man's overcoat. Then in two strides he flung wide his door.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Don't shoot me, Henry," a voice said. "I came up because I want to see you. I—I wanted to have a talk with you."

He saw then that the figure was a woman, half concealed by the masculine coat and low-pulled hat. As the light fell on her face he saw that it was Inga Harris.

*II*

AS INGA stepped into his kitchen and took the chair Henry offered, he realized his great mistake in imagining Miss Disston here. Inga had never been in his house before. In fact, his acquaintance, though village-easy as to names, was quite formal in spite of long, weighing glances But directly she entered the kitchen and the lamplight touched her softly rounded throat, the little V of white bosom the rough topcoat revealed, the thick braids of ash-blond hair, the clear pools of her gray eyes, and her sweet

*Continued on Page 52*

*"He Spoke About His Boyhood and About My Mother and Her Kindness—Poor Old Man, So Clean and Good and So Kind to Me"*

# EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

## A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

VI

FROM time to time Yorke found his gaze wandering from the lovely high-bred face of the princess to that of the royal exile. Hubert was swarthy. His raven-black hair grew low upon his forehead, separated from the heavy, undivided eyebrows by a pallid streak scarce half an inch in width. A tiny mustache nestled in the shelter of a broad, flat nose, leaving most of the thick upper lip bare. His mouth was wide, the lips full, the blue-black chin square and domineering. His eyes, curiously, were light gray or pale blue in color, noticeably out of key with his swarthy complexion; they were icy, unblinking and rather prominent, even though they were set deep in the sockets.

He was a big man. His clothes did not fit him. The coat hung loosely upon his huge, sloping shoulders; his plaited silk shirt bulged far out from the confines of his waistcoat, creased and wrinkled, and there were ruby or garnet studs down the front of it, which sparkled when the light played upon them. An eight-pointed decoration of rubies and diamonds, incongruously small and chaste against so gross a background, adorned the lapel of his coat. He took but little part in the conversation that went on at the table. If he at any time smiled, it must have been when Yorke was not observing him. The latter experienced an ever-increasing growth of revulsion as he pictured this man as the lord and master of the exquisite girl who sat opposite him, whose eyes were like the violet and whose smiling lips were as tender as the petals of a rose.

Having made the calm announcement, Princess Virginia dismissed Prince Hubert without further comment, and proceeded forthwith to devote herself to a subject in which she obviously was more interested. The color in her cheek, the glow in her eyes, betrayed an inward excitement that did not escape the notice of the alert diagnostician of the human emotions who watched her with fascinated interest. After a very few minutes he decided that she was making a determined effort to conceal the fact that she was ill at ease and self-conscious. Perhaps she was even repenting the reckless impulse that had led her into this pleasant though flagrant violation of royal decorum. There was something in her manner that suggested the naughty child who seeks to avoid the consequences of mischief by resorting to the time-honored expedient best described as talking against time. She had started the fire and now was forced to play with it, regardless, perhaps, of warnings and despite her own secret misgivings.

As for Yorke, the whole delectable adventure was still in a process of transformation from the unreal to the real. He was still figuratively pinching himself.

The champagne, she confessed, was from the castle.

"With Prince Robin's compliments," she explained as it was being served by a quaint leather-aproned cellarman from whose belt dangled a huge iron key. Yorke arose and held his glass aloft.

"To His Serene Highness the Prince of Graustark," he said, looking down into her eyes; "and to Rosa Schmitz," he added as he drained the glass.

"When you dine at the castle, Mr. Yorke, you will drink with your eyes until they are completely intoxicated," she said. "My sister will dazzle you. She is the loveliest thing in all the world."

"I prefer, if it's all the same to you, to accept your sister's opinion as to that rather than yours, princess."

"Pooh!"

"Wonderful!" Exclaimed Yorke

"I hope I have not offended you," he cried with mock concern.

"Not at all," she assured him airily. "My sister considers her baby daughter the loveliest thing that God ever created."

"In that case I fear I am doomed to stand alone and unsupported."

At this she laughed gayly. From that moment on, the tension lessened perceptibly. Whatever doubts or misgivings she may have had at the outset were being rapidly dispelled. So when he complained that he, being a poor man, could not afford the splendor of the royal suite in the Regengetz, she glibly informed him that it was the cheapest apartment in the house—because, she went on naïvely, hotel managers invariably make a special rate for kings, and consider themselves extremely fortunate if their majesties do not walk off without paying anything at all. Besides, she argued, queens and kings and all such things were very much out of fashion in these days and hotel managers were only too happy to let their empty and profitless suites at tremendously reduced rates. His face brightened

"I've often wondered how it would feel to live like a king," he said. "Now that I have the chance to find out at bargain prices, I suppose I'd be foolish to move into an expensive hall bedroom without bath, don't you?"

"It would be a vulgar display of wealth, Mr. Yorke," said she.

They were halfway through dinner before he undertook to lead the sprightly conversation into more serious channels. He was curious about her presence in Budapest during the days of the commune. Why was she, a princess of Dawsbergen, in that turbulent city at such a time, and what were the conditions under which she was living when he first encountered her? Higbee had refused point blank to enlighten him at the time. He had known who she was, of course, and he must also have been pretty well acquainted with her previous circumstances.

"It didn't require much in the way of intelligence to see that you were not a native Hungarian," he was saying; "nor, despite your name, a German. But now that I know who Rosa Schmitz really is—or was, I should say—I am more puzzled than ever. What were you, a foreign princess, doing in Budapest at such a time?"

Her eyes clouded.

"Will you consider me rude, Mr. Yorke, and ungracious, if I remind you of my reluctance to answer any questions at that time?"

"Certainly not, princess," he said instantly. "I beg your pardon."

She was silent for a moment.

"You need not apologize, my friend. It is only natural that you should ask that and many more questions. I am sorry that I am no more at liberty to answer them now than I was five years ago. You will understand, I am sure, and forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive, princess, except my own unpardonable impudence," said he quite gravely.

She rewarded him with a dazzling smile.

"Then, since we have nothing to forgive each other for, let's talk about something else. You, for example."

"If you don't mind, I would rather talk about you," he said daringly.

"Oh, but we've talked altogether too much about me," she protested. "Besides, I'm not at all interested in me. I haven't gone down into anybody's tomb, I haven't explored anything except some frightfully dull castles, and the only wild quadrupeds I've ever encountered are mice, which scare me almost to death. To be sure, I have seen a number of two-legged beasts, but I don't like to talk about them."

"I can understand that, princess. The two-legged beast is the most savage of all God's creatures."

"And nothing could be truer than the saying that the female of the species is the worst," she declared; and though she spoke lightly, there was a world of significance in the momentary hardening of her eyes.

He observed this passing shadow and instantly associated it with the forbidden topic—her experiences in Budapest. It was jumping at a conclusion, of course; but somehow he felt sure that her story of those troublous days would reveal ill treatment and perhaps treachery at the hands of her own sex. He resolved then and there that one day he would have the story from her own lips.

"I'll tell you what," said he, as if inspired, "let's compromise. Suppose we talk about Prince Hubert."

"In confidential undertones," she agreed without hesitation, casting an amused glance over her shoulder in the direction of the proposed subject. "He has very sharp ears," she went on whimsically, "and very large ones, as you may have observed. . . . Well?"

"You say he has been banished from his own country?"

"Kicked out, as Prince Robin puts it when the American half of him gets the upper hand of the Graustark half. Poor Hubert! If it wasn't for the half million gavvos he managed to smuggle out of Axphain before the revolution he would be horribly annoyed by the present state of affairs over there. Especially so when you stop to consider that the communists might have shot him as they did his father and his elder brother, both of whom made the grievous mistake of electing to defend the crown instead of running away. You see, he probably is very much annoyed by the thought that if he'd stayed at home and, like Jack the Giant Killer, sallied forth single-handed to slay all the Bolsheviks, he might now be on the throne instead of trying to subsist on a beggarly half million."

The contempt in her voice surprised and pleased him. He discreetly decided not to refer to it, however.

"Half a million gavvos?" he queried. "What does that come to in real money?"

"Real money?" she cried indignantly. "My dear Mr. Yorke, our money is worth as much today as it was before the war. The gavvo of Graustark and Dawsbergen in prewar days was the equivalent of one dollar and a half in your money. Today it is practically the same. There is no longer any such coin as the one-gavvo piece, however. It was abolished almost a hundred years ago. A gavvo today, strictly speaking, is really five gavvos, if you see what I mean. So when I say Prince Hubert has half a million gavvos stored away or safely invested, I mean more than three million and a half in your money. Please do not misunderstand me. Prince Hubert is the rightful owner of this money. You may have thought he robbed the treasury or something of the sort. He simply converted his share of the crown holdings into cash when he saw the storm approaching and got it out of Axphain. I dare say it was a clever thing to do. Certainly it was a wise thing to do in the light of subsequent events. The crown estates are wiped out. The people have inherited them, so to speak. They didn't even wait until Hubert's father and the crown prince died to claim the legacy. They were, as you may know, brutally assassinated."

She spoke with real feeling now. He caught a fleeting shadow of dread in her eyes. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the son and brother of those murdered princes, and somehow their tragic end was brought very close to him. This man, for all he knew, was all that was left of a once powerful family. And this fair, gentle young girl—was she even now standing on the edge of the grave, afraid of death?

"Were they all killed—the women and children of the House of Axphain?" he asked, leaning toward her. There was a strange hush in his voice as he added, "Like the Czar of Russia and his ——"

She broke in stonily:

"Hubert is the only one of the royal family alive today. His mother, his sisters and the wife of the crown prince were—were executed, Mr. Yorke. Some members of the court escaped. Others are still in the prisons of Axphain. Some are beggars in the streets and some are working as servants in the houses and on the farms of people who once were their servants. Twice Prince Hubert has sought to bring about a counter-revolution. In both instances his plans were thwarted. And why? Because he chose to be a follower rather than a leader in the cause. His place was at the head of his forces. Instead, he trusted other men with the leadership—and they failed him."

"And he is a suitor for your hand in marriage, princess?"

She laughed lightly.

"Why not?"

Yorke flushed.

"And—and do you intend to marry him?"

"Oh, heavens, no! May not a girl have suitors without accepting them? What a dreadful predicament she would be in if she accepted every suitor who came along! Lawzee!" she cried, resorting to a Southern expression picked up from her mother, the former Beverly Calhoun of Virginia. "Didn't I marry you? And you weren't even pretending to be a suitor!"

"That was a marriage of convenience if there ever was one. You must not forget that I didn't have a chance to become a suitor. I married in haste, and alas, I've never had the slightest indication of repenting at leisure!"

Her eyes were sparkling with fun.

"But you never would have become a suitor for the hand of poor Rosa Schmitz, even though you'd had the chance."

"I'm not so sure about that," was his cool retort.

A faint color stole into her cheeks

"You can well afford to be polite now, Mr. Yorke."

He hesitated a moment before taking the risk, and then said, "No longer than a week ago I told my aunt that I could hardly resist the temptation to pick Rosa Schmitz up in my arms and carry her all the way to Paris, on foot if necessary."

She started.

"You—you told your aunt about me?" she cried.

"I told her about poor little Rosa Schmitz," he corrected hastily. "Surely there was no harm in that. She was tremendously interested, and she agreed with me that Rosa Schmitz was an amazingly pretty girl. So did my Uncle George."

A puzzled expression came into her eyes.

"But how on earth were they to know what I looked like?"

For answer he drew a small leather case from his pocket, extracted an oblong bit of paper and passed it over to her.

"Higbee took it," he said briefly.

She held it up to one of the candles, squinting her eyes as she studied the picture closely. The color deepened in her cheeks. She was silent for so long a time that he began to regret his temerity.

"I did not know about this," she said at last, without lifting her eyes from the print.

"Nor did I for many days," said he. "Higbee gave it to me a week after it was taken."

Now she looked up at him, meeting his gaze fairly.

"And you have kept it all these years?"

"Yes."

He expected her to tear it to pieces. Serve him right, he thought.

"Thank you," she said, and calmly handed it back to him. "I see you did, after all, carry Rosa Schmitz all the way to Paris. In your pocket, to be sure, where she wasn't as much of a burden as you might have found her if you had followed your first inclination."

"I carried her into the jungles of Africa. I carried her to far-off Patagonia. I took her down into King Tut's tomb and across the blazing Sahara. I carried her completely around the globe. I hope the Princess Virginia is not annoyed because I have done all these things for Rosa Schmitz?"

*(Continued on Page 93)*

*"My Dear Fellow, You Must Not Forget That I am an American Citizen," Said Rodkin, a Mocking Light in His Big Black Eyes. "I Also am an American Correspondent—the Same as You, if You Please"*

# PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

"Ah, Ha! I Knew There Was Another Man. So That's the Parlor Snake That Broke Up My Home!"

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

I DROVE the car to its resting place at the side of Mrs. Gale's tent not uneventfully, for, having my curiosity aroused by two strangers I saw to be present, I grazed the already injured fender against a tree with rather noisy results that caused all eyes to be bent upon me. As I dismounted I heard an exclamation from one of these persons, an uncouth, sour-appearing individual in the careless attire of a land cultivator, and I noted that he and my hostess must have been at odds when I arrived. She still confronted the fellow with flashing eyes, her feet planted firmly wide, her arms akimbo and an expression of resolute antagonism clouding her capable face, though the visitor had now turned to survey myself with a sort of hangdog truculence.

The second stranger, a pleasant-seeming, nicely dressed lad in his late teens, stood a little apart regarding the two others with earnest and excited eyes, though he, also, directed his glance nervously upon me as I came forward. The high words had ceased on my appearance, but through the silence now ensuing I felt a sinister tension in the group. I felt I must have come upon a dispute of extreme bitterness and that the antagonists had been frozen at its very height.

Greatly embarrassed by my awkward situation and by the odd stares the two men fastened upon me, I mumbled a word of apology and turned toward my own tent, meaning to withdraw from a scene where, obviously, I had no place. But not a dozen feet had I gone when I was stupefied by a snarl of muffled rage from the unkempt intruder.

"Ah, ha! I knew there was another man. So that's the parlor snake that broke up my home!"

At these extraordinary words I turned and saw that the fellow had leveled an accusing finger full at me, while the young chap took a step forward, quivering with suppressed eagerness.

I stood helpless, at a loss for words to answer this silly accusation. Again the fellow repeated his curious phrase—"Parlor snake, that's all you are!"

Then while he glared at me until I felt the tension becoming unbearable I heard the cool, crisp tones of the woman.

"Nonsense, Judson Gale! You are the only man who busted up your home, and full well you know it. It's too funny, the idea of poor Mr. Simms being what you call him! He is a very refined gentleman and is my house guest pure and simple."

"Ha! House guest!" cried my accuser. "Ha, ha!" he laughed again with a bitter, sneering inflection. "Yes, I already heard a lot about his kind of a house guest. Ha, ha! I should think I had. And him driving my car around hog-wild, jamming its fenders against every tree in the whole country."

This, of course, was the most outrageous exaggeration, and showed the speaker to be not himself. I was about to protest that I had done but trifling damage to the car, when prevented by the decisive voice of Mrs. Gale.

"That is not your car," she affirmed. "That car was bought with my own money, earned by my own hands, and if you dare to lay one little finger on it I'll call the police. Your car, as you call it, was such a wreck they wouldn't allow me but a hundred dollars when I traded it in two and a half years ago in the city of Pendleton, Oregon, as you can find out for yourself."

"That ain't neither here nor there," crudely responded the fellow. "What I want to know is, how you going to defend yourself now I've caught you with the very man that lured you off to an evil life?"

I felt myself blushing at the vile innuendo, and looked for the woman, though innocent as one of her own babes, to be overcome with confusion. What was my astonishment, then, to hear a merry peal of laughter ring from her lips.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed in a tone rich with scorn. "Very well, then, you penny-pincher, I'll tell you something: you go to Lawyer Benjamin B. Krause, in the Empire Block, in this very town, and you'll find out how I'm going to defend myself. You'll find out that I brought suit for divorce against you two weeks ago. I hope you go, for if you do I'll have my release quicker, because he can serve the injunction or something on you instead of waiting to publish it. That's what you'll find out. And anything you've got to say, say it to him. He's a good lawyer and well paid out of my own money, which I have saved nearly two thousand dollars of since I quit slaving for you without pay. I'm telling you that just to make you suffer. Think of it, Jud—nearly two thousand dollars, and fifteen hundred of it drawing four per cent in a savings account! That's a bitter blow, ain't it?"

And the poor fish did stand aghast under these revelations. His features began to work violently and I saw he was about to explode in a new rage. Before he could utter a word, however, his wife was again speaking.

"Now on your way!" she commanded, drawing herself to her full height. "If you create any more of this scandal here I shall resort to the extremest measures a lady is allowed to take in this state. Go get a lawyer of your own—but remember, they won't work for nothing, like I did the years I was your mere toy."

"Very well, then," retorted the husband hotly, "that's just what I will do. I guess two can go to law as well as one. I'll find out if a decent family man is obliged to stand idle and see his home wrecked by an unprincipled interloper. And also, my lady, I'll find out about that hundred dollars that was allowed you on my car. You practically stole that money from me."

"Ha, ha!" the woman again laughed in a careless manner. "And while you are doing all these great things, my own lawyer will be bringing suit against you for ten years' back pay you owe me for doing the labor of two men on your abandoned farm—that's what he'll do. I guess you don't know the laws of the state where I am now a legal resident. I guess you'll talk different when I get judgments against you amounting in all to a round sum of at least six or seven thousand dollars that I can force you to disgorge."

"It's a lie; no state would do such a hellish thing!" cried the budgered man, though not, I could detect, with perfect

conviction. He seemed, indeed, to be uneasy, and turned to leave in a slinking manner, with a parting threat that he would have his rights.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess that made you back up all of a sudden," the woman called after him triumphantly. "And remember, I will meet you any time in friendship's name only, but if you come around here looking for trouble you'll be disgusted to find out how much there is."

During this disgraceful interchange of asperities I had noticed that the lad who must have accompanied the injured husband stood keenly attentive, and now he spoke as the other shambled off.

"One moment, Mr. Gale. If you will wait in my car I'll run you back to town, but first I am going to ask this gentleman for a word or two." And to my astonishment the speaker indicated me.

I scarce knew what to reply, not relishing, as may readily be imagined, any attempt to draw me into a most regrettable controversy, but while I hesitated Mrs. Gale spoke to the boy.

"You will find Mr. Simms one of the most enlightened talkers you have ever listened to," said she. "And, Mr. Simms, this young man is a writer for the Daily Gazette who came here after listening to that insect's raving. I guess he now sees the honest truth of matters, but if you can help him any further, pray do." And with this the astonishing woman began in a quite unconcerned manner to lay the table for our evening meal, not glancing again at either the young writer or me.

"If you will come to my own little place," I therefore said, "I shall be at your service. I dare say my hostess will like it as well if we withdraw." And together we proceeded to my tent, where I begged the chap to take my chair while I seated myself upon the felled tree and prepared to assist him in any way I could.

"Simms is the name, I believe," he remarked politely, at the same time producing a notebook and pencil. "And would you mind giving me your full name and address?"

"I am Addison Simms, of Seattle, Washington," I willingly answered.

The boy, who had begun to write, glanced up at me in blank surprise and asked me to repeat my words, which I did.

"But I always thought that name was just a fake," he objected. "I thought it was just a character in an advertisement. I never dreamed there was really such a person."

So ingenuous was he I could not help smiling as I reassured him of my realness. "And you are a prominent member of the Seattle Rotary Club," he added.

I had always been baffled by the mention of this club in connection with the supposititious Simms, having intended to inquire at a suitable opportunity what a rotary club might be. The matter had escaped my mind, but I now saw that I would better acknowledge this eminence, so I replied in as casual a manner as I could, "I am still a member of the club, though not as prominent as formerly. I have rather given up rotary work of late years and indeed I believe the interest in it is dying out generally, as it did in the parent organization, The League of American Wheelmen, of which I was also a member." It occurred to me that there must be a connection between these clubs.

The lad was now busily writing, but after a moment again glanced up to inquire, "And have you anything to say regarding your connection with this domestic upheaval, Mr. Simms?"

"Nothing of public interest," I said firmly. "I have for some weeks been a house guest of Mrs. Gale yonder—I need not say to you, my boy, merely a house guest. That fellow's innuendoes were, of course, palpably absurd."

"Innuendoes!" he repeated, smiling. "Palpably absurd." Then after a moment, "You are married yourself?"

"Naturally," I replied; "though for some time now business affairs have kept me from my home."

"Ah, yes," he remarked, putting up his notebook and pencil as he rose. "That's all, I guess. At least I think I have everything. You see, Mr. Simms, this is the very first summer that I have embraced a career of journalism and I am trying terribly hard to make good. Now you take this unfortunate domestic clash—I want to handle it the right way, like the big metropolitan sheets would handle it, so I have tried to get in every little detail, because to the reporter's keen eye it will be a scoop of a highly important scope and I would hate to overlook anything. But I guess I have all the points in this unsavory triangle. So if you will excuse me I will now go and write up the account, or story as we reporters simply call it."

With this he politely bade me good evening, and my hostess, who watched him depart to the car where the bereft husband had waited, now summoned me in clear tones to the evening meal, at which I was amazed to note that she conducted herself with the utmost aplomb. The farmer, Gale, would not be without faults, I was certain, yet his whilom mate betrayed an unfeminine insensibility that fairly chilled me. More clearly than ever I saw that she and her kind were not least of the evils menacing America's home life. And she would be free to continue her insidious propaganda in the homes she was unsuspectingly permitted to enter—free to tell her sisters of the so-called way out.

Suddenly I recalled Doctor Hemingway, regretting I had not thought to warn him of this pernicious influence likely at any moment to make itself felt in his own establishment, where the poor man, it was plain, had already sufficient to contend with.

"Well, that's over," announced Mrs. Gale quite cheerfully as I seated myself at her board. "That penny-pincher won't bother me again, except to get the hundred dollars I was allowed on his rattly old tin car. I'll pay him that just to be rid of him. It's dirt cheap."

"You spoke," I said, "of a legal proceeding to compel him to reimburse you for your years of labor. Am I to understand the law really allows you to do this?"

"Probably not," she replied unconcernedly, "because woman has not come into her full rights yet under man-made laws. I just happened to think of it in an inspiration, and anyhow it worked with Judson. He's scared stiff right now, and he'll never know any different because he's too stingy to pay a lawyer to find out. Once he had a lawyer in a damage suit and I had to pick sixteen crates of raspberries to pay the bill. Now he hasn't any plaything to be at his beck and call, and he'll keep away from lawyers you see!"

It was on this night that our table was for the first time graced, at the meal's end, by finger bowls. The children, who had been secreted in the tent during their stricken father's visit, had all their eyes on me while I used mine, watching my procedure before somewhat self-consciously using their own. It was rather an ordeal.

*Continued on Page 102*

*"I May Not Always be an Acute Egg, But I Am Sap Enough to Know When I Meet Another Sap Such as Your Wife Is"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1924


## Foreign Investments

TEN years after the commencement of the Great War, and nearly six since its conclusion, the philosophic investor looking round the world will recognize that all the prewar conditions of safety and security have been upset. A most interesting book might be written, comparing the prices of gilt-edge securities before the war with their prices today, and comparing the credit of the leading nations at the beginning of 1914 with their credit in 1924. It is true that the United States and Great Britain still stand at the head of the list, and that three or four small neutral countries in Europe—notably Holland, Sweden and Switzerland—still maintain the confidence of investors, thanks to the fact that they have not allowed their currencies to depreciate seriously. It is also true that Japan and most of the South American republics maintain broadly their relative positions. But look at the great powers of the European continent.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, who is establishing a reputation for startling and heterodox opinions in economics, has recently turned his attention to foreign investments, and has been arguing that the British people are too fond of lending their savings overseas. He admits that in the past the English and the Scotch, by hazarding their capital along with their enterprise in mining ventures abroad and in the building of railways all over the world, won large profits for themselves and important advantages for their country. New lands and territories were opened up, and the capital investments found work for British engineers and for British manufacturers. But since the growth of the modern age of armaments toward the end of the last century, and the development of military and naval rivalry not only in Europe but in the Far East and in the southern republics of America, the hazards of foreign investment have been multiplied. No investments, remarks Mr. Keynes, could have been more foolish and disastrous than the loans made by thrifty Frenchmen to Russia, to Mexico, to Turkey and the Balkan states between 1900 and 1914. In this way a large proportion of French savings has been totally lost. Instead of the improvement which might have been looked for with the advance of civilization, the number of states, municipalities and public-utility corporations in all parts of the world which have defaulted in whole or in part during the first twenty-four years of this century is truly astonishing, and the showing may well fortify the doubts of the most pessimistic crit..

Mr. Keynes thinks that British investors ought to be protected and warned. "There is much good sense," he says, "in the attitude of American investors, who expect from eight to ten per cent on foreign loans and do not like them even then." He points out that India and many of the British colonies are borrowing annually in London more than the interest on previous loans. Their debts are large and they are constantly growing larger. Yet under the Trustee Acts, British trustees are allowed to invest in these risky colonial and Indian securities. His suggestion is that the Trustee Acts should be amended and confined to home securities, and that the British Treasury should be empowered to regulate and restrict the export of British capital to over-sea borrowers. In this way, he thinks, more employment would be created at home and large future losses of the national savings prevented.

In the present state of the world it is impossible not to feel the force of these arguments; but at the same time there is a very grave objection to bureaucratic regulation of private enterprise. Many government officials know little about trade and are little capable of discerning what investments are likely to be profitable. What seems to be needed is that the public policy of all civilized countries should be directed to the discouragement of armaments and of loans to bankrupt or semibankrupt countries which are joining in this suicidal competition.

## The Price of Wheat

THE price of wheat is a world price. The world price of wheat has been low for three years. In each wheat-producing country this price position has been the cause of more or less intense and widespread dissatisfaction. This has provoked political agitation, conducted in the several countries by more or less misguided agrarian blocs. Unpolitical judges of the situation have pointed out that the world wheat market was a buyers' market, that the low price was the result of too much wheat in the sense that there was more export wheat available than could be absorbed by the effective demand of the importing countries. The economic remedy was less wheat, not political agitation.

The price of wheat has risen more than thirty cents in recent weeks. This has not been due to domestic demand and supply. The forecast crop for 1924 will be about the same as that of 1923, possibly a larger crop in terms of flour value. The crop of Europe will be somewhat smaller than last year. But the crop of Canada is forecast to be gradually reduced below the figure for last year. It is the prospective reduction in the exportable Canadian wheat crop that has been largely responsible for the rise in price. If the forthcoming Canadian crop is to be two hundred million bushels less than last year, this will be nearly as much as the world carry-over on July first; it will be more than one-quarter of the world export trade in wheat last year. There was too much wheat on the world market and the price was low; there is less wheat on the world market and the price rises.

This does not mean that the importing countries will go hungry this year. There will be wheat enough for all who have purchasing power to live on wheat as a bread grain. Some Europeans may eat more potatoes and corn than last year, and less wheat. Wheat will probably not be cheap enough to feed to domesticated animals, as has been the case. At the prices of recent years wheat growers were giving away the product of their toil. Under the new price this will not be the case for the large majority of wheat growers in the exporting countries. The present price, about a dollar and thirty-five cents a bushel, is still below the level of prices in general, though not much. Possibly the price may rise to the proportionate level. In any event the position of the wheat grower is greatly improved by the rise in price. The wheat-growing states deserve the emolument. Let us trust it is fully realized how much better is a trade price of wheat than a political price.

A high wheat price in the spring does the grower little good because the wheat has largely left his hands. A high wheat price in the fall represents a grower's selling price. Therefore the present price means money value to agriculture directly. To keep the price up, recurrence of excess wheat on the world market must be avoided. If the present price leads to increased planting of wheat in the exporting countries, the result will be relative overproduction, followed by decline in price. The way to beat the game of low wheat price is to beat the game of large wheat acreage. Fortunately the prices of the other cereals are rising, and of domesticated animals also; therefore the farmer in most parts of the country need not feel tempted to splurge on wheat planting because the price has risen. Moderation in production is for the immediate future the profitable policy of the farmer.

## Financial Rest vs. Political Unrest

AUSTRIA, Hungary and Germany in succession have come to the place where the people must decide between currency and politics. In each country the balancing of the budget of the state and the stabilization of the currency, with all that is implied for industry and employment, become possible only with the aid of foreign loans, and these cannot be secured unless certain political agitations are eliminated. In each country in succession nationalists complained that the terms of the foreign loans represented to a certain extent an abbreviation of state sovereignty and of freedom of political action.

Closely scrutinized, however, the freedom that has been curtailed was largely the freedom to raise political rumpuses and suspend continuity of governmental processes. There are still people in Austria who complain of the repression of their autonomy. Opposed to the loan to be extended to Hungary under the League of Nations are numerous political factions that see their internecine politics suspended by the operations of the supervision of the League. In Germany are many persons who regard the loan proposed under the Dawes plan as subversive of national dignity and derogatory to financial autonomy. It may be freely granted that in all these instances the conditions imposed by the foreign loans have put a check on what may be termed nationalistic individualism. And that check is just what these countries have needed.

We in this country give little thought to the values of a stable currency and a balanced budget. The suffering business of the European countries longs for them as an invalid longs for health. We may therefore expect that, once restored, these peoples will not again lightly place themselves in jeopardy. Financial stability will not again be readily sacrificed to provide freedom for political parties. This is the best guaranty for the execution of the agreements that have been entered into under the Dawes report. If Germany and France do not carry through, their currencies will again break in disaster. The common people have by this time learned what decline in the exchange rate means; they will judge their governments by the rates of exchange. With stable currency goes prosperity, runs common opinion in Europe. When foreign bankers stand for conditions that make loans safe for their investing nationals, they stand equally for conditions that make business safe in the borrowing countries. It is not a question of exploitation of borrower by lender; it is instead the question of placing the borrower in position to redeem his obligation and restore his position. Russia offers the illustration of a country trying to raise loans under conditions that will neither repay the lending countries nor restore the borrowing country.

We had little to do with the loan to Austria, nothing to do with the loan to Hungary, but we shall have to participate heavily in the loan to Germany. The loan should be the pledge for constructive political conduct, an insurance of sound economic policies. The loan is to Germany, but the pledge holds for the reparation-receiving Allies as well. We can well afford to place gold in the world if it is to serve as the basis for international stability; but we cannot afford to do so unless it is to be employed in constructions that are fitted to remain as social habitations. Economic conditions in the world are slowly but definitely improving. Reconstruction loans should serve the double purpose of helping the borrower and improving the effectiveness of international relations in commerce and finance.

# THE OTHER THIRD PARTY

## By WILL PAYNE

YOU hear much about the Republican Party, the Democratic Party and the Progressive Party; but very little about the other party — one of the largest in the country — which consists of nonvoters.

For a good while when men had a monopoly of voting, about one-third of those who might have voted stayed away from the polls in presidential elections. The exciting contest of 1896 brought out a high proportion, but about one-third was the normal figure. This proportion holds substantially true if you ignore colored citizens on the ground that many of them live in regions where exercise of the electoral franchise on their part is not regarded with favor by their white neighbors. For twenty years before the World War several million unnaturalized aliens must be taken into account; but a great many of them might have become citizens and voted if they had cared to. So far, in this matter of voting, women have made a decidedly worse score than men.

### The Stay-at-Home Vote

THE census of 1920 gives in round numbers 60,000,000 inhabitants above twenty-one years of age. Something more than 5,000,000 of them were colored. Owing to the World War immigration had been at a low ebb since 1914, with a relatively high outflow of aliens. Therefore, nearly all the foreign-born inhabitants in 1920 might have qualified to vote. The number of ballots cast was under 27,000,000—half the potential vote. Woman suffrage was a new thing then, but in recent state elections not much more than half the vote-endowed population, as a rule, has gone to the polls.

The election of 1920 was a landslide that made most previous performances in the landsliding line look like mere gardening operations. Harding's plurality amounted to nearly 27 per cent of the total vote cast. Even so, if little more than one-quarter of the stay-at-homes had gone to the polls in opposition to him he would have been defeated. In the landslide of 1904 Roosevelt's plurality was 18 per cent of the total vote cast. In all other elections back to the Civil War a tiny fraction of the stay-at-home vote might have reversed the verdict. McKinley's plurality in 1896 amounted to only 4 per cent of the total vote cast, and in 1900 to 6 per cent. Taft won in 1908 by a plurality of 8 per cent. Wilson's plurality in 1916 was 3 per cent.

There have been even closer elections, as in 1880; and in 1884, when a mere corporal's guard of the stay-at-home vote in New York might have given the presidency to Blaine instead of to Cleveland. Of course the popular vote and the vote in the electoral college by which a President is actually chosen are two different things. Yet in all the above cases a fraction of the stay-at-home vote, operating in close states, would have been sufficient to reverse the verdict.

On the face of the returns, ignoring temporary third-party diversions, we may say that as a broad proposition the inhabitants of the United States are divided for political purposes into three major parties, about as follows: Republicans, 27 per cent of the total; Democrats, 27 per cent; Indifferents, who do not vote, 46 per cent. Percentages fluctuate from election to election. Now and then formal third-party movements complicate the situation. But the permanent condition seems to be substantially as above. Women may discover greater interest in their electoral privilege, but before women came into the picture the nonvoting party was, as a rule, about as large as either of the voting parties.

So far as election returns show, government in the United States has always been run by a minority. There is no record of a man or a measure that ever received formal indorsement at the polls by a majority of the adult male inhabitants

### Traditional Angling Methods

THIS nonvoting party, as the largest slice of the pie—or, at any rate, a slice as large as any other—deserves far more studious consideration than it has yet received. For a hundred years earnest candidates and frantic campaign managers have labored zealously to tempt it into the voting booth, but with the most indifferent success. One fact about it, therefore, appears to be clearly established—namely, that hokum will not answer. Obviously we have here a wary fish that is not to be taken by the traditional angling methods. It will not bite the tin minnow of Republican high tariff or the long-deceased angleworm of Democratic states' rights. Its reaction to brass bands, partisan oratory, flag wavings and similar devices consists in turning an apathetic tail. It needs not more shouting and gesticulating, but more scientific study.

In the first place we must remember that a great number of people are so constituted that they come within what fire-insurance companies call the slow-burning classification. They are not absolutely fireproof, but they ignite only at a high temperature. As it looms in the past on the pages of our history books, the question before the American colonies in 1776, whether to continue in allegiance to

(Continued on Page 182)

TOO MUCH TAIL

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## Ballade of Missing Ladies

*WHERE is the winsome bicycle maid*
*Whose bloomers caused such a great ado?*
*The bathing girl, like a Turk arrayed?*
*The girl who strode like a kangaroo?*
*Where is the fencing girl who drew*
*The wrath of an outraged world, poor dear?*
*(Her knees were hardly concealed from view!)*
*But where are the snows of yesteryear?*

*Where is the musical miss who played*
*The mandolin, as her callers grew*
*Weary of euchre, hearts and charade,*
*When the Tale of the Bumblebee was new?*
*Eleven o'clock was the time for adieu;*
*No saxophone tickled the cultured ear—*
*Ah, where are the airs, the polite frou-frou?*
*But where are the snows of yesteryear?*

*Where is the Gainsborough girl? We paid*
*Our tribute to her (and her chapeau too*
*When she charmed the Ascot-cravated blade.*
*Does she haunt some Stygian rendezvous?*
*And the girl who bowled, and the damsel who*
*Played ping-pong, where did they disappear?*
*And the billiard girl with her chalk and cue?*
*But where are the snows of yesteryear?*

**ENVOY**

*Nay, ask me not where the dears have strayed;*
*Perhaps the ladies still linger here,*
*Disguised as flappers, with rouge and jade—*
*But where are the snows of yesteryear?*

—*Otto Freund.*

## The Inferiority Complex

*(Magnified One Thousand Times)*

*The Inferiority Complex: Always Wants to Crawl Under Something. Unless Pushed, It Seldom Moves. If Bitten, a Victim Can Secure Relief by Reading Such Books as "Your Dormant Powers," "The Triumphant Ego" and "The Joyous Leap to Success"*

## Our Own Party Platform

### Preamble

THE trouble with political parties is that they are political parties—that is, they are both political and partisan. As someone said, "Political platforms are like street-car platforms—something to get in on but not to stand on." The party platforms this year are strangely silent about the questions that most intimately concern the great American electorate. There is something sinister about it, if you get what we mean. This platform of ours is offered gratis to Messrs. Coolidge, Davis and La Follette. The one who adopts it can have our vote. If none of them wants it, it will simply prove that the country is in the clutches of Wall Street, the predatory interests and the Reds, and we won't vote at all, just for spite. We'll play golf on Election Day.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION

We condemn the conspiracy on the part of the railroads against keeping the coolers properly filled with ice water, and we recommend that Congress enact legislation to provide against this evil.

AGRICULTURE

For years this country has suffered from needless waste caused by eating asparagus with forks. We believe that asparagus should be taken up frankly and fearlessly in the fingers.

PUBLIC MORALS

The man who says "Excuse my glove" when he shakes hands is a social menace and should be deported.

THE CHINESE QUESTION

We heartily condemn the introduction of newfangled rules into mah-jongg, such as allowing only one chow and prevailing seasons. The game that was good enough for Confucius and Li Hung Chang is good enough for us.

TOBACCO

Former Vice President Marshall said that what this country most needs is a good five-cent cigar. He said a mouthful.

FINANCE

We are strong for lower taxes and higher incomes. We therefore advocate a minimum-wage law which shall provide that no person shall receive an income of less than ten thousand dollars a year. We guarantee that under such a law this country will enter upon an era of unparalleled prosperity.

ALGEBRA

We believe in algebra.

LABOR

People work too hard. Labor is the curse of our age. For our part we are willing to call off work altogether, but we realize that such a step is impracticable at this time. We therefore urge the enactment of a law forbidding any person to work more than three hours in any week.

VEGETABLES

Parsnips and stewed carrots are silly. They should not be allowed.

—*Newman Levy.*

## The Salome Sun

***Sheep Dip Jim Starts an Eighteen-Hole Barber Shop Running Around the Greasewood Golf Course in an Old Flivver***

SALOME has now got the Biggest Barber Shop in the World, with 18 Holes and 23 Miles Long, running clear around the Greasewood Golf Grounds and across Two

*(Continued on Page 67)*

## Mr. and Mrs. Beans

*"Beans, I Think It Is Disgusting the Way We Let Our Neighbors Get Ahead of Us—We Pride Ourselves on Our—"*

*"Beacon Street Ancestry. Why, I Could Have Cried When That Lovely Mrs. Airedale Went by Yesterday—"*

*"With Her Children Most Beautifully Decorated With Ribbons of That Exquisite New Shade of Powder Blue"*

*"Huh! They're Not So Much. I Knew Their Father When He Was a Night Watchman in a Livery Stable"*

# From Jersey's sunniest tomato fields!

Puree of Sunshine! If you could see the vast acres on our Tomato Farms, bathed in sunlight, with the rich earth cultivated as carefully as the finest flower garden, you would realize one big reason why Campbell's Tomato Soup tastes so good.

Every single ingredient in our soups must be the very best that money can buy or skill produce.

So our tomatoes are better than any housewife can regularly buy. Their pure juices and delicious "meat" are strained to a tempting puree. Creamy butter is blended in. Seasoning is deftly added. And then just taste it!

Often you'll cream it. Read on the label how easy it is.

Here I come and don't you worry,
Headed home and in a hurry.
I'm all hollow and just aching
For the Campbell's Soup I'm taking!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

# GOLDEN CALVES

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

*"Who You Goin' to Get Married With, Sister?" "It's Not Announced Yet," Said Gloria*

WAMBA was pretending to be a mouse in long grass under the apple trees of the slope behind the house, and he kept up the pretense rather nobly, Stukely thought, changing the pail of bran and milk from hand to hand. Even the pail meant nothing to Wamba just now, for he crawled slowly nearer and nearer the Reverend Gavin Kent's position against a trunk, and his translucent ears were flattened backward from the white mark of his forehead. He crawled and hunched his spine demanding admiration with eyes of moist chestnut while the tall clergyman watched and said at last, "Very good indeed!" in kind encouragement

"He does that better than his imitation of a lion, dad."

"Oh, I didn't hear you coming, my dear boy. Yes," Doctor Kent mused, blinking through yellow glasses, "he has a certain theatrical gift, Stuke. Joe's quite right. He's a very talented calf. Have you been inside the house? Is—ah—the baby still awake?"

"Still, pop," said Stukely, and then stepped back from Wamba's rush at the pail.

Forgetting that he was supposed to be a mouse, the red calf bawled and charged the length of his rope with so much force that he was hurled sideways in the tug of his tightening collar, and lay blinking in wonder at this law of physics.

"Served you right, you fool," Stukely remarked. "Don't cry about it. Get up and have your lunch. No, not all your head! Just your mouth. If you inhale milk you'll—— Told you so!"

His father laughed with clerical modulations of tone and sat down on the grass. Wamba tried to put his black little hoofs in the pail, and his tail almost whistled as he wagged it. Stukely considered the russet back of the calf and wondered just how much milk Wamba could contain if not restrained. He seemed always much hungrier than his half sister, Phyllis, or his late half brother, Pertinax, recently fresh veal. A destiny overhung Wamba: Joe Fancher, who knew everything, perceived in this child of the cow Witless some obscure symptom of greatness, and neighboring farmers had already offered money for him. It appeared that Wamba would grow up to be a prize bull. Natives of this shallow valley came to look at him, and Stukely felt that Wamba had done something socially for the Kent family. The retired rector of Saint Philip's Church, New York City, was no longer merely an amateur landholder north of Gossetville; he owned Wamba, who now raised a mask of milk from the empty pail and bawled in sorrow.

"Little calves who eat too fast," said Stukely, "get bellyache. I don't care who sits up and gives you pills tonight, either. I'm d-dog tired an' I'm goin' to sleep."

Wamba assumed the air of one coarsely insulted and lifted a hoof in a maidenly gesture, walking backward until a tree interfered very suddenly with his march and he sat down in the manner of a collapsing camp stool, his eyes rolling. He then wailed.

"Has he hurt himself, Stuke?" Doctor Kent asked anxiously, blind at such a distance.

"No. He's just sort of bewildered about the tree being there. I've gone swimming if Joe yells for me, daddy, and I'll leave this pail for the idiot to play with. Isn't the sun pretty strong for your eyes?"

"No, thank you, Stuke," said Doctor Kent, as though his one son could arrange a new lighting system for the universe. "It's very nice. Exactly what is Joe doing to the water tank? He was singing Roll, Jordan, Roll, as I came by, and I couldn't make myself heard against that. It's remarkable how he gets the camp-meeting swing. He was singing his rather profane ballad about the Mississippi River and the dog's tail to Junior this morning, and I quite fancied myself in the South. He seems to be able to calm Junior when nobody else can. You were such a quiet baby."

"Was I?" Stukely murmured, looking down the stretch of nineteen years to that impossible period with some embarrassment. He had learned to conceal his horror of Joseph George Stukely Fancher pretty well, he thought, but his nephew seemed to grow very slowly. Wamba was really two weeks younger than Junior, but did much better, and now was trying to crop some grass, whereas Norah's child ate only fluids and spilled them indecently on his ornate robes. The whole topic was improper, anyhow, and he reverted to Norah's husband. "Norah's got Joe painting the water tank, pop. She wants it blue—the color of his marine pants—with red bands like his sergeant's stripe. I think it's awful rot. So does Joe, but he's doin' it."

"Among other things that I had never imagined could happen to me, my dear boy," said his father, "is that Norah would marry an ex-sergeant of marines—even if he is a third cousin—or that my son-in-law would be the intimate friend of a prize fighter named Gluepants Kelly. I'm sorry you didn't go down with Joe to the fight Wednesday. I'm really curious about Gluepants. Joe speaks of him so affectionately. What is his real name?"

"Gustavus."

"Gluepants is an improvement on that," Doctor Kent reflected, getting out his cigarette case of ancient silver. "As far as I could gather from Joe's technical description of the fight, Kelly ruined this other animal by hitting him on both ears at the same time. I don't pretend to understand how he did that. I hope he's not fallen off the tank!"

Joe Fancher howled, "Hy-oh! Reverend!" through the foliage of the profitable orchard in a long rising run of notes that suggested infinite pain, but meant nothing whatever.

"No," said Stukely, "he's not dying, pop. He just wants you for something. Hi, Joe!"

Joe loped intricately among the black trunks of the trees toward Wamba's nursery, and his worst overalls flapped around his bare ankles with new scars of paint on the blue. He began to speak at a distance in a precise jogging of clear syllables while his fair round head ducked boughs.

"Reverend, they's a perfectly terrible damn dreadful lady out on the gallery wants to buy milk off of us, but I

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Motor car performance so new—so smooth and satisfying—that you are unwilling to surrender the wheel.

CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

V-63

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won't do to take orders for it, 'cause she thinks I ain't respectable or somethin'. You better go talk at her. She's very grand an' so ugly she puts me in mind of a catfish I and Jasper Whibble caught once when I was young down in Eutropius, Missouri. She's got a girl with her that ain't human neither. You go on, now, an' be clever to 'em. I and Stuke will mind Wamba some. Nor don't fall over the paint by the water tower either. And the big thing you'll see by the steps is a motor car an' not this lady. So don't speak to it like you tried to shake hands with that hoss on Sunday."

"But—have we any milk to sell, Joe?"

"Goodness gracious, guy," said Joe, squatting to lace a deplorable canvas shoe; "we're runnin' over with it like the land of Canaan daddy an' you been preachin' to sinners this ever so long. You go 'long, now, an' say we'll give 'em milk, aigs, hawgmeat or whatever. Grandmamma raised me to be p'lite to ladies, but this dame just sorta kinda snohted at me an' demanded you. She's smokin' a cigarette in the gallery, and you can smell if not see her. I forgot to tell you I nailed a sign about milk, eggs an' green trash on the gate yest'day. Taxes don't wait for nobody, an' if you will send checks to charities like you been doin', reverend, we gotta make the place pay moh. Go on, now."

The Reverend Gavin Kent wriggled guiltily before this accusation and hung his handsome head, saying, "I've always sent a check to that milk fund, Joe, at this season, and Saint Philip's Settlement House needs a new gymnasium, and ——"

"You're a scandalous old man, reverend. You got a grandson an' your worthless daughter an' I and Stuke to support, an' you waste your money on bein' a Christian. Go on, now, and sell us some milk to that porkypine. She says she has a house up the pike some. Go on. You're lookin' very pretty today. All you need's two littybitty wings an' she'd take you for a angel. Smile an' smash her heart, fella." He crooned in a negroid falsetto:

*"Some like 'em red-headed; some like 'em tall;*
*But a curly-haired preacher's the best bet of all."*

"Joe," said the clergyman, "you have no moral sense!"

"So grandmamma always has said, reverend. If you work on me hard, though, I'll maybe grow one. But I'm gonna romp on your frame if you don't go sell milk to this horr'ble dame out before. Says she wanted to speak to the proprietor. Nobody else'll do. Her name's Mrs. Raymore an' ——"

Stukely yelped. His father gave a deep clerical sigh, and a tremor stirred his curls as he said, "Raymore! An extravagantly dressed, tall woman with—with too much color on her cheeks, Joe? Stukely, you're so much better a man of business than I am, and ——"

"Oh, no, dad! And there's a button off my shirt; and think," he urged with malice, "how pleased she'll be when she sees it's you instead of just a farmer! Joe, did she call you 'my man' or somethin'?"

"Uh-huh! She acted like she was actin' a duchess in a movie, sorta."

The Reverend Gavin sighed wretchedly and absently. "She would, of course! And you say Gloria is with her?"

"If Gloria's a very fat girl all done up in a lotta clothes, reverend, she is. She ain't learned to paint her face yet, though. Uh-huh, she's with her mamma."

"That," said the clergyman, "is the last straw!"

He walked away with an air of resolution, touching trees with his cane, and Joe followed him with a turquoise stare until the lacy shadow and green light of the orchard absorbed the tall black shape.

"And You Really Make the Farm Pay? How Too Clever of You!"

"There's Raymores in Athens, Gawgia, ace, but very nice folks. Oh, this wouldn't be George Raymore's widow, that moved North an' got awful rich makin' chewin' gum?"

"That's just who it is. But she ought to be at Southampton. Her house is that pink brick place across the road from Uncle George Stukely's."

Joe yawned, "Guy, I remember nothin' about Southampton but your fool sister's friends all shakin' hands with me an' sayin' 'So this is Norah's marine!' To visit your rich uncle is very much like tryin' to tell grandmamma why there was poker chips ever in my Sunday pants. I like your uncle, an' he bears the blow of me bein' a Stukely by descent very well, but he don't comprehend how I could have been six years in the marines or a Presbyterian preacher's kid an' not eat with my knife or know how to wear my necktie. You very refined people are awful ignorant." He grinned up, sitting cross-legged and investigating a red trickle of paint on his white chest. Then he wrinkled his brown nose and asked, "How comes it that this Gloria Raymore's got engaged when she ain't more'n old enough sorta to know her head from her digestion?"

"Is she engaged?"

"She's got a ring on her finger with a diamond an' all. It's the right finger. She don't look sensible enough to catch a blind guy with a bad taste in women. Or she's maybe excited somebody that needs money. Her mamma looks like Queen Jezebel, old man Ahab's wife, that painted her map an' had dyed attire upon her head. Miss Minnie Raymore, down in Gawgia, would faint if she could behold it. What would this tigress be wantin' a gallon of milk for up in these woods? She must have taken that cottage I was recommendin' to Glue Kelly the other night after his fight, for trainin' quarters. It's the only furnished house round."

"Was Kelly talking of coming up here?"

"Uh-huh. He kinda was. He prob'ly won't, though, 'cause his manager'll want him to be somewhere more public for folks to come an' admire. Or he'll drop the card I wrote the address on and not have sense enough to ring up the mayor and ask if he can rent the place. I told him the mayor owned it. Only Glue's mentality don't retain a fact long."

"Is he stupid as that?"

"Goodness gracious, guy," said Joe, writhing up from the turf in a long stretch, "he's as thick as old Permora Higgins out in Eutropius before grandmamma made daddy move down to Athens. She tried to have daddy christen one of her girls Intestine. Glue dunno nothin'. He's able to keep a secret, and button his coat when it rains, but that's about all. I told him to try readin' Greek history to his—to babies when they won't go asleep, an' he said he couldn't read Greek. He's very wise. Look at this Wamba tryin' to make a bowknot outa his legs! Go on, calf, you ain't a piece of string! You gonna grow up an' be a good bull so we can sell you for a couple thousand dollars maybe? Huh? He says he is. G-by, calf."

Wamba bawled some compliment after the trotting blue figure, and Stukely gave the calf his empty pail for a plaything. The asset began to pretend that he was a kitten flirting with a ball, and Stukely left him contented while he went to spy the invaders. Mrs. Raymore should be braying in her perpetual mist of cigarettes on the sands of Southampton, and yet here she was, he saw through lilacs conveniently tall, babbling in the shadow of the pillared veranda. The fat Gloria was so deeply sunk in a painted chair that just the bulk of her ankles in white stockings betrayed her silent and stupid existence close to her mother's hat of gilded straw spikes. These apparitions had descended from a monstrous yellow motor that weighted the gravel before the converted farmhouse, and its driver was asleep, sedately upright, lulled by the breeze filled with smells of pennyroyal and syringa.

Stukely flinched as this same breeze brought to him Mrs. Raymore's loud cry, "And you really make the farm pay? How too clever of you!" The managed imitation of an English voice was bad and her hat was worse, and altogether it was very fortunate that Mrs. Kent, who confessed a loathing of this lady, had gone to stay with Uncle George Stukely in the smartness of Southampton and that a cold was keeping Norah in bed. They would miss the blow of this eruption. He stole backwards behind the garage and made through the vegetable garden to the kitchen door.

The cook and his nephew's nurse, both natives of Gossetville, were in committee on the golden hat, and Stukely ignored them on his way to the back stairs. The sharp repeating note of Mrs. Raymore's laughter crept to meet him in the green upper hall and he strode into his sister's pink bedroom, sure that she knew of the widow's call.

"Shut that door," said Norah frantically, rearing up as a jade blossom in the whiteness of her bed. "And then tell me why you let dad buy a farm just where every bounder in New York can stop on its way to Lenox? You might ——"

"Don't lie like that," Stukely commanded. "You picked out this place! I had nothin' to say about it!"

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He Sat Down on the Green Bench and Broke Into a Thunderous Dull Sobbing

# Maxwell is One of the Staunchest Cars Built Today

At all vital points, you will find that metals and construction of the good Maxwell are the same as in cars costing three to four times as much.

In proportion to its weight and power, *it is actually stronger than the most expensive cars built today.*

That's a big thing for us to be able to say about a car of the good Maxwell price; and it is one of the Chrysler superiorities that put Maxwell so far ahead of its own field.

Yet it is only one of the sound, fundamental superiorities which make us proud to be factors in its production. You have probably heard about Maxwell pick-up—how in a flat 8 seconds, it accelerates from 5 to 25 miles an hour.

You are also probably acquainted with the fact that the simple device of a platform spring under the front end of the motor, combined with the balancing of reciprocating parts to the fraction of an ounce, practically eliminates any sense of vibration.

Are you aware, however, that all the way through the Maxwell chassis, you find chrome nickel or other high grade alloy steel for those parts which must stand heavy stress and strain—just as in cars of highest price?

The front axle, and all the parts on which depends the control of the car, are almost unreasonably over-strong. In tests, these axles are given three complete twists without a sign of fracture.

A bull-dog for powerful pulling—this car; but it can't pull too hard for transmission and rear axle.

The steering knuckles, and the king pins upon which they turn, are of chrome nickel steel, heat-treated.

The thoroughness of good Maxwell-strength is well illustrated by the frame, which is unusually deep, and braced by six stout cross members.

Good Maxwell strength, in a word, is a match for Maxwell performance and dependability.

All these are a part of that complete and unusual goodness which scores of thousands of owners declare makes the good Maxwell the most care-free and economical motor car they have ever possessed.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Touring* | *$ 895* | *Club Coupe* | *$1025* |
| *Sport Touring* | *1055* | *Club Sedan* | *1095* |
| *Roadster* | *885* | *Sedan* | *1325* |

*All prices F. O. B. Detroit subject to current government tax.*

*All Maxwell dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.*

## The Good MAXWELL

# The Making of a Stockbroker

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

YOU cannot dramatize the day-by-day growth of your business any more than the life of a man minute by minute, resumed John K. Wing. You may be able to squeeze a few situations out of your commercial career, but even then you would have to explain on the program, "Seven years have elapsed between Act I and Act II," and so on. If I turn the office boy into a business getter and the business getter into a partner and the partner into a rich man, the natural question is, "How?" Imagine the curtain going down on the hero's answer, "By hard work!"

From the day I arrived in New York that is all I did—worked hard to get business for Bronson & Barnes. That was what they expected me to do. After I was taken in as partner I worked just as hard to get still more business, and a little harder to keep what I'd gotten. The desire for permanence became keener. Business had always interested me; but now it was my business. A man may be fond of children generally, but for his own children what he feels is deep love. My loyalty and devotion to the firm were no stronger than before, but the hope of success took on a more intimate quality, a more insistently personal note. Technic and strategy lost some of their power to thrill, not because I outgrew my youthful enthusiasm but because the vision of the completed work—completed in part by my efforts—made me feel like taking solemn vows not to rest till the goal was reached.

### The Business of Holding Customers

I RAN the office while Joe Williamson took care of the board end of the business. For a period of seven years or more I signed all the stock certificates, until the volume of business compelled us to give power of attorney to some of the boys in the office. I never went to luncheon until after three. I did a great deal of routine work and attended to details which I should have had the sense to pass on to some of the clerks. I answered the telephone every other minute. After I lunched I went after orders. Seeking new business was my job first, last and all the time. And, fully aware that I deserve blame rather than praise, I'll confess that for ten years I did not in any one year take more than ten days off from my work. In 1914, when the Stock Exchange closed, I had my first long vacation. There wasn't anything else to do.

We did pretty well. Williamson and I kept every customer we got. It always has been a point of honor with Bronson & Barnes to keep their customers. Not only are old friends best but also we know that permanence pays. We always have discouraged overtrading. An overextended customer has too light a grasp of his capital. To protect ourselves we must first protect the customer. By our insistence on adequate margin we had few customers to sell out during slumps, which were frequent and severe in those days.

People do business with a stockbroker because they like him personally or because they trust him or because they believe in his competence, which is to say, because they get their money's worth. A normal man will always wish to do business if or when there are both pleasure and profit in doing it. The outsider who wishes to buy one hundred shares of United States Steel can find dozens of brokers' offices where he may buy it equally well. That is, there is no need to stress efficiency in buying or selling one hundred shares of Steel; anyone can do it. But the purchase or the sale of one hundred thousand shares is another matter. It gives you something to think about. Where a stockbroker's everyday efficiency comes in is in the absence of slipshod methods in the office. The customer must be kept from getting overloaded. Statements must be rendered promptly and accurately. There must be always enough clerks to do the work of the office. In other words, the organization, the machinery for doing the work, must be adequate, and the machinist must know his trade. The broker who looks only at the immediate profit is an ass. When he realizes that his success depends upon having successful customers, he is wise. The most irritating thing in the world to me is to come in contact with fellow brokers who look on commissions as the chief thing to strive for, on the theory that new customers must constantly take the place of old ones, like the subscription lists of the juvenile periodicals, that are entirely changed about every three years, because the readers grow up. And the next worst thing is to hear outsiders talk about the things they think all stockbrokers do to induce their customers to trade early and often—that is, to swell commissions.

If a clergyman's son goes wrong a million idiots cry, "What did you expect of a clergyman's son?" If one broker turns out to be a poor business man or unscrupulous, the same people say, "That's a broker all over."

When the period of deflation came three years ago there were no cancellations of contracts from stockbrokers. The cancellations came from all other classes of business men—from merchants, manufacturers and jobbers, from everywhere except Wall Street. It was in most cases plain dishonesty. That deflation process must always be considered a disreputable chapter in the history of American commerce. But nobody called the welshers crooks. If Wall Street ever did anything one-half so dishonest our indignant fellow citizens would probably burn down the Stock Exchange.

As I said, Williamson and I kept at it and our business grew. It was a plain humdrum business. We were on the job and gave good service. I did not see anything very dramatic about it then and I don't now. People have been led to think of Wall Street as a bloody battlefield where dollars take the place of bullets and the wounds bleed gold. Writers inevitably resort to military parlance in describing financial operations. The public's favorite picture of stockbrokers at their trade seems to be that of an abattoir that makes a specialty of lambs. In the Wall Street of fiction brothers are arrayed against brothers and there are no restrictions upon the forms of financial assassination: Victory at any cost. The ruthless but profitable slaughter of thousands of innocents by the interests—the mysterious "They" who form the satanic general staff of Wall Street—is a favorite theme. I remember a famous dramatist's device to show the utter callousness of frenzied stock gamblers—a ruined trader dying suddenly in a broker's office. He collapses by the ticker as he reads his doom on the tape. The other gambler—the winner—in his haste to get to the tape to see how many millions he has made, pushes the corpse aside with his foot. Pretty false stuff, that, but it went. It was so dramatic! That was years ago, but the public still believes that sort of thing.

### The Frenzied Financiers of Fiction

THE disreputable stock-market winners of fiction are also supposed to make exactly as much as the deluded losers drop. The cards are always stacked against the virtuous lamb; but when the Wall Street professional cannot eat lamb he eats his fellow dogs. He is always fighting—with dollars for more dollars—and his life ought to make the most exciting story of business adventure in the world. But personally I must confess that nothing in my career has been as exciting as the experiences of the Brooklyn grocerymen who were held up by the bobbed-hair bandit. I have often tried to catch a fleeting glimpse of frenzied financiers in the act of killing or being killed—financially—in Wall Street; and the nearest approach to it has been the sight of hard-working, clear-headed men profiting by their clearness of vision and the courage of their convictions and the steadfastness of their efforts. Or else, men losing because they bet blindly or because they were victims of their own fears or of their greed.

Every time I discuss the drama of Wall Street with Wall Street men I hear chiefly statistics of the havoc wrought by panics. Such damage as a matter of fact is akin to the damage wrought by a tornado. Really dramatic moments in stockbrokers' offices are few and far between. There are eleven hundred members of the Stock Exchange, and most of them have offices that do business from ten to three on weekdays and from ten to twelve on Saturdays year in and year out. This would mean a great many moments—thousands upon thousands of moments in the course of a year; but mighty few of these moments are dramatic. My fellow brokers tell me corroborative stories that are not at all interesting. For the most part they dwell on unexpected losses or gains; say, in the panic of May 9, 1901, which for the violence and extent of the declines was unprecedented. That panic came after a tremendous boom and the public was overloaded with stocks to a degree that had never been equaled in our history up to that time. A break

(Continued on Page 38)

The Public's Favorite Picture of Stockbrokers at Their Trade

# 7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

*The milk that good cooks use*

## —Nearly as much butter fat as in a whole cup of cream

MORE butter fat! That's why cream is a greater enricher than ordinary milk. And so with Libby's Milk: every 16 ounce can of it contains 7½ teaspoons of butter fat —nearly as much as in a whole cup of cream!

Try Libby's Milk in the recipe below—from Mrs. Pauline Partridge, the nationally-known good cook. See what wonderful richness, what finer flavor it gives economically.

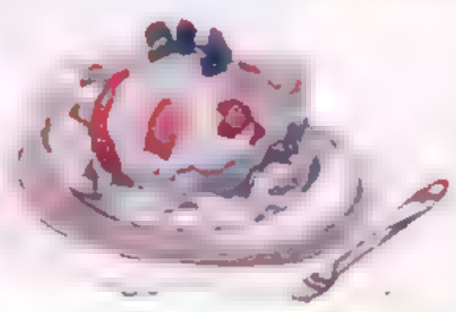
Pure cow's milk *double rich*, you too will want Libby's regularly for your cooking, coffee and baking. If your grocer doesn't have it please tell us. And write for other excellent recipes; sent free.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, 509 Welfare Bldg., Chicago**

### Mrs. Partridge's Salad Dressing

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon mustard
3 tablespoons flour
¼ cup vinegar
½ cup water
Yolks of 2 eggs
½ cup Libby's Milk diluted with
½ cup water

*Mix dry ingredients, add water and vinegar, cook and stir until smooth. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Heat well and add the egg yolks, well beaten. Add the cooked mixture and cook over boiling water until cream and smooth, stirring constantly. Chill and thin with undiluted Libby's Milk if desired*



(Continued from Page 36)

was due. It was precipitated rather than caused by the corner in Northern Pacific, which followed the buying for control by the two leading banking houses of the United States. The stock, of which many speculators were short, sold as high as one thousand dollars a share while the rest of the list broke from twenty to fifty points or more, good stocks and bad alike suffering. In such a market all manner of unusual incidents were bound to happen, though, after all, the sudden loss of a gambler's stake is no more dramatic in Wall Street than in Monte Carlo or Palm Beach or Aix-les-Bains. I made the remark in my club once that most of the so-called dramatic incidents of that day were not particularly dramatic. Instantly there was a chorus of dissent from the Wall Street men present. One of them said:

"When it was realized by Wall Street that Northern Pacific was cornered, and in addition that in the clash between E. H. Harriman and J. P. Morgan an irresistible force had met an immovable body, the stock was frantically bought by shorts, and the price rose to one thousand dollars. It looked for a time as if ten thousand dollars a share might be demanded by those lucky holders who were not affiliated with either of the contesting banking houses. At about eleven o'clock that morning, when things were at their worst, the head of a big brokerage house went up to see his lifelong acquaintance and co-religionist, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Mr. Schiff and his partners were engaged in counting the certificates of Northern Pacific stock which they were receiving from the various brokers to whom they had given buying orders. The fight was for the control of the road. You remember that when the bankers who acted for E. H. Harriman and the Union Pacific had bought more than 30 per cent of the N. P. stock they demanded participation in the Burlington deal, only to be refused by Hill and Morgan, whereupon both parties began to increase their holdings in order to control by actual ownership 51 per cent of the stock. This, in substance, was what led to the cornering of N. P.

"The broker who went to see Mr. Schiff in the hope of a settlement was a veteran of the Street. At one time his firm had been the leading commission house. It had made millions for its partners and was identified with important interests. Among other things, it did an arbitrage business with London. I may say that though the broker and Mr. Schiff were on the boards of directors of more than one charity they were too unlike not to feel a mutual antipathy. I'll call the broker Mr. Samuels because his name was nothing like that."

*The Customer Must be Kept From Getting Overloaded*

### *Interesting if True*

"WHEN Samuels called on Mr. Schiff he found each of the partners of the great banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. busily checking up their holdings of Northern Pacific stock. The certificates meant votes, and no national committee on election night kept tabs of the returns more anxiously than these famous bankers did of those Northern Pacific certificates.

"Samuels approached Mr. Schiff and said, 'I've come to ask you to give the arbitrage houses a little more time on their deliveries of Northern Pacific.' Apparently he was there to act for his fellow arbitrageurs. It imparted to his errand a public-spirited quality. You see, in arbitraging the New York houses might have sold stock for account of London and while technically short of it they were justified in asking for a delay in the delivery.

"But Mr. Schiff knew his man and asked, shortly, 'How much are you short?'

"'For account of our London correspondents ——' began Samuels in a tone of voice meant to tell the world that he would never have dreamed of selling short any stock for his own account.

"'You needn't worry about any stock you have sold for London,' interrupted Mr. Schiff coldly. 'We shall be fair—if you can convince us that the certificates are now on the water on their way to New York.'

"'Well — I — now — ' floundered old Samuels. He didn't like Mr. Schiff's voice. 'You and I have known each other over thirty years, and I am asking ——'

"'How much Northern Pacific are you personally short of?' again cut in the banker.

"'Let me explain, old friend. I never intended ——'

"'How much are you short of?' said Schiff.

"'Only seven thousand shares.'

"'Is that all?' asked Schiff, grimly.

"'That's all.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'Yes.' And Samuels began to hope.

"Schiff stopped fingering the sheaf of Northern Pacific certificates on the desk before him and asked meditatively, 'Samuels, how much are you worth?'

"'I am not worth as much as people think,' answered Samuels uneasily.

Whereupon Mr. Schiff looked at him—a long, appraising stare.

"'So? You are not a rich man, and you were indulging in luxuries? If you don't answer my questions you will have to settle at the market price.'

"As the market price just then was one thousand dollars a share, seven thousand shares meant seven million dollars. No man could take a loss of that magnitude and retain his sanity or the power of articulate speech. Samuels shook his head.

"'How much are you worth?' repeated Schiff.

"'More than three and less than four millions,' answered Samuels. Why did Schiff ask such a question? Surely not to make him pay all that the traffic could bear. Even then he would fare better than if he had to buy in the stock in the open market.

"'So?' And Schiff looked at him again. Presently he said, 'Send me your check for three millions.' And turning his back on Samuels he began to thumb over the certificates.

"Samuels, practically ruined at one stroke, almost collapsed. Then he began to moan, 'Oh! Schiff! Jacob! My dear friend! Don't say that! Oh, no! Oh, no! Old friend! No. No!' He stared fascinatedly at the banker's lips in order to see as well as to hear the answer. And the banker's lips moved.

"'Fifty-one! Fifty-two! Fifty-three!' Schiff continued to count thousand-shares certificates until Samuels staggered out of the room. A little later friends of both J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. succeeded in inducing the contestants to declare a truce, and a settlement price of 150 for the shorts was arrived at. I call that dramatic," finished the man who told the story

His look challenged me to deny it, so I said, "Well, a newspaperman you all know told me that story. Unfortunately, he added that it was a shame it wasn't true. He had heard it at the time, and thought it would make a fine scene in a play he hoped to write some day. But he was foolish enough to ask Otto H. Kahn about it, and Kahn laughed in his face. Anybody who knew the late Jacob H. Schiff would know without asking that Mr. Schiff wasn't that sort of man. On the contrary, he was one of the most charitable of men. Most dramatic incidents in Wall Street are that way—apocryphal."

"I believe it happened," said the narrator doggedly.

My partner was there. I could see he wished to speak, so I said, "Tell yours now, Joe."

### *Hill Versus Harriman*

"IT'S also about Mr. Schiff. One of the men on the floor told me at the time that he had heard from a very good source that scores of friends begged Mr. Schiff to prevent the panic from breaking every house in the Street, and made plain to him that J. P. Morgan was willing to negotiate. Mr. Schiff went to Harriman's office. The purchases of Northern Pacific stock had been for account of the Union Pacific, and Harriman insisted that the certificates be sent up to his office, though I hardly think the transaction had reached that stage of definiteness. I mean the financing could not have been settled. At any rate, Harriman was keeping tally on the number of N. P. shares the Union Pacific bankers were receiving. For a time each firm was sure it had the majority of the stock. Harriman was sure he had circumvented James J. Hill, and Mr. Hill was certain little Harriman had lost.

"Schiff told Harriman what a terrible thing it would be for everybody if the panic were allowed to go any farther. The only thing that could save the Street was to accept a settlement from the shorts instead of insisting upon actual deliveries of the stock. But Harriman wouldn't hear of a compromise. He wanted the actual control of the Northern Pacific, which would give him the joint control with Great Northern of the Burlington system, thereby making the Union Pacific safe from such a combination as Mr. Hill had planned.

"Mr. Schiff pleaded with him. His arguments were to no purpose. Harriman did not even bother to answer them. He was set on sticking out for his pound of flesh.

"'No! No! We've got them licked. We owe it to the Union Pacific and to our friends! Get all the stock we bought in good faith.'

"The kindly banker, overwhelmed by the vision of widespread ruin resulting from the ambitions of two railroad giants like Hill and Harriman, now implored Harriman to consent to a truce.

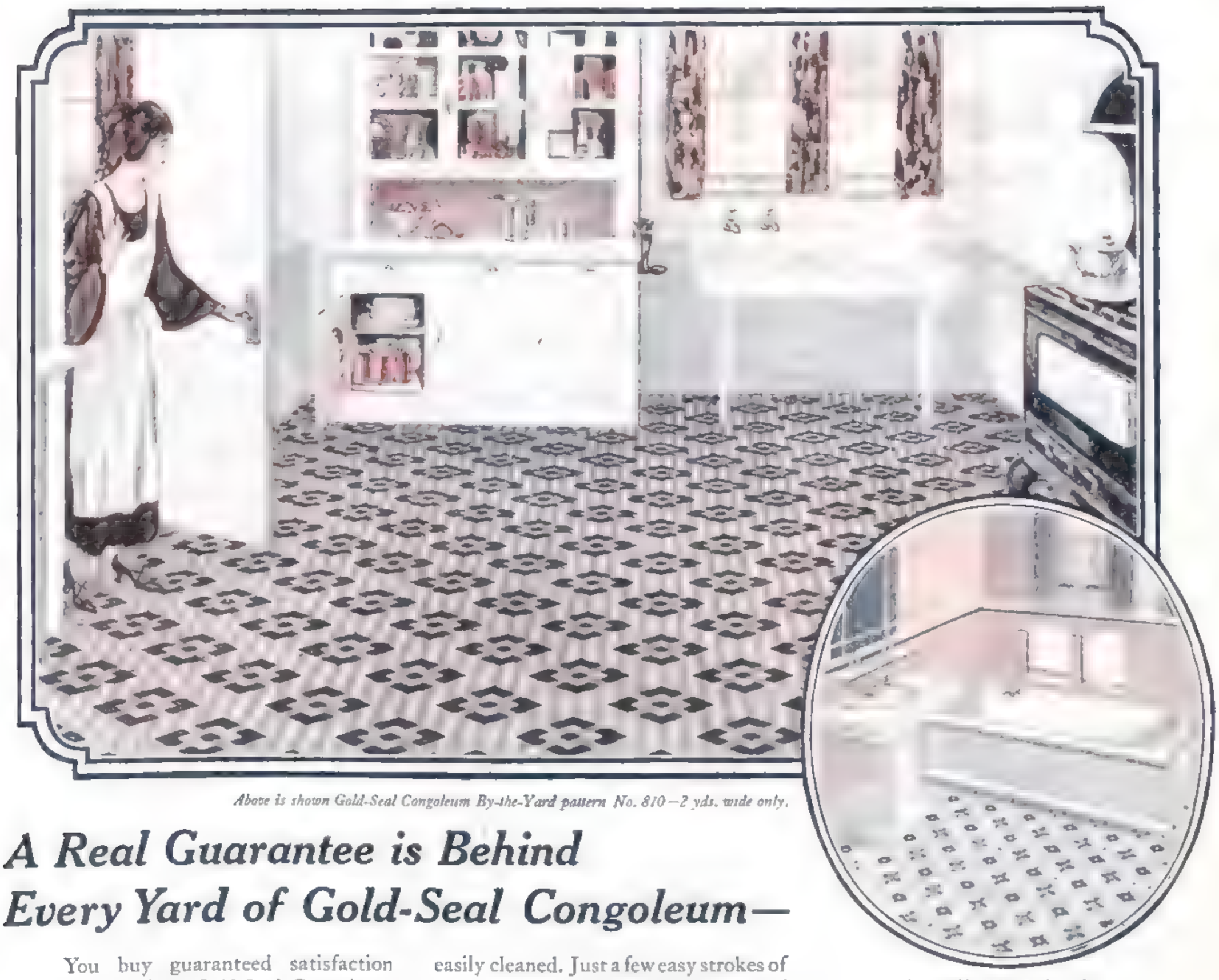
"'For the sake of innocent people, for the sake of the country, for my sake, Mr. Harriman. For my sake! On my knees I beg you!'

"And Mr. Schiff was about literally to kneel before the ruthless czar of the Union Pacific when Harriman jumped up and cried, 'All right! All right! For your sake. But it is a mistake, and the Union Pacific will regret it!'

"And Schiff hurried back to his office. The announcement, which came soon thereafter, that the N. P. shorts would be allowed to settle at 150 instantly checked

Continued on Page 157

*My Objection is to the Difference Between the Wall Street of Fact and the Wall Street of Fiction*



*Above is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard pattern No. 810—2 yds. wide only.*

# *A Real Guarantee is Behind Every Yard of Gold-Seal Congoleum—*

You buy guaranteed satisfaction when you buy *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. For every yard of it is pledged to give service by the famous Gold Seal label (shown below) which says—and means—"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

A further identification of genuine Congoleum By-the-Yard is the paper selvage tape on both edges of the goods.

All the features that have made *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs so popular with thousands of women are found in Congoleum By-the-Yard. The patterns are equally attractive, with the same durable, waterproof surface that is so easily cleaned. Just a few easy strokes of a damp mop whisk away every speck of grime and stain and restore the cheerful colors to spotlessness.

Another point—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum is easy to lay. Just unroll it on the floor and it will lie perfectly flat—without tacks, cement or any fastening. It never curls up at the edges.

For those rooms where you want the entire floor covered, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard is ideal. Its patterns are especially appropriate for kitchen, bathroom, pantry and hall. And in addition to all these exceptional qualities, it costs very little.



*Pattern No. 876—2 yds. wide. The 3-yd. width is No. 4076*

### *Very Inexpensive*

This guaranteed floor-covering comes in rolls two and three yards wide.

*Two-Yard Width*—85c per square yard

*Three-Yard Width*—95c per square yard

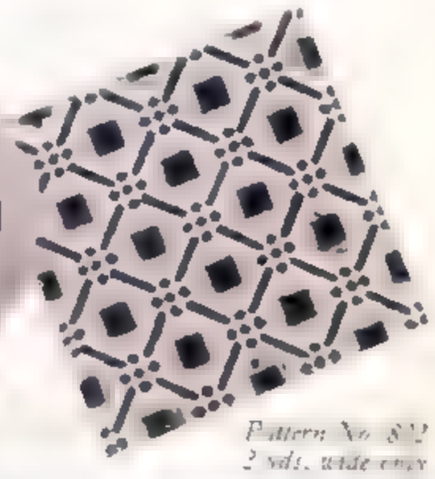
Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Write our nearest office for free copy of our interesting Folder No. 89, showing all the beautiful By-the-Yard patterns in full colors.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED, Montreal

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
BY-THE-YARD

*Pattern No. 824*
*2 yds. wide only*



*Pattern No. 812*
*2 yds. wide only*

# The 4 Factors

## *Which determine the operating efficiency of your automobile engine*

### 1. Heat

All oils thin out under heat—regardless of make or the source of the crude petroleum used. The higher the temperature, the thinner the oil becomes.

But some oils resist the thinning out tendency more than others.

Some engines operate at a higher temperature than others, depending upon the design and construction of the engines and the type of cooling system employed. Likewise, the service requirements of an engine may differ widely. A passenger car engine, for example, is only required to meet about half of the load and power requirements of a motor truck engine. Harder engine work and heavier loads therefore mean higher temperatures.

The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for your engine maintains a thorough and protecting film between the moving parts under the most severe heat conditions.

This protection has been a characteristic of Gargoyle Mobiloil ever since automobiles appeared upon American highways.

### 2. Distribution

All automobile engine systems of lubrication fall under five distinct classes. These systems vary considerably in their application to different makes and types of engines. Some oil pumps are submerged in the oil in the reservoir—others are elevated and exposed to climatic conditions—some are of the plunger type—others are of the gear type—still others are of the vane type.

Size of piping and location play their part as well as many other factors. The oil employed must meet the exacting requirements of these factors in efficiently lubricating your engine.

The problem of oil distribution is intricate and involves many other elements of engine design as well. All of these considerations have been carefully weighed as they exist in *your own engine*.

Only after such consideration is a grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers in their Chart of Recommendations.

### 3. Carbon

In a given engine one kind and grade of oil will leave more carbon than another. Here engine design, construction, and operating requirements play an important part in the selection of the correct oil. Its body, its fluidity, and its character all have a marked influence on carbon accumulations. Operating temperatures must also be considered. The design of some engines permits some oils to reach the combustion chambers more readily than others. To secure the utmost protection against objectionable carbon troubles, your oil must suit *your* engine.

### 4. Piston Ring Seal

Effective sealing of the piston rings against loss of power is one of the major functions of a lubricant. The oil must be of such a body and character as to effect a complete and permanent seal under the temperatures of operation encountered. At the same time, care must be taken to avoid *loss of power* from the use of an oil too heavy in body as such an oil imposes an excessive drag upon the pistons and other reciprocating parts and results in considerable power losses. The balance between these opposing considerations is carefully weighed by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers before recommending the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for your engine in their Chart of Recommendations.

Lubrication is a science. It has its fixed laws. Engineering knowledge as applied to a thorough study of the factors dealt with above, is absolutely essential in producing and recommending a grade of oil best suited to *your* engine.

***Make the chart your guide***

**Fair retail price: *30c a quart from bulk***

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

*Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the South West and the Far West.*

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloil

*Make the chart your guide*

**for TOURING**

The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E", Arctic and "A", 3 for $1.00) Slightly higher in the Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

***Domestic Branches:***

New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, Springfield, Mass., St. Louis

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

## Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

| NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS | 1924 | | 1923 | | 1922 | | 1921 | | 1920 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Ajax | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| Allen (6 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| (8 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| Atlas | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Auburn (Mod. 6-65) | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Bailey Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | | | | | |
| Bethlehem | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Buick | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Cadillac | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chalmers | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Chandler | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chevrolet (Models F B & T) | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Cleveland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Cole | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Collins (Det. (Con't Eng.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Commerce | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Cunningham | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A |
| Dodge Bros | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Durea (6 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Dort | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Durant Four | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | | | |
| Elcar (4 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (6 cyl.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Elgin Six | A | Arc | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Fageol Safety Coach | B | A | | | | | | | | |
| " (4 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (2½ ton) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Federal Knight (½ ton) | B | Arc | | | | | | | | |
| " " (Model X-2) | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| " " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Flint | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | | | | | |
| Ford (T cyl.) | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| " (4 cyl. Wheel Drive F W D) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Franklin | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | A | A | A | A |
| Garford | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc |
| Gardner Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Haynes (7 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " (12 cyl.) | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| H C S | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Hudson Super Six | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Indiana (4 cyl.) | A | A | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| " (6 cyl.) | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Jewett | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Jordan | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Kalamazoo (Springfield) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| King | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| LaFayette | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| Lexington (Con't Eng.) | | | | | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Liberty | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Lincoln | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Locomobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| McFarlan | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Marmon | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Mason | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Maxwell | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " (Con't) | | | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Mercer | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Moon | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Nash Four & Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A |
| " (Con't) (Quad.) | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| Oakland | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Oldsmobile (6 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| " (Model 30) | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Overland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Packard (Eight) | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Paige (Con't Eng.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " (Con't) | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Peerless (8 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Pierce Arrow Truck | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | Arc |
| Premier | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Premier Taxi Cab | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| R & V Knight | BB | A | BB | A | BB | A | B | A | B | A |
| Reo | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | B | A | B | A |
| Richelieu | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | B | A |
| Rolls Royce | A | A | A | A | B | A | B | A | | |
| Star | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| Stearns-Knight | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Stephens | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Studebaker | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| Stutz (4 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (6 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Templar | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Western (Mod. D-60) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| " (Mod. 60) | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Willys-Knight | B | Arc | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Winton | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Yellow Cab | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

### Makes of Engines When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for conversions)

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Buda | Models R C A | | | | | | | | | |
| | All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Continental | Model B | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| | Model BX | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| | Model BXD | | | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| | Model 6T | | | | | | | | | | |
| | All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Falls | | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Herschell-Spillman | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| (Models L, G, H & T) | | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Hinkley | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Lycoming (C Series) | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| Rochester | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc |
| Waukesha (Models Y, Y6B, Z) | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " (C, D, E, S) | | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Wisconsin | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |

**Transmission and Differential**

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

# HEROIN HEROES

## An Interview With Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson

By Rex H. Lampman

THE word "heroin" is derived from the word "hero," because when the drug was first discovered, in 1898, it was observed that the person taking it, or to whom it was administered, experienced an exaltation of consciousness in which he imagined himself capable of heroic action. To him nothing seemed impossible. Rather, he believed himself immune from all possibility of failure. The more difficult or dangerous the task to which his excited brain prompted him, the more certain he was of its easy accomplishment.

This characteristic psychological reaction to the drug, thus early recognized and recorded in its name, was not at first regarded as having a possible important bearing on the problem of crime and criminals. Chemists, alas, are not of necessity moralists or psychologists, and in their quest for substances to relieve human suffering often fail to look ahead to the possibility of increasing human misery or wrongdoing. In the case of heroin they summoned a genie from their bottle which defies both them and the forces of organized society to put it back or to compel it to confine itself to the purposes for which it was intended.

Humanity finds itself suddenly in a new environment of peril, with heroin, so far as the United States is concerned, the chief contributing factor. So quickly that we scarcely can realize what has happened, habit-forming drugs have come to mean a life in death of terror and suffering for millions, with our country leading the world in their consumption. For other perils—venomous reptiles, poisonous plants, storm and flood—the race, in the slow process of evolutionary experience, has found its defenses, based on acquired knowledge of the thing to be feared. For this new peril there is no precedent in racial experience. Its suddenness has found mankind unprepared to meet or to combat it.

Modern chemistry, which does not concern itself with problems that knit the brows of criminologists or sociologists, as yet offers no means of defense against the Frankenstein monster of its own creation. It goes about its scientific business of discovering or devising new drugs, which, for all the good they may do in medical practice, may be more deadly, more potent for harm to humanity in general than those already in use. Science as yet can do nothing—if, indeed, it is trying to do anything—to undo the harm already done, to decrease the swelling stream of criminals pouring into the doors of our jails and prisons, or to save the lives of those who, in spite of augmented police forces and increased efficiency in crime detection, are mercilessly shot down in their homes, at their places of business or in crowded city streets or lonely country roads. Robbery and murder used to be, as a usual thing, distinct and separate crimes. At least they were not commonly associated. Now more often than not they occur in the same act. The person who is held up, or whose home or business is robbed, stands at least a fifty-fifty chance of losing his life with his possessions.

### The Growth of the Drug Menace

HABIT-FORMING drugs, particularly opium, have been used to exploit society for many centuries, and have always been more or less a factor in crime. Such drugs became a menace in Asia, under the exploitation of powerful trading companies, in the days when crude opium was virtually the only form of commercial narcotic. They did not become a recognized complex in our own criminal problem in the United States until the introduction of heroin as a drug exploited commercially for addiction purposes.

About one hundred years ago a chemist discovered how to produce morphine from opium. Then the drug menace extended from Asia to Europe, whose traders had exploited opium in Asia to the great degradation and misery of the Asiatics. About fifty years ago another chemist, experimenting with the leaves of the coca plant, whose narcotic properties were known, produced cocaine. This increased the menace and extended the scope of commercial exploitation. In 1898 came the discovery of heroin, another child of opium and four times as powerful as morphine. Then the present stage of the narcotic menace, now a pressing peril, began.

In 1909 heroin first appeared in America in the practice of medicine. It was at first asserted that the drug was not habit-forming. The medical profession after a time outlawed its use, and it is no longer recognized as a legitimate drug in medical practice. Soon, however, heroin was recognized as more capable of commercial exploitation than any other drug. The great expansion of narcotic addiction in America, given impetus by heroin, dates from about 1910. Police records of our great cities will show that the great increase in crimes of violence, which for a long time puzzled those whose business it is to inquire into causes of crime, is parallel with the increase in narcotic addiction, due to heroin, in the United States. The expansion in the use of narcotic drugs continues almost unchecked, in spite of legal restraint and efforts at salvage of victims. European chemists, we are reliably informed, have discovered how to manufacture narcotic drugs from coal tar. New narcotics are anticipated, more powerful than those now used with such deadly results.

In America alone addicts number more than a million. They burden the dockets of the criminal courts, Federal, state and municipal. Members of grand juries, with the close view they have of criminality and its causes, are appalled to discover the amount of crime originating in narcotic addiction. Sheriff William Traeger, of Los Angeles County, California, says that 90 per cent of the crime committed in that county is traceable to users of narcotics. The warden of the California State Penitentiary at San Quentin says that 90 per cent of the inmates of that institution have been users of narcotics. The authorities at the Federal prison at Atlanta say that 20 per cent of all convicts received there in 1922 were addicts. At Leavenworth 20 per cent of all convicts received during the same period were addicts. During the last half of 1922, 49 per cent of all prisoners received at Leavenworth were violators of the Harrison Antinarcotic Act. This law was enacted by Congress in 1914, narcotic addiction having been brought to the attention of the Government in 1912. There was no opposition to the bill. As a member of Congress from Alabama, I voted for it. It was passed unanimously. The law has been in full operation ever since, and now as high as 60 per cent of the time of the Federal district courts is taken up with narcotic cases.

### Addicts as Potential Criminals

THE psychology of addiction shows the addict, in his nature as such, and no matter what he may have been before becoming an addict, to be inherently and potentially a criminal, a recruiting agent for addiction and a peddler of narcotics. Many medical men, having wrestled with the problem, consider addiction, as to possibility of cure, in a class with leprosy and cancer. They hope that a cure will be found, but no cure has yet been announced that the doctors are willing, as a body, to sponsor as positive. Religious conversion, effecting profound physiological and psychological changes, may as yet be considered the advanced addict's only hope of freedom, of restoration to a normal physical and mental condition. The grace of God provides the impulse that sends the blood current back into the upper brain to restore destroyed tissues and reawaken the higher impulses, and without it apparently very few addicts, once firmly in the clutch of narcotics, remain cured.

It is the fact that addiction is essentially a brain disease that makes it so potent a factor in the promotion of crime. The entire brain is immediately affected when narcotics are taken into the system. The upper cerebral regions, whose more delicate tissues, apparently the most recently developed and containing the shrine of the spirit, all those attributes of the man which raise him above the level of the beasts, are at first tremendously stimulated, and then—quite soon—destroyed or deadened so that they are inoperative.

Addicts literally never get the kick out of the second or third dose of their drug, or from any subsequent dose, that they do out of the first. At the same time the tissues of the lower brain, where reside all the selfish instincts and impulses, receive the same powerful stimulation. With the restraining forces of the higher nature gone, the addict feels no compunction whatever in committing any act that will contribute to a perverted supposition of his own comfort or welfare. And one of these acts, a characteristic one, is that the addict has an insane desire to make addicts of others.

The addict from other drugs in many cases prefers that the young or any other human being should not go his path of pain and terror, but heroin and cocaine addicts, particularly, want company. A mother was arrested the other day in Los Angeles on the complaint of neighbors. She was a morphine addict, and the neighbors had seen her giving her own eight-year-old son a hypodermic injection of the drug. The boy told the police that she had started him as an addict by giving him a white powder—heroin—to sniff up his nose. The basic reason for this recruiting mania is found in the addict's knowledge that the more addicts he numbers among his acquaintance, the more certain he is that his own supply of the drug will not be cut off. Addicts come to consider their drug supply as paramount—a matter of life and death. Physical tolerance of the drug and the craving which grows with addiction demand an ever-increasing quantity. The average addict takes ten grains of his chosen drug, now heroin more commonly than any other, and pays as much as a dollar a grain, or more. Is it any wonder that the police estimate that more than nine-tenths of all murders, holdups and daring robberies are now committed by addicts?

Addiction and crime go hand in glove, largely because the addict must become a criminal or go without his drug. He will not go without if there is any way to get it. He finds the way in theft and robbery, with murder thrown in if necessary, and often whether necessary or not. It is especially the addict of heroin who is capable of cruel and daring crimes. Under the influence of the drug he becomes a heroin hero. He will do anything, he will dare anything. Or, without it, he will do or dare anything to get it. His degenerated brain, its higher impulses obscured, is willing to enact any plan or plot which promises to provide the necessary supply.

### Narcotics and the Crime Wave

THE effect of narcotic degeneracy is more and more to make the victim antisocial, as becoming a species different from his own; a species on the plane of the brute, with brute cunning and cruelty, directed by the intelligence and reasoning power of the man. It is important to understand this, because so many crimes of violence, such as daring robberies and holdups involving murder, are now committed by addicts.

When narcotics enter the system Nature treats them as if they were toxic poisons. The reaction is immediately to develop antitoxins to neutralize the toxins. One-eighth of a grain of morphine is a dose in medicine, and one-twenty-fifth of a grain of heroin is sufficient to put one under the drug. In a few days, or even a shorter time, the system will have developed antitoxins sufficient to neutralize this quantity. The drug effect—the kick, as it is called in some cases, and oblivion in others—will be felt only after getting beyond the neutralization point. Then it will be necessary to have a quarter of a grain, later half a grain, and soon a grain.

One grain of morphine is a fatal dose to a person unaccustomed to the drug. Some addicts take twenty grains, some fifty. There are records of more than one hundred grains taken daily. When the drug begins to subside, as it does in a few hours, through the action of the skin and the kidneys, the antitoxins do not subside. Remaining in the system unneutralized, they act like irritating poisons. The harmful effect is general—nothing escapes. A condition of torture sets in.

The muscles become knotty, cramps ensue in the abdomen and viscera, and pains, as though a sword were being thrust through the body, succeed each other. This suffering, called withdrawal symptoms, representing the most acute torture ever devised or described, continues for days. Usually death will ensue if the addict is far advanced and the doses or shots are stopped.

It becomes logical that the addict should look on the question of getting his supply of the drug not only as important for his well-being, so that he can do his work or look after his business, but as necessary to his very life. He cannot obtain a sufficient supply lawfully. He is thrown at once into the lawless world. He comes to look on the rest of society as his enemy, with its hand against him. He is a criminal as soon as crime becomes a necessary or convenient means of maintaining himself at a comfortable level of addiction. We have a photograph of a young addict in the Kansas penitentiary who spent twenty thousand dollars for narcotics in eight years, and during that time did not earn a cent.

There has been a good deal of honest talk, newspaper and otherwise, about the crime wave being an aftermath of the war. This is reasoning from two parallel facts to a false conclusion—that the one must be due to the other. A moment's reflection or, better, a searching of police records will show that the crime wave was already much more than a mere ripple years before America entered the war. Let us reiterate that the great expansion of narcotic addiction in America given impetus by heroin, dates from about 1910, and that the great increase in crimes of violence in the United States had a parallel rise, and was neither retarded nor accelerated by the fact that the nation had entered the world conflict.

The age of the average criminal of today is enough to disprove the notion that the war is to be blamed for the increase in crime. The boy bandits of today were scarcely in high school when Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne were being fought. And what of the girl bandits? They were in pigtails when the nation was singing Over There.

No, the war is not to be held responsible for the crime wave. Training camp and service overseas, or work in the Red Cross or War Camp Community Service did not make criminals of our youth. The war, however, was not without its lesson concerning narcotic addiction. The war took the narcotic addict, as a unit of the four million, into camp and field. Here his activities, both as an addict and as a recruiting agent for addiction, became a matter of observation to the military authorities. Here the addict, in the close contact of comradeship, had an opportunity of becoming an agent for addiction only limited by the supply of the drug available—and the better recruiter he was, the better his chance of having a continuing supply of his drug. In conversation with an oversea captain, the statement was made that it is now considered possible that one addict will recruit at least seven other addicts.

### *Twenty-Two the Average Age*

"That is very conservative," he said, and then told of an assignment of soldiers to his company in which there was one addict, to whom at first little attention was paid. Soon there were other evidences of addiction in the company. The officers investigated. It was only thirty days since the first addict was observed, and they found twenty-two.

The average age of the heroin addict is twenty-two. Recruiting goes on chiefly among the young. The majority must have been recruited before the age of twenty. Peddlers are recruiting in the schools. The method is simple. The boy or girl selected as a recruit is given a "snow party." The "snow" is heroin, supplied free for this first party, at least. Just a little on the wrist and a whiff constitutes a party. Such a party once a day will make an addict of a high-school boy or girl in a short time. Another boy bandit is in prospect, or another girl delinquent, for the old folks to shake their heads over and the editorial writers to wonder about.

A government report asserts that a youth will become an addict in ten days, and a mature man in thirty days.

High-school students, and even pupils in the elementary grades, fall prey through the agency of the dope peddler. There is much official evidence of this fact. A report of a Federal grand jury at El Paso, Texas, says:

> It has come to our observation that boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen years are being taught the use of narcotic drugs; that these boys, once in the grip of this vice, sell the clothes that their parents provide for them, steal and indulge in other petty crimes, for the purpose of obtaining funds to satisfy their cravings, created by the drug habit. We find that one boy has stated to officers of the law that he has about twenty companions of his own age who are drug users. Another boy disclosed that there are forty of his child companions using narcotics. Peddlers of drugs are giving it away to some children to create narcotic addiction, thus enlarging the demand for their illicit traffic.

**Fearful as the crime record due to narcotic addiction is becoming, perhaps the most terrible of all crimes to which dope contributes is the crime of making addicts of boys and girls. My clipping bureau supplies me with information from all over the country showing the close relationship of habit-forming drugs to crime, but the following story, taken from the Record, an evening newspaper of my present home city, Los Angeles, is one of the most graphic presentations of the narcotic peril as it affects the youth of the nation:**

> Morphine concealed in ice-cream cones and smuggled to high-school students, narcotics distributed to boys and girls at low prices in order to recruit new addicts, powerful and wealthy individuals organizing and directing distribution of dope on a tremendous scale, tales of narcotic parties among high-school students—these are the amazing revelations made to the district attorney and the grand jury.
>
> Juvenile detectives have been assigned to make daily reports to the district attorney. Every report is being carefully checked.
>
> More than a year ago, the Record printed astounding accusations made by private investigators, who charged that narcotics were being sold at cut rates to youthful weaklings in the very shadows of the school buildings. Narcotic tablets were being inclosed in hot-dog sandwiches and ice-cream cones, and narcotics mislabeled as sedatives were being sold in harmless-appearing packages. The grand jury already has evidence enough to act, according to an announcement by the district attorney's office, following an investigation which has lasted two months.
>
> One father brought a small bottle to the Record office a few months ago.
>
> "I found this in my daughter's vanity box," he said. "She tells me it was given to her to stop headaches and make her studies easier. She did not know the young man who gave it to her, she said."
>
> The small tube bore the label of an imported sleep-producing drug. But expert investigators declared that narcotics were packed into the containers in Mexico and smuggled across the border, and that the substituted tablets were narcotics concealed in sedative containers.
>
> Drugs which are sold to addicts at $2 and $3 a dose are retailed to high-school students very much cheaper, according to investigators, so the boys and girls will contract the habit young and prove valuable customers when they leave school.
>
> Drug peddlers, now wealthy and organized on a tremendous scale, justify their position morally by the specious cant that only the weaker members of society, who would amount to nothing anyway, succumb to the habit. One dope seller actually told a deputy district attorney that the local dope ring was doing the community a service by ridding it of weaklings and undesirables.
>
> "Now that liquor is comparatively hard to get," this man said, "it falls to the drug peddler to distribute the necessary poison by which the race may purge itself through a practical application of the law of the survival of the fittest."

The grand jury made no public report on the facts which this newspaper story purported to set forth, doubtless because its members believed silence would better aid the authorities in coping with the situation.

Similar news stories were printed by other Los Angeles newspapers at the time—September, 1923.

There is no question in my mind—nor can there be in the mind of anyone who has had the patience to investigate the drug evil—that there is a vast organized body of heartless and desperate persons, plentifully supplied with money as the result of their horrible traffic, whose business is to supply addiction drugs and to promote and cultivate a market for them. From every section of the United States, and particularly from our larger cities, come these stories.

### *Dope Peddling in the Schools*

Crime is increasing at an appalling rate in the United States, and it is not increasing because of greater activity on the part of professional criminals or because professional criminals are increasing greatly in number, but because boys and girls, incited by heroin, are becoming criminals. They are stepping boldly over the line into the criminal world as though robbery and murder were a splendid adventure. I have a report from a certain city on the Pacific Coast that seven hundred new addicts were found to have been developed in the second term of the last school year, and that one boy was found to have made thirty addicts among his schoolmates.

A questionnaire addressed to sheriffs and chiefs of police throughout the nation, to which the response was quite general, shows that these men realize the peril, and that many of them recognize the cause-and-effect relationship between narcotics and crime, particularly youthful crime. The sheriff of San Bernardino County, California, gives as an example the murder of Clarence Pickett, motorcycle officer of Madera, California, on November sixteenth last. Harry Terry and Walter Yeager, having robbed two persons in Devore, California, were fleeing in a stolen automobile when they were stopped by Officer Pickett for speeding. Pickett became suspicious of them and ordered them out of the car. They started to obey, but opened fire on the officer, killing him. The sheriff, who knows Terry and Yeager to be addicts, asserts that had they not been under the influence of narcotics at the time, the logical procedure for them would have been to accept summons from him for appearance in court on a charge of speeding, and then to have proceeded on their way, which they would have been allowed to do without further argument.

The questionnaire of which I have spoken extended to Canada. This paragraph is taken from a letter received from A. G. Shute, chief constable of Edmonton, Alberta: "Where there is a drug addict there is always a criminal, as it is impossible for any drug addict to work and earn sufficient money, under ordinary circumstances, to keep himself supplied with dope; and he must therefore resort to crime."

Sheriff Ed Brannin, of Bigtimber, Sweet Grass County, Montana, writes:

"I am thoroughly convinced that of all the sins in the world today the dope habit is the most menacing to our people, and that there should be some concerted action by the people of the United States to stop the traffic and use of dope. . . . We have one man who a few years ago was a very useful person, but since becoming an addict to the drug habit he is a wreck in every way one can express it, a nuisance and a burden—and more, a very dangerous person when able to be around."

"We find that the younger generation of Mexican boys have taken to cocaine and heroin," writes S. A. Street, captain of detectives of San Antonio. "Most of our arrested addicts give ages between eighteen and twenty-six, with an average of about twenty-two years."

Elmer L. Gibson, sheriff of Grays Harbor County, Washington, writes from Montesano:

"I am able to say quite definitely that the use of narcotics is on the increase and that the machinery of distribution daily becomes more efficient. . . . We have found that crimes of violence, and offenses against property, such as burglary, forgery and the like, are more often than not committed by addicts."

### *Sources of Supply*

Michael H. Crowley, superintendent of police of Boston, writes:

"We find that upwards of seventy-five per cent of the total number of persons arrested by the drug squad have past criminal records. The illicit use of narcotics is one of the greatest causes of crime in general. When persons become addicted to the use of drugs they are unable to earn a sufficient amount of money to satisfy their addiction by following legal occupations; therefore they are compelled to resort to crude methods such as robbery, larceny and several other crimes of a vicious nature for the purpose of procuring sufficient money to purchase their narcotics."

J. H. Entler, chief of police of Astoria, Oregon, says:

"With reference to the relation of hop to crime, in nearly every case where a big job is pulled the perpetrator is a hophead."

There is urgent need for something to be done, and done quickly, to prevent the spread of the narcotic peril. The peril is spreading. There are more addicts this year than last; there are more today than yesterday.

The economic effect of narcotics on the individual and the state is sufficient to interest everyone in any endeavor to destroy the evil. Although only a fraction of the addicts are known, due to the secretive nature of their activities as such, a Treasury Department reports shows that there are about a million and a quarter known users of narcotic drugs in the United States, and that 25 per cent of these are not usefully employed. This means that many thousands of addicts must secure their dope supply in some questionable manner, presumably by illegal methods—theft, robbery, banditry, and often murder. In addition to this, there are many thousands of illegal dope peddlers; men and women who are making their living without the pale of the law, criminals and enemies to society. Many addicts spend as high as fifteen dollars a day to satisfy their craving for drugs. Users of narcotics need large incomes. This money is not spent for any constructive purpose. The addict is worse off after he has made his purchase and used the drug. His greatest hope is to get in a condition somewhat resembling that of a good citizen.

Man is the chief architect of his own character, and a contributing architect to the character building of everyone with whom he comes in contact. Narcotic drugs will undermine every man's character and ultimately destroy him as a character builder either for himself or for another. As the individual and the individual's character are torn down, so will the character of the nation be destroyed, and with the destruction of the nation will go all our vaunted civilization. Factors that are fundamental in the life history of the individual and of a nation must manifestly be fundamental in the progress of civilization and the general welfare of the human race.

Does international law hold any promise of protection? The development of such law requires decades upon decades, and then it may be lightly thrown aside as a "scrap of paper." It is fairly easy to obtain state and national legislation, because the composing units of civil government are organized; but the nations of the earth are not organized, and any proposition that is aimed at particular nations is opposed at the outset. An international reduction in armaments affects all the leading nations alike, and none can take offense, but any attempt to limit the agricultural products of a few nations will meet with the keenest opposition. Thus, the present movement to limit the world's supply of opium and cocaine only precipitates a new subject for disagreement.

Can the addict be persuaded to leave off his loathsome habit, and thereby destroy the market for narcotic drugs in this country? Very few addicts are ever cured, and those who take medical treatment nearly always revert. It is too late after the disease of addiction has been contracted. Therefore, the only hope of cure is through prevention.

Final solution of the narcotic-addiction problem is the education of all children of all nations as to the evil effects of opium, morphine, cocaine and heroin on the human system. When these children control the world, the dope problem will have been solved, and not before. Those living in drug-producing countries will not want to poison those living in other countries, and those living in drugless nations will have no use for narcotic poisons produced elsewhere. Narcotics are comparatively new factors in our civilization, and the race has not yet learned to fear them. When a child knows thoroughly the terrible effects of harmful things, he recoils from them with the instinct of self-preservation.

We need to preach the gospel of narcotic abstinence from the pulpit, to flash it on the screen, to enact it on the stage, to proclaim it from the public platform, to depict it in the press, and, above all, to teach it in our schools. All constructive social agencies will help in fighting this peril—in setting up in the minds of all the same abhorrence that is felt for a venomous snake—but the school is the only place where immunity will be developed in the very fiber of the people. It is the only institution that reaches every child in the United States, and it is the only place where the child lives for five hours each day, for five days each week and for thirty-two weeks each year. The warp and woof of human life is made in the schools; ideals are born there.

### *Education the One Solution*

The constantly increasing number of drug addicts in all parts of the world is threatening civilization. No nation can hope to escape the scourge. The peril is spreading swiftly everywhere, fastest of all in America. We believe this American civilization to be of the highest type, yet the United States is the most dope-ridden nation of all. Our per capita consumption of narcotic drugs is greater than that of China, and we think of China as hopelessly within the clutch of narcotics.

The deepest motives of fear and abhorrence are aroused by a knowledge of the truth concerning narcotic addiction. The deep instincts of self-preservation, of race pride, of true patriotism, are awakened in any mind free of the addiction taint when the peril is seen in its true light. Knowledge of the truth of narcotic addiction is fundamental to the unimpeded progress of America, of the race itself. Our civilization must endure, must not be set back by this or any other evil thing.

For the safety of the home, the state, the race, the truth about narcotics must become known.

There should be no slackening of effort to enact wise laws relating to habit-forming drugs, nor a lessening of energy in the effort to enforce them. Neither should any means be disregarded that offers or promises to redeem the addict and restore him to his place as a useful member of society.

But the one sure way to attack this problem is by prevention through education. Our crop of heroin heroes can be diminished immediately by proper instruction and discussion in our schools and homes.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

# The Roll Call of True Blue Performance

GET in behind the wheel of a True Blue Oakland, all you people who are weary of ordinary cars. Put True Blue energy in motion. Take it first into traffic where you can call the roll of the performance features you need for city driving. Then point its nose for the open road, where the True Blue car can hit its stride and get its teeth into miles.

You will find that this car has lifted every item of medium-weight, six-cylinder performance to a new and higher level.

The roll-call of True Blue performance will tell you of flawless precision, design and workmanship only equalled in the world's finest cars. It will show you a car as reliable as Naval Observatory time—one that will keep an appointment downtown or across the continent. It will give you a binding promise of thousands and thousands of powerful, comfortable, trouble-free miles.

Check over the Oakland features—they're listed here. Then go to the Oakland dealer—ask to road-test this True Blue car. As sure as you do, your name will some day appear on the roll of Oakland owners.

*Roadster* *Special Roadster* *Landau Coupe* *Coupe for Four* *Touring* *Special Touring* *Landau Sedan* *Sedan*

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

*Coupe-for-Four Features*

Advanced design L-head engine
4-wheel brakes
Fisher Body
Duco body finish
Centralized controls
Disc steel wheels
Full balloon tires
New Fisher one-piece ventilating Windshield
Automatic windshield cleaner

*Coupe-for-Four Features*

Rear view mirror
Permanent visor
Transmission lock
Snubbers on front springs
Genuine mohair upholstery
Heater and dome light
Automatic spark control
Unit instrument panel indirectly lighted
Precision manufacture unequalled in its class.

A · YEAR · IN · ADVANCE · OF · ITS · FIELD

Oakland

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

# GOLDEN CALVES

(Continued from Page 34)

Norah arranged the folds of her green robe more dramatically and considered Joseph George Stukely Fancher, 2d, in his red cradle adorned with gold rabbits and butterflies. Her irrelevant mind floated from one thing to another, as usual, and she remarked, "I think he's grown again this week. Ucky wigglums. See if he's eating his thumb, Stuke."

"I wouldn't touch him for worlds," said Stukely. "I hope dad brings up this brute to look at him. It would serve you right! Every kid in the county's been in this morning to ask what Joe's doing to the water tank. It looks like a candy box. If you don't give up paintin' this place we'll be a rival to the movies. We ought to charge admission!"

"You always look rather lovely when you scowl," Norah mentioned, jabbing her brilliant combs into the blackness of her hair at a new angle. "Well, thank heaven, mother isn't here, and dad's too blind to sign his name to a check. Mrs. Raymore won't be able to borrow a cent. I've decided to paint the pantry over when I'm well enough. Cream and ——"

"If you do I'll kill you! This house isn't a palette, you know! What d'you mean about Mrs. Raymore gettin' money from dad? What charity's she mixed up in? I didn't know she ever did anything useful like that."

Mrs. Fancher dropped her head back on the board crawling with designs of ribbon and fruit behind her pillows, and considered Stukely with sorrow or contempt, saying, "Stuke, you're nineteen and awf'ly intelligent and all that, and Joe thinks you're quite all right, but you are the most consummate idiot! You heard mother and Uncle George talking about Mrs. Raymore last week when he was here! It was just after Junior put his foot in the powder box—I remember distinctly—and Joe said he looked like a marshmallow. Mrs. Raymore's stony broke. All the milliners and dressmakers and furniture people in New York are suing her. Uncle George's lawyer has three cases against her. She's sold her place at Southampton to those other bounders who used to be Kaltenschmidts before the war. Weren't their boys at Andover with you? They call 'emselves Colton now. Stuke, d'you think Joe would like Florence? He's so cynical about Paris. I don't suppose he met any really nice people there in the war. But he likes chocolate, and what was the name of that candy shop in Florence where ——"

"Get back three moves," said Stukely. "Why's Mrs. Raymore broke? You see Raymore's Red Gum all over the billboards, an' ——"

"Oh, heavens, Stuke! She sold the gum factory or company or whatever it was years ago! She's always spent money like water, you know, and she's too old for anybody to want to marry her. Raymore was her second husband, and heaven knows why he married her. I remember her a little, kissing me when she was Mrs. Smith or something. There ought to be a law protecting clergymen's children, especially in smartish parishes, like Saint Philip's. Anyhow, she's broke and —— What's that dreadful daughter's name?"

"Gloria."

Norah chuckled. "That's it. She always looks like a pincushion. Such a stupid little blight too! Poor baby! I wonder what happens to the children of impossible people when they go broke." She considered this social movement for three seconds and sketched on her inevitable drawing tablet the outline of something very fat, then aimed her pencil at the obese cupids of the frieze which had shocked Joe Fancher's grandmother on her visit of inspection, and asked, "Do you think their wings are too small? Joe says ——" Then her eyes widened in the first shiver of alarm and she said, "Heaven help us! Dad's bringing her up!"

It was too late to close the door. Stukely lifted both hands to his temples and banged them. Voices mingled direfully in the upper hall and an advancing stench of perfumed tobacco almost boomed.

Mrs. Raymore barked, "And the squirrels! Glory, do look at the squirrels Mrs. Fancher's painted on the doors! How frightfully clever!" The spark of the cigarette was agitated as she waved an amber tube in the shadow of the narrow hallway, and then glowed as she inhaled an astonishing quantity of smoke that oozed again from her geranium lips as she swaggered in.

Oh, why had his smiling father been rector of a fashionable church? And how could Norah beam, even so falsely, at this brute? Women were fearful. His sister beamed at the creature and kissed the stolid Gloria, as round as ever, though a little taller than when last seen. The Reverend Gavin Kent smiled. A convention of pleasure kept everybody grinning. Nobody fainted when Mrs. Raymore bawled, "Your father wasn't sure you'd be awake! What a darling room! And that's the baby! There's the baby in the cradle, Gloria! Isn't that too clever!"

She stood at the foot of Norah's white bed and shed flashes on the walls from golden spikes of the hat that hid none of her faces's arranged colors. She was an explosion of gold, of purple fabric and smoke, and her voice exploded in a progression of words that were small yells. "You look simply too rural, Stukely! And you and Norah's marine manage the farm? Isn't that too useful! Glory, don't poke the baby! It might wake up. Fancy finding you all here! I'd quite forgotten your place was up this way. Thought it was somewhere on Long Island!" She ruined her cigarette on the knob of the bed nearest to her shimmering self, dragged another from a bag of extraordinary lacework and lighted it briskly as Stukely brought a match close to her flat handsome visage, which never altered. "And you painted the whole house yourselves? Too cunning! I'm so frightfully useless, you know! I had the dreadfulest time at Miami because my maid left me, and I'm quite helpless without servants! Oh, quite!"

Norah said, "Really?" and Stukely forgot that his sister was a frivolous inconsequent woman who hardly deserved Joe Fancher, or even a baby. Facing this unbelievable fool she had said the one thing possible to say. He respected her immensely and turned to look at the terrible Gloria, who had doubled her bulk in white frills over the red cradle and was dangling a golden purse before the complete boredom of Joseph George Stukely Fancher, 2d, who kept on trying to put his fist in his left ear and did not pause to glance at this fat girl whose broad hat shadowed his nest.

"Mrs. Raymore's in that cottage up the road, Norah," said Doctor Kent.

"And it's too ghastly," the ruined lady brayed. "We've just been dusting it. I've sold my place at Southampton, y'know? Too expensive to go on with. Fancy you being up here! And we're quite neighbors!"

Gloria shifted her circular head on her creasing neck and told her mother, "Mother, there's a cradle just like this down at Aunt Minnie's!" but Mrs. Raymore had swept off to look at a water color of Joe Fancher in his red-and-blue uniform beside the dresser. The girl returned her hazel stare to the baby or the cradle, and a band of platinum on her left hand bobbed its great diamond as the thick fingers touched Junior's feet. Some maniac was going to marry her!

"Too clever," said Mrs. Raymore, blinking at the portrait. "And he's a connection, isn't he? How amusing! Glory, didn't your Aunt Minnie say she'd known Norah's husband when he lived in Georgia?"

Gloria nodded and said, "Yes. Aunt Minnie said he buried a cat in her garden once."

"All clergymen's sons leave a reputation behind them," the Reverend Gavin Kent intoned. "Joe's father had a church in Athens for some years. I'd forgotten that Mr. Raymore was from Georgia."

Gloria gazed with a reverential and genuine smile at the yellow spectacles and said, "We stayed with Aunt Minnie a week coming up from Miami. I like Athens. It's nice. Aunt Minnie has a very big garden and two cows and a calf."

"Perhaps," the old man said, "you'd like to see our calf?"

"Oh, have you a calf? Yes," Gloria nearly exclaimed, "I would like to!"

Norah drawled with sweetness and a vile light in her eyes, "Stuke, do take Gloria and introduce her to Wamba. I'm sure she'll appreciate him."

The purple woman brayed, "Don't stay too long, Glory! We've got to meet the four o'clock train. You weren't in Florida this winter, Mrs. Fancher?"

"We can't afford it," said Norah tenderly. "We have to run this farm, y'know, and Florida costs so much. How on earth did you ever hear of Gossetville?"

"Oh, we're just guests for the week-end! A chap asked me to come up and open this cottage for him. My maid's dusting it now. We were looking for some milk and eggs, and so on. Very nice and quiet," said Mrs. Raymore, her lacquered nails fooling with a golden bow on her daughter's shoulder, "and economical, I dare say. And how clever of you to make the house so charming," she gushed, a little nervously, her colorless eyes flickering between Norah and the window's pallid curtains. "Quite frightfully smart! Run along with Stukely, Gloria. And don't stay too long with the calf."

Stukely slouched after his charge down the green stairs into the pleasant living hall of the old house. At least the woman and her thick brat wouldn't be here all summer! He viewed Gloria's society more comfortably. He could stand her for ten minutes. The absurd dim girl never talked when she came lumbering with her mother to tea in the rectory of Saint Philip's, on Madison Avenue, and now she said nothing as Stukely guided her along one side of the house and past the water tower. He looked up at Joe Fancher, wailing All Gawd's Chillun Got Wings as he clung to the truncated cone of the tank, forty feet from the ground, and Joe brutally grinned from safety, waving a paintbrush and changed his song.

*"Don't you wish you was me, child? Don't you wish you was me?*
*I'm as safe from trouble as a ramblin' honey bee!"*

Stukely halted without compassion and called, "Oh, Joe! Come down! Miss Raymore wants to talk to you about her aunt in Athens—Gawgia!"

"I'll be down directly, ace," said Joe, and came swinging hand under hand down the spikes of the red corner stanchion, to stand smiling at Gloria with the most perfect air of real delight in seeing Miss Minnie Raymore's niece. His voice became a hot jelly of vowels, and he beamed at Gloria as though she were lovely or edible. "Uh-huh! I knew Miss Minnie kinda extremely well. You'd be her brother George's girl? His picture was right over the sorta gilt-edge desk in the sittin' room. I remember it very good because she once lammed me in the snoot for lookin' to see what the licker was in that green glass bottle in the desk. My grandmamma and Miss Minnie always agreed I'd be hung early."

"It's ipecac in that bottle," said Gloria circumstantially; "and you buried a cat in the garden. She told me."

"Indeed I did, sister! It was old Mrs. Byrd's cat, Henry, that Walter Byrd an' I kinda did violence to by droppin' him offa the Byrd stable. Where you carryin' her, Stuke?"

Gloria cried, "We're going to see the calf!" and Stukely warmed slightly to her. She had an interest in something, anyhow. She liked calves and her face was stirred into a rapt flush as Wamba came plunging the length of his tether to nose her golden purse and sniff at a flower of gold delicately embroidered on her frock's floating volume. Wamba saw an audience of merit in this heavy creature and at once rolled over to show his white belly and then gave his imitation of a fire engine in full flight. Gloria gazed at him careering on the grass flecked with dandelions, and said, "Oh, he's nice!"

"He's a very good calf," Joe agreed, "an' more intelligent than most. His daddy's a red bull down yonder in the field by the branch, an' this Wamba takes after him much more than after his mamma, the name of which is Witless—and a very good name for her. Wamba can do everything but read and blush. Jasper Whibble, out in Eutropius, Missouri, when I was young, had a bull that could blush when folks swore in front of him—Jasper said—but I never believed it all of the way, kinda, because Jasper also knew a copperhead snake that brought pennies to Sunday church when it'd bit anybody that week."

Having heard this, Gloria swung her purse and said, "I wouldn't believe that either. It doesn't sound true," with great earnestness, admiring Wamba.

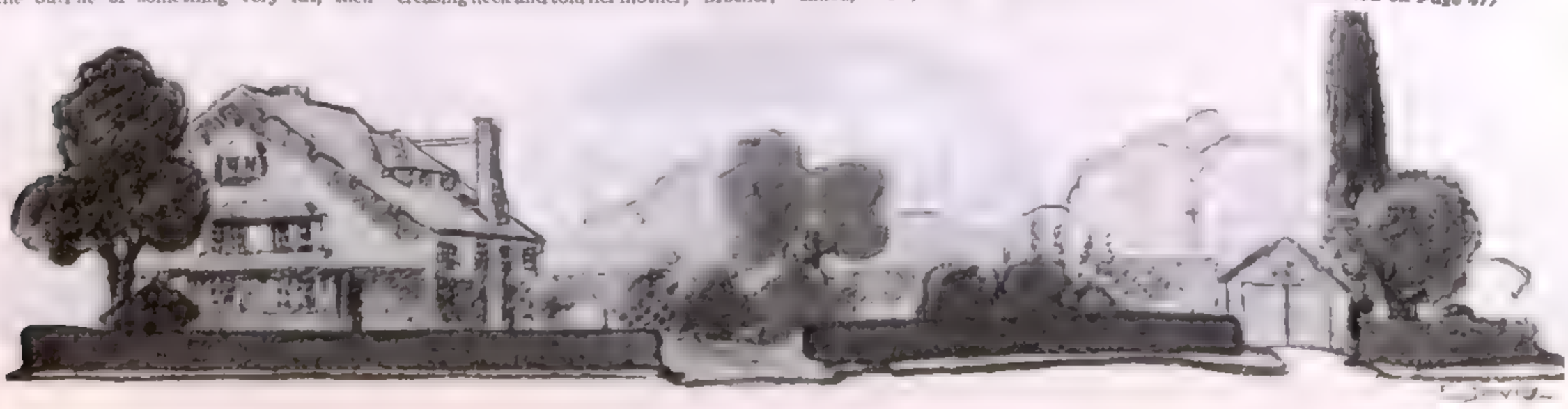
Joe Fancher looked across her hat at Stukely and let his eyes turn sapphire. He suggested by a rotary motion of one bleached eyebrow on his brown forehead that this was incredible, and sat down on the turf to beam at Gloria from that view. The girl had lapsed into some wooden happiness and simply looked at the capering Wamba with her hands limp by her sides and her mouth a little open. The diamond simmered in a dash of sun on its band of watery platinum, and her gold adornments twinkled everywhere.

After a while she turned her limpid gaze to Stukely and said, "I wish Doctor Kent hadn't gone away from Saint Philip's. Doctor Bridge isn't as nice. I think Doctor Kent was a very nice rector. I wish he hadn't gone away."

"But father had been rector for twenty-five years, Gloria."

"Yes. But I could understand his sermons. I think," the girl said, "he must be very nice. I think he must be very good."

(Continued on Page 47)



*It is well, even for the average person, to include plenty of bulky food in the diet to prevent intestinal sluggishness*

say Fisher and Fisk of the Life Extension Institute

# Health is your family's greatest treasure— Do you guard it well?

PLAIN, unadulterated carelessness, physicians all agree, is responsible for fully three-fourths of all human illness.

Why not use an "Ounce of Prevention"?

Most of us eat too much and exercise too little. The result is sluggishness and faulty elimination.

Surely as the slow poison of the Borgias, accumulated digestive waste undermines the physique, breaks down resistance and opens wide the door for sickness and disease.

### Betty's Cold and Father's Blues

When Betty brings a cold home from school, when father develops his bi-monthly fit of blues, somebody has been careless.

Once those symptoms were the signal for castor oil or the box of pills. But an "Ounce of Prevention" is much better.

### Post's Bran Flakes for Everybody Every day

Headaches, colds and general lowered resistance which pave the way for all kinds of sickness are the common results of faulty elimination.

And how much better than cure-alls and drugs is *prevention* in the form of a delicious food.

The intestines need bulk if they are to function properly and Post's Bran Flakes provide that bulk together with other important elements the body craves.

Crisp flakes of bran (with other nutritious parts of wheat) Post's Bran Flakes contain phosphorus and iron for body building, proteins and carbohydrates (high food value in digestible form), the dietary essential, Vitamin B, and *phytin,* nature's own harmless laxative.

See to it that every member of your family gets Post's Bran Flakes in some form every day, just as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Serve these flakes often as a cereal with milk or cream —they are really delicious. Bake golden brown Post's Bran Muffins. Add Post's Bran Flakes to the children's cooked cereal and breakfast fruits. Bran cookies and bran bread are also good.

Snip the coupon now and send for an "Ounce of Prevention." We will mail you free a hotel size package of Post's Bran Flakes and a recipe book which shows you many tempting ways to serve bran.

Remember this simple formula: *An ounce of Post's Bran Flakes for every member of the family every day, just as an "Ounce of Prevention," to keep every body well.*

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Please send me your "Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and your booklet showing many different ways to serve bran.

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Now You'll like Bran

*Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan—Makers of Post Health Products—Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes*

Cross section showing high profile, tread, sidewalls and hollow center of the new Goodyear Demountable Pneumatic Cushion.

*Untouched Photograph of the new Goodyear Pneumatic Cushion Truck Tire in actual service*

# *Trouble-free!*

## The New Goodyear Pneumatic Cushion

***Demountable type*—30 x 3½**

Perhaps more than a million owners and drivers of light commercial vehicles have been waiting and wishing for just this tire.

What they have all along wanted for the swift-moving, punctual service that daily delivers innumerable packages for bakeries, laundries and shops of all kinds, is a tire that they could be sure would perform with never a slack or a failure.

One that has maximum cushion. One that lasts thousands of miles. One that, above all, guarantees freedom from trouble.

Trouble-proof as a solid, and chock-full of lasting resilience, is this new Goodyear Pneumatic Cushion.

*It cannot be punctured.* It can give no troubles that cause delay.

*Easy to apply.* A demountable cushion tire to replace 30 x 3½ pneumatics.

*High profile* and well-rounded tread promote ease of handling and easy steering.

*Very light in weight;* a little giant for strength.

*Built on a solid steel base.*

Has all the cushioning quality of the famous Goodyear arch construction, Goodyear-patented hollow center, deep-cut All-Weather Tread, and specially shock-absorbent rubber stock.

Has the tractive, gripping, hold-fast All-Weather Tread.

And a great mileage giver through and through. Made of a special new Goodyear rubber compound that is extra resistive to abrasion, curb wear and rut wear. Assures thousands of miles at low tire cost per mile.

Call on your Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station immediately and see whether you can use the new Goodyear Pneumatic Cushion Demountable Type in your delivery service. If you can, you've found the tire you want.

***Ask your Goodyear Truck Tire Dealer for interesting booklet—free***

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 44)

Stukely had nothing to say, and Joe Fancher, on the grass, pulled a dandelion from its stem very slowly. It was as though a tree shook out words gravely, not wanting any answer to its music. Her gaze went back to the red calf and she stood again in pleasure with her silly frock tremulous in the warm air and her diamond sparkling. Joe's eyes caught the stone's glitter and he let his head fall sideways to see the ring.

"Who you goin' to get married with, sister?"

"It's not announced yet," said Gloria. And then without stirring she began to weep.

She wept with no noise. Tears appeared and descended her face, to roll and be lost as they spread on her frills. She shed these drops and did not lift a hand that held her handkerchief. She merely wept. The calf came to stand before her with his tail flapping and his white forehead racked by a sympathetic frown. Stukely stepped back and then forward, and Joe Fancher showed his bright teeth in a gape of awe. In this second Stukely felt equal to Norah's husband for the first time in a year. Joe had been six years in the marines and had killed people and wore denim trousers and jackets recklessly next to his white hide, but he was frustrate and speechless before this prodigy of woe. She wept, and that was all.

"Goodness gracious, kid," said Joe; "make her stop!"

"How can I? You're married," Stukely snapped; "you try!"

Joe rose from the grass, buttoned his blue jacket to his brown throat and said, "Aw, hey! Who hit you? Stop that, kid! Quit it! Ain't nobody gonna hurt you! Lay offa that!" And at once Gloria stopped weeping and wiped her eyes. Wamba lay on his back and raised his feet in the air. Stukely rubbed sweat from his jaw and revered Joe. It must be wonderful to be twenty-three and a father, and to comprehend women so well. The miraculous young man now looked sternly at Gloria and asked, "How old you, girl?"

"S-sixteen in April."

"Uh-huh! An' who's this guy you're engaged to?"

"It's not announced yet. Only," said Gloria, "I don't want to marry him. I want to talk to Doctor Kent about it."

"I wouldn't talk to nobody," Joe Fancher drawled. "You ain't old enough to know what you think you know, sister. I was sixteen, once. You give this guy his di'mond straight back the next time you see him. I dunno what your mamma means by lettin' you think you're engaged to any fella! Does Miss Minnie Raymore know this egg? She don't? What you mean by tyin' onto this serpent without Miss Minnie seein' him? She's like to cut you outa the fam'ly Bible! You're a Raymore," said Joe in the tone of one shocked beyond reason, "and this is scand'lous! Why did you let this cheese hang a ring on you if you don't like him?"

"He didn't hang it on me. He sent it back to Miami after he left. And mother says I'm engaged to him! And I want to talk to Doctor Kent about it!"

She wept once more. Stukely looked off at the shallow, slumberous valley with the creek curling westward past a small pasture that held the dignity of Erasmus, Wamba's father, examining his salt box, which Norah had painted orange yesterday. In their larger territory the five cows all were pointed east save Witless, the mother of Wamba, who was perversely aiming her horns north. The pigs were running slow races in their spread of mud on the slope below the barns, and Ermyntrude, the cat, sat on the tiles of the little garage, alone in thought. Nature was behaving too naturally around the shape of Gloria Raymore. Nothing mattered. She was a pillar of distress draped in chiffon and gold flowers.

"This buffalo pays you attentions, sorta kinda, at Miami, and sends you back this ring when he leaves, and your mamma now says you're engaged to him?"

"He—didn't pay me attentions. I used to talk to him in swimming. He swims very well. So do I," said Gloria, blowing her nose, "and we used to talk. And I think this ring's vulgar, and so did Aunt Minnie when we stopped to see her, coming home, and now mother says I'm engaged to Mr. Kelly and he's coming on the train at four o'clock and we had lunch with him yesterday and this is his cottage we're in and we came up to stay all Sunday. And I want to go down and stay with Aunt Minnie at Athens." The precise monotony of her speech was cut by a real sob, at last, and Wamba civilly turned his back on the explosion.

"Kid, your mamma says you're engaged to Glue—to Gus Kelly, the fighter?"

"It's not announced yet," said Gloria.

Stukely sat down on the grass and began to make a cigarette. It was something to do. She had perched for years on the edge of a pew in Saint Philip's Church looking at his father attentively. She was going to marry Gluepants Kelly. He had the strongest back in his profession, and once, when Joe Fancher was a marine and that war had been going on in France, he had thrown five men over a stone wall in a fit of annoyance induced by brandy. He had a passion for jelly cake and wept when any of his friends died untimely by being shot. His nose was broken. She was engaged to him. Why not? Stukely fitted the paper of his cigarette together and licked it. Wamba commenced kicking the pail with one hoof and achieved a perfect rhythm after a moment. Joe Fancher's eyes had turned green instead of sapphire.

Gloria opened her golden purse and primly rubbed some powder on her chin. A superb dislocation of the brain kept Stukely comfortable on the hot turf. He wondered casually whether prize fighters were married in black tights and boxing gloves. There had been pictures in the Sunday supplements of Gus Kelly on the beach at Miami surrounded by ladies of fashion smiling at his muscles. Joe had pasted one of these views in a scrapbook. Why shouldn't a prize fighter marry Gloria Raymore? Her mother had lost all the chewing gum and no doubt Gluepants Kelly, whose father drove trucks in Brooklyn, was enchanted by such an arrangement. They paid him two thousand dollars a week to punch a punching bag on stages in vaudeville circuits. If he wasn't so slow on his feet he might be champion of the world. Would he be married in Saint Philip's church? Why not?

A purple streak came bellowing, "And so that's the calf! How clever! And is this Norah's marine?"

"Uh-huh," said Joe Fancher; "I'm Norah's bad bargain. She hadda go and sell bum coffee an' cig'rettes all dressed up like a Turkess at this charity prize fight, an' look what she did for herself! It comes of gettin' democratic. My grandmamma was very upset for fear I'd married indiscreet. She's a Rhode Island Stukely, and an awful snob. The only person I ever saw take the wind outa her sails was Miss Minnie Raymore, down at Athens. Miss Minnie wouldn't allow grandmamma and daddy to breathe her air, even if she did go to daddy's church, until it turned out that a Stukely put his name on a Raymore's poker note back in the Continental Congress. This is the calf. Wamba, roll over some an' show the lady how pretty a stummick you've got."

He snapped his fingers at Wamba, who abandoned the pail and came mincing to be admired by Mrs. Raymore, whose eyes lingered for a breath on Joe's blue rags and smooth hair bleached by June to the tint of cream.

She said, "Too clever!" as the calf languished before her purple skirt and offered his stomach for adoration. Behind the gilded hat Doctor Kent smiled gently.

"We're very proud of Wamba, Mrs. Raymore. It seems he's to be a prize bull. He's our golden calf. We pay him tribute. What is it, Joe? Milk and bran?"

"Uh-huh. He's a very intelligent calf, ma'am. I've known guys that can vote and ain't any brighter. I useda be in the same company with this Glue Kelly, the heavyweight fighter, now, an' alongside Glue our Wamba here is King David's boy Solomon. Glue's so dumb in his dome that I useda have to coach him which was his right foot down at Quantico when we were recruits. I was in his dressin' room last Wednesday night after his fight. It's a good thing he can have himself a valet to tie his ties or they'd be all around his ears mostly. He's a good guy, but kinda rough an' very simple. His daddy has a truckin' business now in Brooklyn, an' his sister Veronica's gonna marry Porky Olsen when he gets discharged outa the marines next month. Glue's sorta worried about it."

Doctor Kent asked, "Why is he, Joe? It's so convenient, Mrs. Raymore, to have inside information about the higher athletic world. I feel a proprietary interest in Gluepants Kelly. Doesn't he approve of his sister's choice, Joe?"

"Yes an' no, reverend. You see, Glue's wife is awful respectable and extremely refined. Her father's a big funeral director in Brooklyn. Her folks won't even let her be known as Mrs. Kelly. She lives out on Long Island very dignified with a lotta collie dawgs and calls herself Mrs. McCall. That's her family name. Glue's very upset for fear she'll look down on Porky's table manners. They're sorta underdone."

A snake bit Stukely's left thumb. He looked at it, sure of this, and saw that his cigarette was blistering the flesh. If he dropped the cigarette suddenly it might make a noise and spoil this scene. He let the charring tobacco fall slowly into the grass and watched Gloria's mouth open a little—and then a little more. The pause became a frosted wind that shook the gilded spikes of Mrs. Raymore's hat and chilled his neck. The painted woman had now a furious dignity and charm. She might spring at any minute. She might strike Joe Fancher's affable grin with her white gloved hands.

"Gracious, Joe," said Doctor Kent, "I didn't know that Kelly was married! You've been concealing this romance."

"So I have, reverend. Very few know it. I wouldn't say nothin' about it either right now except that ——"

Gloria said, happily, "Mother, now I don't have to marry Mr. Kelly! It wouldn't be right. You can give him this ring back when he gets off the train!"

Stukely turned and ran. He jumped the outlying flank of the woodpile and charged across squashing cabbages of the garden to the rim of the pigsty. Herod and Zenobia and their children came squealing up to look at him with hopeful snouts lifted. His impulse was to swear or howl, but he checked its torrential force and walked off from the pigs with composure, sucking his blistered thumb. In the barnyard he sat down at length on a jade bench beside the stable door and stared witlessly at scarlet owls painted by his sister on the high panels of the hayloft. He should fork down some fresh hay for the cows pretty soon, and Medusa, the mare, was kicking her stall inside the stable. She must want oats. He should go back and see what was happening in the orchard. He should go and tell Norah the news. The wheelbarrow needed oiling. Nothing was connected in his stupor. Joe had rescued the fated Gloria from Gluepants Kelly—or had he been rescuing the prize fighter from Mrs. Raymore? Something had been saved from something, and quite probably Mrs. Raymore would explode. Bits of purple cloth would be hanging on trees when he went to bring Wamba back to the barn for the night. He felt very thin and brittle, waiting for the noise of the combustion. A slow thudding commenced that might be the prelude of an uproar, and a deep voice said, "Hey, fella," without rousing Stukely until a shadow advanced on the clay before him and his eyes were dragged upward along a tower of smooth gray flannel to the frantic scarlet of a tie that wallowed on a shirt of blue silk.

"Hey, fella," the tower said mournfully, "is this Father Kent's place?"

Stukely said, "No, it isn't!" This mammoth flinched from the denial and blushed piteously so that his bright red eyebrows were submerged and dimmed in the flood. He lifted a foot in smart brown leather and set it back on the clay carefully. It was wrong to be precise with such an oaf, and Stukely repented, saying, "If you mean Dr. Gavin Kent, yes, this is his place."

"That's what I meant, kid," said the oaf. He now shoved a wonderful hat of limp straw backward on coarse red curls and dragged from a waistcoat a roll of bills. After thought and silent calculation he undid a five-dollar bill from the roll, sighed his relief at its willingness and said, "Hey, kid, you work here?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a guy name of Joe Fancher that lives here. He's married with this F— Doctor Kent's daughter. They gotta kid. Here's a five. You go an' get Joe an' say there's a friend of his wants to see him bad down here. That's what you say, see?"

He spoke, waving the bill in long terrific fingers, and sweated immensely from every inch of his pale and empty face, although he was not fat. Under the gray flannel of his trousers monstrous muscles fluctuated and the thin cloth seemed somehow part of his legs. It seemed glued to his legs. Certainly! Stukely considered him with respect and dread. It wouldn't do to alarm him, because he cried easily; and it wouldn't do to annoy him, because Whirlwind Ike Shapiro's nose was still under treatment and might never recover from its experience of Wednesday last. Yet here he was, dolorous as a hungry bull and rocking from foot to foot while he looked at the barnyard's vacancy and was vacant in its peace.

"Joe's busy, just now. He's talking to some people. I'm his brother-in-law."

That was a mistake. The tower recoiled and raised an elbow forward instantly. Gustavus Aloysius Kelly peered over his guard at Stukely for a time and then said, "Yeh? You're the kid Joe says knows pretty near everythin', huh? Your name," he mentioned with a plain satisfaction, "is Stanley."

"Stukely," said Stukely.

"Oh—yeh. Stuke. I was thinkin' it was Stan. There's a lotta guys named Stan. My name's Kelly. You've mebbe heard Joe speak of me. We was in the same comp'ny."

"You're rather bigger than you look in your photographs," Stukely said.

"Yeh. I dunno how but I always look sorta skinny, stripped. Although I ain't," Gluepants Kelly assured him. "When we was recroots down at Quantico, Joe weighed more'n I did. I dunno why. I ——"

His conjecture halted. The moist chestnut eyes had caught something beyond the white fence, and Stukely rose to stare. Mrs. Raymore wasn't in sight, or Gloria. The house lay harmless among its trees, although Junior had begun his petulant row again and Norah's green robe fluttered at a window of the second floor.

"That's—that's Mrs. Raymore's car," said Kelly. "Yeh! It's the one she had at Miami! An' I dunno how a lady that says she's gotta have ten thousand bucks right off has got any such car as that!" He gulped with an astonishing heave of his shoulders and his chin sank closer to his chest, as if he might plunge at circumstance forthwith. There were no horns budding in the red hair, although Stukely looked for them, and then looked at the venerable fence keeping this bull from a clean run up the yard. Would he hurt the yellow car if he jumped at it?

"Y-you didn't come on the four o'clock train?"

The bull grumbled, "Naw! Hired a car an' came up. Hey, kid, I—I gotta speak to Joe! Honest, I gotta! I tried to phone him yest'day mornin', but I couldn't get him. You was all out, the girl said."

"We went down to get the baby's picture taken. Yes," said Stukely soothingly, for it was now uncertain in his mind whether this was the red bull Erasmus or Wamba getting ready to deplore something in loud wails. The moist eyes were those of Wamba, surely, and how was it that his friends consoled this giant? Oh, yes! They fed him jelly cake. There was none handy and Gustavus Aloysius Kelly was now swinging his right fist slowly in a solemn rhythm against the golden case in his perfect waistcoat. Stukely coughed and asked, "You haven't a cigarette?"

"Yeh, sure."

He let the case, adorned with initials of tiny diamonds, flash open in his fingers, and Stukely plucked out a very cheap cigarette from one side of the machine. In the other was pasted a photograph of a baby whose hair curled.

"That Joe's boy yellin'?"

"Yes. He'd stopped for a while, but he's going on again."

The fighter said, "They do," and smirked at the photograph before he shut the case. His eyes abruptly discharged two tears and he mourned, "I gotta see Joe, fella!"

"I'll see if I can catch him. I ought to warn you that Mrs. Raymore's out back of the house with ——"

"Oh," the boxer wailed deeply, his shoulders heaving, "I gotta see Joe before I see that dame! Go an' find him, kid! I'm all in."

He sat down on the green bench and broke into a thunderous dull sobbing that went to and fro in this alley between the barns as a tide, water drumming the wood. Stukely walked backward from the phenomenon and banged his elbow on the fence, tumbled through the gate and trotted distractedly on grass. Here was some brute obscurely hunted down, and bawling in its trouble for a kind keeper. It was too bad and most indecent, and Stukely was glad that the cows were not there to see. He rounded the house and found just Gloria in attendance on Wamba's third exposition of his beautiful white stomach, with her

# Watch This Column

*"Double, double, toil and trouble.*
*Fire burn and cauldron bubble."*
SHAKESPEARE.

ONE OF THE TENSE MOMENTS IN "THE TURMOIL"

Any motion-picture director who is given a Booth Tarkington story to produce is tickled pink, because he knows it will contain all the elements of good clean entertainment. So it is with the Universal Jewel, ***"The Turmoil,"*** produced by Hobart Henley and cast with such capable artists as GEORGE HACKATHORNE, EILEEN PERCY, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, PAULINE GARON, EMMET CORRIGAN and others. Please be sure to see it.

Watch the theatres and newspapers in your town for ***"Wine,"*** another Universal Jewel and a great story of bootlegging in high society, written by William McHarg and published in Hearst's International magazine. I am sure it will impress you and do a world of good. The fine cast includes CLARA BOW, ROBERT AGNEW, FORREST STANLEY, HUNTLEY GORDON, MYRTLE STEDMAN and WALTER LONG.

***"Merry Go Round"*** is going the rounds of the universe. The whole world appears to be delighted with it. If you haven't seen it, you simply ***must.*** Remind your favorite theatre to show it.

Critics in France and England join the Americans in proclaiming ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** one of the greatest pictures ever made. And they enthuse over LON CHANEY in the most extravagant phraseology. Have you seen it? Has it been to your town?

Have you seen ***"The Signal Tower"?*** It's a beautiful drama—a railroad romance, a love story. There is a great railroad wreck in it—a fine hero—a wonderful heroine. I want your opinion. And don't overlook the Champion JACK DEMPSEY ***"Fight and Win"*** series. They are very popular.

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

*To be continued next week*

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ringless finger in her mouth and her eyes beatitudes. Stukely produced an adequately even manner and asked, "Wh-where's the rest of them?"

"Mother," said Gloria, "is having hysterics, so they took her in the house. I think Mr. Fancher's very nice. Aunt Minnie always said he was. I don't think it was eccentric of Mrs. Fancher to marry him. His grammar's funny, but I think he's sweet." She looked at Wamba and established some comparison in her strange mind, adding, "They're both nice."

Stukely gasped "Excuse me," and ran away, sure that she would still be there when wanted. He hurried through the kitchen's continued discussion of hats and found the dining room vaguely echoing Joe's voice, tuned to one key of leisurely narrative. In the living room he saw the blue body doubled beside the red cradle of its son and the voice halted while Joe turned one page of a great book and then went on: "'—— while the city was in this state and Olympias earnestly expectin' foreign aid, the elephants pined away for want of food. And the horsemen that were foreigners almost died havin' no proportion of bread allotted to 'em. Some of the barbarians, hunger overcomin' what nature would otherwise have dreaded an' abhorred, fed upon the carcasses of the dead. The town bein'——' What do you want, ace?"

"Glue Kelly's down in the barnyard, Joe!"

Joe got up so swiftly that his son sniffed in surprise and stopped whimpering to observe from his transported cradle. Closing Diodorus the Sicilian's history, Joe ordered, "Stay in here, guy, an' don't let that damn woman get away until I've heard what Glue has to say. I don't think she's no more hysterical than you are! I bet she knew Glue was married! Carries his kid's picture in his cig'rette case and grins his head off sorta every time you say 'baby' near him. Keep her here! Go on readin' to Junior and try an' act natural. Button your shirt!"

He swung his long legs through a window and loped toward the barns. Stukely buttoned his shirt and, as was natural, got as far from the red cradle and its tenant as he could.

It pleased Junior to be calm and not even to yelp after a little when Doctor Kent's stick tapped the green stairs and the old man came down slowly into the sun and blowing scent of the wide room. His face wore trouble always as a mask of added muscles, and the lines were drawn in a projection altogether grim while he rolled a cigarette on his case of decent silver and lit it, with a sigh.

"Is she any better, daddy?"

"Stuke? I didn't see you. She's quiet, at least," said the clergyman, blinking rapidly; "and Norah's with her. I'm very much distressed. I'm very uncertain," the trained barytone rose, "as to whether it's not my duty to advise that child's aunt in Georgia—Joe can give me the address—advise her of this—this" he waved a long hand, sneezed at the sunlight and concluded—"infernal business! It is infernal! It's cheap! It's——"

"Look out, pop!"

The Reverend Gavin Kent exhaled and said, "I'm not sure that I care whether she hears me or not! I feel that this whole affair is—is distinctly dishonest. She's forced this fellow on that child! I'm sure of it; and I don't think she's hysteric. In fact," the stately man panted, "I think the whole thing's fishy! Raymore was certain a gentleman. Her first husband, I believe, was not well thought of among lawyers. I hope you don't think me cynical, my dear boy, but I've had a deal of experience, naturally among the hangers-on of our smart society and "

"It's some kind of game, dad," said Stukely.

"Exactly! She's ruined herself by extravagance and now she appears with her daughter engaged to a fashionable prize fighter, who seems to be married, into the bargain. I don't like it! She's to meet Kelly at the four o'clock train. What time is it now?"

"Half past three, sir. Kelly's down in the barnyard with Joe, dad. He—he's crying," said Stukely.

"Good Lord," the clergyman murmured, with unconscious violence. "Then I should talk to him, of course! His conduct has been——"

"Dad, I'd let Joe talk to him first. Joe understands calves—I mean prize fighters an' things, better than we do, and you'd better stay here," Stukely begged, "or you'll get sunstroke or something and——"

There came the voice of Joe Fancher yelling, "Hey—oh! Oh, rev'rend! Hi! Come on, Glue! Nobody's gonna hurt you, you big mush! Come on," he urged in the veranda, "quit lookin' at that car! Won't do you no good to kick it! Reverend, this is Glue Kelly. He's very shy an' dumb in his dome, but he's a good guy an' honester'n most."

"I don't doubt it," said the Reverend Gavin Kent. "How are you, Kelly?"

Kelly gargled faintly and ducked his hatless head in the bright doorway. Joe rattled on with sapphire eyes, "Shut up, Glue, an' let me tell your troubles. Reverend, this ape's manager took him down to Miami in March to show him off an' collect bets. Advertisement, sorta kinda, see? An' some of the sportin' ladies and gentlemen ask this thing to lunch an' he talks to this Raymore woman an' Gloria on the beach an' Gloria's so simple he can talk to her without strainin' his head. So he feels friendly—he's good-hearted an' all that—an' he comes back to New York to train an' has his manager pick him out a swell hunk of joolry to send Gloria 'cause that's his notion of how to treat a lady. Then the day after the fight he gets a note from Mrs. Raymore askin' when she's to announce his engagement. Uh-huh! Then he comes to see her an' says he's married. I bet she'd seen his kid's picture in his cig'rette case! She says that makes no difference, and she'll announce the engagement anyhow. He gives her a thousand dollars right off not to, 'cause his wife's very hot-tempered, though a nice girl, an' he's very d'mestic. Mrs. Raymore then says she'll have another ten thousand so soon as he's paid for his fight an' movin' picture an' all. He then gets one bright idea and tries to phone me, but we're all out. Then he remembers this cottage I'd spoke of and sends her up here as soon as he'd phoned and hired it. His wife's folks despise him for bein' a fighter and if this ruckus gets in the papers he's scared stiff she'll——"

"One minute, Joe. Kelly, when and where were you married?"

"January 3, 1922, Fayetteville, New Jersey, y'reverence," said the boxer. "Joe was there, an' my wife's father, an'——"

The Reverend Gavin Kent tapped his cane on the floor three times and then said quietly, "Joe, go at once to the telephone and call up the telegraph office. Tell them to wire an announcement of Kelly's marriage to every paper in New York. Quickly, please."

The boxer's face glowed suddenly and his eyes shimmered. Authority had spoken in a loud voice and Stukely saw one foot begin to wag free of the floor.

He said, "It's Ella's father, sir, that ain't been willin', and——"

His head dropped again toward the gray flannel of his chest, hiding the brilliant tie. Joe halted close to the telephone on its little stand of old mahogany. The woman in purple was on the green stairs behind Doctor Kent, and Norah's mandarin robe fluttered above the gilded hat. In the pause the clergyman swung slowly. The pause ended as Mrs. Raymore struck the hand rail with her cigarette tube and the amber gave out a tone of laughter, thin and shrill.

"I was coming to the station to meet your train, Mr. Kelly!"

She came down another step, and a civil convention swayed the men about Stukely. This was a lady entering a room. Doctor Kent made some wayward motion toward a chair as if it should be offered, and Joe's grin arrived mechanically.

The sweating boxer mumbled, "Yeh. Well. Yeh. Thanky. I came in a car," and was a dumb brute glaring at some cruel mystery of a world where people talked in chosen words and smoothly.

She could not be struck or cursed. She was a woman in good clothes, with a white glove on each hand and a smile steady on her mouth. The boy's sense of a last absurdity raised a howl in his dry throat. He swallowed it, because he must.

"I didn't realize that you had friends up here"

Kelly lowered his head and its chin clung to his chest. He answered, "Yeh. Well. I been talkin' to Joe Fancher, an' he says to not pay you, an'—the old gentleman says I better announce I'm married an' all. Ella ain't ashamed of me. It's her folks. They——"

She seemed to swell, queerly, and Stukely had a fancy of blood purple in the face behind its mask of colors. Her voice fell from its bray to a softer tone and she said, "I told you to bring me some money. If you have——"

The Reverend Gavin Kent cried, "Blackmail!"

"—— let me have it. Otherwise I can telephone the announcement from this town. And it's not blackmail, Doctor Kent. I don't think you know much about law. Kelly's marriage has never been published. I don't know that he is married. I can announce his engagement to my daughter and all he has to do is to deny it. I'm not threatening to harm him. I——"

"She ain't got any moral sense," said Joe Fancher. His eyes were green over the black cup of the telephone. "She needs so much money so bad she'll do anything. All right. Gimme the telegraph office, please. . . . Uh-huh! . . . Telegraph office? I want to send a telegram. I'm speakin' for Gus Kelly, the heavyweight. . . . Yeh, he's here. Got a sore throat, an' I'm speakin' for him. Send this to every paper in New York, fast, an' let me know what it costs. . . . 'Mr. Kelly announces his weddin' to Miss Ella McCall, daughter of the well-known Brooklyn undertaker, took place on January 3, 1922.' Sign it 'Gustavus Aloysius Kelly.' . . . That's right. . . . Every paper in New York, please." He stared at the women for a breath and his lazy speech went on, "Take another. . . . 'Miss Minnie Raymore.' . . . Uh-huh! . . . 'Athens, Gawgia. . . . Expect Gloria shortly.' . . . Right. . . . Sign that 'Joseph G. S. Fancher.' . . . Yeh, the baby's fine. . . . No, we ain't sellin' that calf. He's a good calf. We're takin' care of him like he was the gold one in the Bible. He'll be ready at the county fair. His mother's a triflin', worthless, no-good animal, but he's a very nice calf. . . . G'-by."

He set the telephone on its stand again and now nobody moved while the purple gown progressed across rugs and polished old wood and into the hot light. The braying voice rang, rousing the driver, and soon wheels spun on gravel.

The boxer wiped his face on a sleeve and said, "Thanky, Joe. You done that fine. I'm obliged. An' you'll square me with Ella, huh? Her folks'll be sore, but she won't."

"I'll square you. Only for the love of Gawd," said Joe, "don't start cryin', now you're outa trouble! Here, Norah, you take this ape out in the pantry an' see if there's some cake you can put jelly on, sorta, to keep him quiet. Huh, honey?"

"I just wanted to point out," Norah mentioned, fluttering prettily down the stairs, "that Mrs. Raymore still has Gloria's ring."

"Let her keep it!" the boxer said. "Glad to get shut of her that easy. An' I would like some cake if there's any you could gumme."

The Reverend Gavin Kent dropped into a chair and murmured, "I never imagined. Incredible! Open blackmail! Joe, we must get Gloria down to her aunt directly!"

"Goodness gracious, reverend, she'll be safe enough! Nobody's gonna touch her on the cars. But," said Joe, "if you think we better, she could have her a crate made. These dumb animals have gotta be protected."

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# PENNYWORTH HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 11)

"Hank Ritter," I explains hurriedly, "is out trying to shoot a mountain panther for his wife's dinner and I promised to help him lug the body back."

III

THROUGH the simple processes of just missing trains from town by fractions of seconds, developing a sudden yen for attending meetings of lodges that I didn't even know was still in business and running into old Sunday-school teachers just when I was about to leave for home, I manages to get by several days without seeing no more of J. Pennyworth than a three-hundred-pound blind bobo sees of his toes. I soft-shoes in after young Hollingshead's snapped into the snores and beats it out before either he or the frau has pried their lamps open. I'm hard put to killing all that time, but I don't figure no sacrifice's too great to keep away from that sure-shocked kid. One morning, though, the wife nabs me at the door just as I is breaking for the 6:15.

"You'll be home for dinner this evening," she announces.

"How do you know I will?" I growls. "You become one of them Ikes too?"

"Neither of us," says Kate, "is got any idea what you're talking about, but you'll be here by seven."

"I'd love to," I tells her, "but I got a engagement to make a address to some Boy Scouts on How to Help Policemen Across Busy Streets."

"You do like I says," comes back the shooting pain, "or you won't have no more home to come back to than ——"

"I got no home now," I cuts in. "This place ain't nothing but a experiment station for a young filbert. What's happened to that easy-chair up in my room?"

"I'm having the back straightened a coupla inches," returns the frau. "Pennyworth says the way you sits now you loses, anyways, twenty-one per cent of your reflective concentration."

"If that tangle-brain monkeys with any more of my stuff," I yelps, "he'll lose a hundred and three per cent of his one-piece existence."

"Sh-h-h!" shushes Kate. "You'll wake the poor boy up."

"What's he tired about?" I wants to know. "Working us hard?"

"Pennyworth," replies the wife, "was up until nearly midnight trying to help you."

"Help me!" I yowls. "The only way that coke-head can help me is by getting the engineer to climb outta his cab."

"Out of his cab?" puzzles the misses. "What for?"

"To pull that kid's mangled body from under the wheels," I explains.

"That's a lovely way to talk," sniffs Kate, "about a boy that's spending hours and hours trying to systematize your impulses and coordinate your tendencies. You haven't no idea how smart Pennyworth is. It's almost uncannish. You'd hardly believe it, but in less than twenty minutes he synchronized my symbolisms."

"You don't hope to tell me!" I gasps. "That's just too grand for verbs. Now I suppose I'll get the button sewed on that blue shirt of mine and you won't put so much pepper in the goulash. What is that symbolism stuff, anyways?"

"To ask questions," returns the frau, stiff, "is to show weakness."

"Yow!" I hollers, dashing for the door. "Lemme outta this before ——"

"You'll be back at seven," flings Kate.

"To refuse to answer questions," says I, "is to show strength. What do you want me to suffer for tonight, particular?" I asks. "That splinter of yourn's gonna stick here forever, ain't he?"

"I've invited a lotta the Doughmore folks around to meet Pennyworth," replies the wife, "and I want that you should be here ——"

"Count me out," I cuts in.

"I will," shoots back the spouse, "if you don't show up."

I wanders around town all day watching 'em dig foundations, pull safes up into office buildings, and such, and at 5:48 I starts on a mad rush to the station to grab the 5:40.

"The train's ten minutes late," grins the bluecoat at the gate. "You're in luck."

"You're a darn liar!" I yelps as he pushes me down the stairs. Figuring the cards is stacked agin me, and being fed up with massaging asphalt, I hops the rattler and gets to the house a little before seven.

"Welcome home," greets the wife, satiric, looking at me close. "You ain't changed hardly a-tall, Dink, and you'll find things around here pretty much like they was. Of course, mosta the old servants has died ——"

"How about some of the young guests?" I barks, but Pennyworth answers hisself by walking onto the porch dolled up in his sea food and consommé. I gotta admit the boy makes quite a flash in his doll wraps, the long hair combed back and the cheaters with the black ribbon making him look like one of them spiffy young intelligents or a dramatic critic for a soap-and-glue trade journal published in Ponca City, Oklahoma. Something about his layout seems familiar.

"Ain't them my studs you is wearing?" I asks.

"You may have bought them," returns young Hollingshead, jaunty, "but they can't possibly be yours. Mine is the pearl personality; yours calls for garnets or moonstones."

"If you knew what mine called for right now," I tells him, "you'd be setting your house in order instead of putting mine in disorder."

"Disorder!" exclaims the frau. "Never before has this place been in greater harmony with itself. Isn't that so, Pennyworth?"

"It still lacks the adjustment complete," returns the Ike, "but in a few months ——"

"—— it'll be the wreck total, I suppose," I growls.

"Go and dress," orders the misses. "You don't seem to be in tune with the twilight mood."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I admits. "Right now I'm in a midnight-at-the-old-ruined-mill mood. Is my room where I left it this morning?"

"That reminds me," says Kate. "I did have it changed."

"Changed!" I repeats. "Where does that put me—out in the tool shed or down in the anthracite with Phœbe Snow?"

"Pennyworth," she explains, "found that the shade of the wall paper in his room had a bad effect on his pure reasoning."

"Wouldn't it be awful," I sneers, "if he ever discovered that the foundation of this shack was hurting his babbling average?"

I don't have much to say at dinner, but young Hollingshead does enough talking for all of us and the folks next door, telling us about the school he graduated from at the head of the class, magnets come louder, according to his expression. From what I can make of his monologue, when you gets through the I. K. E. course at the Better Business College you knows everything and up from teaching goldfish to lay bricks to going around a eighteen-hole golf course in sixteen.

"They is certain essentials," explains Pennyworth, "that covers all they is to know about anything, and once you gets 'em, not by questions but through a exchange of ideas ——"

"I suppose," I cuts in, "that same brain blanket would cover the arts of making a bid of two diamonds in a bridge game and making a bid for the construction of a garbage plant in Blahblah, Siam."

"Sure," he answers. "After all, it ain't nothing but a matter of knowing and knowing you know."

"But how do you know that you know?" I persists.

"By not doubting it," he returns.

That finishes me. I don't say nothing more during the meal excepting to exchange a few ideas with Pennyworth about having him pass the salt and such. He keeps right on bruising the air, spieling mostly in capitals in such a way that you knew they was capitals. The kid's the only bobo I ever run into that could talk writing.

Right after dinner the gang that Kate's invited to meet the mutt begins dribbling in. They is mostly folks that I ain't got no more use for than a snake in the Sahara Desert's got for snowshoes, but Hank Ritter breezes in and takes the curse offa the crew. He's brung his daughter Betty along. The gal's about eighteen and a eye-paralyzer and I sees Pennyworth make a quick break for her.

"How's things?" inquires Hank.

"Don't be weak," I answers. "You should say 'Things are great.' Then I'd come back and say you're a lying crook. In that way you'd find out how things was without assuming that I knew more than you."

"My gosh!" exclaims Ritter. "Have you been Iked too?"

"Spiked," I tells him, "not Iked. The kid's slid into me so often I'm sore all over. How far would you go, feller, in swearing that I was in your house the night of the murder, working out cross-word puzzles or helping you do tat work?"

"Let me in on it, won't you?" begs Hank. "I'd like to be accessory before, during and after the fact."

"You might be bumping off a son-in-law," I remarks, pointing off to a corner where Betty and Pennyworth are trying to see the back of each other's head through their eyes.

"Don't worry," says Ritter. "That gal of mine's a hard-headed sister and the last person in the world to fall for that bird's line of fluff, stuff and guff. She's the kinda chick that don't believe nothing till she sees it, and then only after she's been to the oculist to find out if she's been seeing proper. The only thing that rah-rah relative of yourn'll hand her that she'll take is a heap of ha-ha's."

"Don't be so darn sure," I tells him. "With all his punk bunk, the boy's got a way with him. I never seen nobody so sure of hisself; you can't talk him outta nothing or even get a rise outta him. Insults roll offa him like bills offa bank roll in a New York cabaret. I've given him the best I got and I ain't come near getting one over the plate. Considering that ninety-nine and eleven-tenths of the folks in the world believe anything they hear if it's spilled to 'em quick and cocksure, I ain't so positive ——"

"Bet your last bean on Betty, though," cuts in Hank.

"You know Clem Traynor, don't you?" I inquires.

"He here?" comes back Ritter.

"He is," I returns. "They ain't a harder-boiled, sure-thing tight-fist than him, is they?"

"Not any," admits Hank. "What about him?"

"I heard Pennyworth talking to him before you come," says I, "and the old man was listening like the kid was a angel offering him a second mortgage on paradise."

"What was he saying?" Ritter wants to know.

"I didn't catch much of it," I returns, "not being a party-line kibitzer; but from what I did hear he was telling Clem how to handle the farm-loan business."

"That's rich!" guffaws Hank. "Telling Traynor how to do that's like telling a policeman where to get a banana or a handful of peanuts for nothing. Old One-Way Pockets was maybe listening quiet like you says, but the chances is he didn't hear a word and was thinking all the times about bringing another dime home with a squeeze play."

About this time Hattie Golightly, an aged wren that's five parts gush and three parts giggles outta possible eight points, heads our way.

"What a wonderful cousin you have!" she says to me.

"Well," I returns, modest, "he's been around me a week or so, you gotta remember."

"Just imagine," she oozes on, "a young man like him to know everything!"

"Did he tell you," inquires Ritter, "how to spear salmon in a river where they ain't no salmon, without a spear?"

"No," admits Hattie, "that didn't come up, but he told me more wonderful things than that. For instances, he just took a look at me and right away he found that I had a pink personality with orchid complications."

"Is that why," I asks, "you're wearing a green dress with er—er—what kinda complications you got on?"

"What makes you think he's right?" inquires Hank.

"I just know it," replies the Golightly distress, "because I don't doubt it. The minute Mr. Hollingshead told me, immediately the I in I became responsive." With the which she dashes off to gush in another part of the field.

"Well," I remarks to Ritter, "see how they flop for his hop?"

(Continued on Page 52

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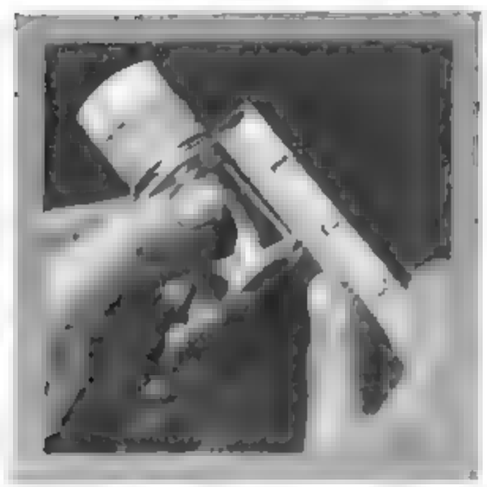

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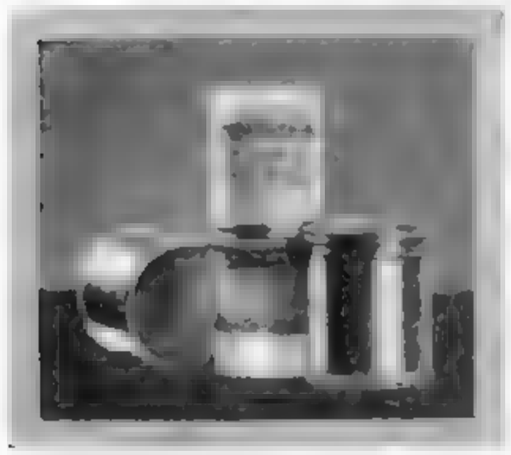

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*Continued from Page 50*

"That jane," snorts Hank, "never did have enough brains to cool soup. You notice that Betty's fed up with Pennyworth's Ike line. She's given him the air."

I look over where they was, but the gal ain't there. Hollingshead's again chewing the fat with Clem Traynor and I sees the old egg write something on a piece of paper and hand it over to the boy. Pretty soon they separates and Pennyworth comes over to where we is.

"You're going to town tomorrow," says he.

"If you don't doubt it," I returns.

"I want that you should put this in the bank for me," he goes on, and hands me over a check. It's for $2000 and is signed by Clem Traynor. I flashes it in front of Hank's eyes.

"What'd he give you that for?" Ritter wants to know. "Twenty-two hundred in cash?"

"That," explains Pennyworth, "is a retainer for my services."

"What you gonna do for him?" I asks. "Make his I in I pay board and lodgings for sticking around in him?"

"Mr. Traynor," says the Ike, "owns a factory that makes radio outfits, or perhaps it's mah-jongg sets. He's been having trouble getting the right kind of work turned out and I'm going to put it into perfect shape for him."

"Did they learn you to manufacture them things at college?" queries Ritter.

"No part," returns Pennyworth, calm, "is greater than the whole, and I know the whole."

"Come on," I yelps to Hank, "let's go and shoot a gazelle for breakfast."

"Where's Betty?" asks Ritter, looking around the room.

"I sent her home," says Hollingshead.

"You sent her home!" gasps Hank. "What'd you do? Drive her away with that drivel of yourn? I knew she had too much sense to ——"

"She'll be back," cuts in Pennyworth. "I sent her across the street to change her frock. Imagine lavender on a character motivated by mauve!"

"For the love of Mike!" bellows Ritter.

"Not Mike," I corrects, "Ike."

# THE LOVE PENNY

*(Continued from Page 23)*

red mouth, the room seemed entirely different—warmed and human. Inga was poor; her hands, large and shapely, were work-roughened; her shoes were old and shabby; but she was very lovely, he thought. A girl—a woman, rather—nobly molded, but with a singularly gentle manner. She suggested, Henry realized suddenly, the apple orchard outside; its qualities of fragrant bloom, of vitality and sturdiness, of prolific capacity.

Now she was very agitated, and declined to take off coat or hat.

"I—I am troubled, Henry," she said, and a little pulse that moved Henry surprisingly fluttered in her throat. "I—I just felt I had to speak to someone who—who would understand me, who might help me. And so I walked up over the fields this evening to you."

"I am glad you came, Inga," said Henry truly.

"You see," said Inga, "I am—in a way—connected—with old Mr. Knude's murder."

Henry looked startled.

"Oh, of course, I know nothing at all about it, Henry—the murder itself—but the point will be to make these people believe it. You see, it's this way: You know I live with my Aunt Anna and look after her house while she carries on her dressmaking. Aunt Anna is only my aunt by marriage. She is an American, but my mother was Scandinavian—and a friend of old Mr. Knude. They spoke to each other in the old-country tongue years ago, before she died. Anyhow, since her death I have been going out to the Knude place once a week to help a little with the work inside and do a little baking—old-country things mother taught me—and, of course, I had a key; but not to the front door—to the side door, because Mr. Knude would sometimes go out into the fields—before he failed so—or would perhaps have gone down to town, and that way I had a way to let myself in.

"Well, that day when he—that day I went over in the morning and baked for two hours. That was the last I saw of him. He was very feeble and old, you know; much too old to be left alone that way. Well, that morning he sat in the sitting room off the kitchen, reading his Bible, and now and then he spoke to me, as he often did. He spoke about his boyhood in Norway and about my mother and her kindness—poor old man, so clean and good and so kind to me." Inga suddenly buried her face in her hands and cried softly. "I don't want to think it's true—it seems it can't be; remembering him so!" She controlled herself.

"But anyway, Henry, when it—when it—when they presently found him and all, and people began to ask each other who did it, I went to the justice and to Mahlon Stroad, the sheriff, and told them I worked there and gave them my key. They saw for themselves it didn't fit to the door—the one that had blood leading to it, and they understand, I am sure, that the rest of the day I was in town with Aunt Anna, as she knows. If anybody could think, anyhow, that I—that I would hurt Mr. Knude or do things in that horrible way ——" she shivered. "But it is in the air to think anything just now. There is so much guessing and looking at everybody, and then this sleeping with revolvers handy and going in the streets at night in twos and threes. People can go crazy just with suspicion—till something real happens."

Henry had not read Maupassant's Piece of String, but he recognized an eternal truth instinctively. He nodded.

"Well, I convinced them, of course, that I left out there before twelve o'clock. But the justice and the sheriff both asked a lot of questions, and Doctor Creel too."

"He would," snorted Henry.

"And from the way—some of the things he said—the doctor, I mean —— Well, I am going away from town for two weeks; but I am convinced—and Aunt Anna too—that they will come and search my things while I am gone, thinking I don't suspect it. And that is all right too. An honorable person fears nothing. They are welcome to anything I have. But there is one thing I do not care to have them find; one thing Mr. Knude gave me that might look a little bad, as it is believed Mr. Knude was killed for money. That is why I—I came to you. You live alone here—so far out. No one would think you have it; and you will not talk, I am sure, as another might."

Inga fumbled in her coat a moment; then drawing out a purse, extracted from it and laid on the table a small, obscure-looking tarnished silver coin. Henry picked it up.

It was dark and flattened at the edge. It carried a date—1799—and a stamped shield and regal head.

"Norwegian money?" asked Henry.

Inga nodded.

"A skilling piece, they called it. Twenty-four skilling, it is; not worth so much in our money. But if they found it—being money ——" She made an expressive gesture.

"Why do you not carry it with you?"

"I might lose it—as I might if I just hid it away—or they might search me. From the way Doctor Creel talked, that is possible—a little. I would rather someone held it for me, and when all is blown over I can take it again. I would not lose it, because it is the last thing Mr. Knude gave me, and because it is a special coin anyhow, in the old country." Inga paused, hesitating. Then she added in a lower voice, "It is called a love penny."

"A love penny!" said Henry, and turned over the coin in his hand.

"In the old country," said Inga, "it is a sort of custom. Of course it was no use that way to Mr. Knude—or to me. But it is said that if a man—unmarried, that is; young, you see, and looking for a wife—gives it to a girl or woman who is also unmarried—puts it into her hand. I mean—well, it has the meaning of an offer of marriage," said Inga.

She had begun by looking at Henry with the light in her eyes, and her soft face suffused with excitement. But with the last words she lowered her glance and a warm blush poured into her cheeks. It was very pretty, Henry thought; a tide of apple-blossom pink.

"So that's why I value it," she said hurriedly; "I mean because of Mr. Knude's giving it—and such a funny old story. But you can see if they found it on me in the present state of mind, or in my things ——"

"Don't say another word, Inga. I'll be only too glad to take care of it for you; and when you come home, and all this is forgotten, you can get it any time—or I'll mail it to you."

"Now I am relieved, Henry, and you don't know how grateful. Let them find what they please—the linen pieces, the towels or any of the plates that Mr. Knude gave me from his wife's store. I am not worried any more."

"Do not be, Inga. And if Doctor Creel annoys you ——"

"Oh, I am not afraid of him now."

"—— just call on me or let me know."

Henry held the lamp for Inga as she left his door.

"How the air smells of drying pennyroyal tonight, doesn't it?" said Inga, sniffing. "It's queer we don't get snow. That way the murderer could have been traced by his tracks. But now it's like spring, and the crows call so loud by the creek in the morning ——"

"I've noticed," said Henry.

"Yes, you would hear them here plainly. It is pretty up here on your place."

"You are not afraid to walk out here in the night, Inga?"

"Who with any sense would be?" asked Inga gravely.

Henry watched her disappear. Then he returned to his kitchen and stood awhile in complete abstraction. Recalled—with horror—by his clock, he pocketed Inga's love penny and dressed and shaved in a fury of haste.

He was too late for the Kembles. As he locked his house he caught a golden flicker of bobbing lights down on the pike and realized the old ladies had started, had probably commandeered a passer-by or another neighbor. Henry tried to catch them, but they were too far ahead. And when he had flung himself over the first fence he realized something else. He had left his loaded shotgun at home. This, however, only pleased him. It was a relief to have the gun taken out of his hands, so to speak.

Now the night and the place enfolded him with familiar reassuring sweetness. It was true that you could smell pennyroyal—and he thought suddenly how nice it would be to walk with Inga in his fields and share its fragrance. By the time he had dropped over the second fence of the short cut and reached the pike he was entirely in rapport with his surrounding, and so full of scorn of Doctor Creel and his precautions that when he got to the dark sumac-filled hollow with its suggestion of skulkers at the end of the bridge, he picked up a pole and beat up the bushy cover to demonstrate his contempt.

Only a belated woodchuck ran wildly forth; but as Henry was finishing his flailing in the heart of the thickest clump an automobile emerged, creeping cautiously out from the bridge, and focused its golden eyes on him and halted.

"Stop," a voice cried sharply, "and come out of that! I have you covered. I can see you perfectly."

It was Doctor Creel.

"Pooh!" said Henry, stepping out of the sumacs before the lights. "Of course you can! Only a person blind as a bat couldn't ——"

"Henry Semple!" cried the doctor, "scuffling and moving around in these dark bushes at this time of night! Pray what does it mean—what are you looking for?"

"Just what I found—nothing," said Henry contemptuously.

There was an almost imperceptible pause.

"Well, you are a bold man," said the doctor. "Have you got a firearm?"

"I've got one at home," Henry replied, and added airily, "I don't need anything like that."

"Don't you?" asked Doctor Creel again, with the slightest of pauses. "Well, for my part, I don't agree with you. I carry my automatic everywhere I go these days. And when I saw you as I ran out from the bridge—slowing down, as I do—well, sir, it startled me, I can tell you, to see someone poking in here at night and thrashing around. A queer way to behave, Henry, when everybody feels as we all do. Very unsafe, too, if you ask me. You ought to be on your way to the Shakspere Club."

"As a matter of fact," said Henry, "I am."

*(Continued on Page 54)*

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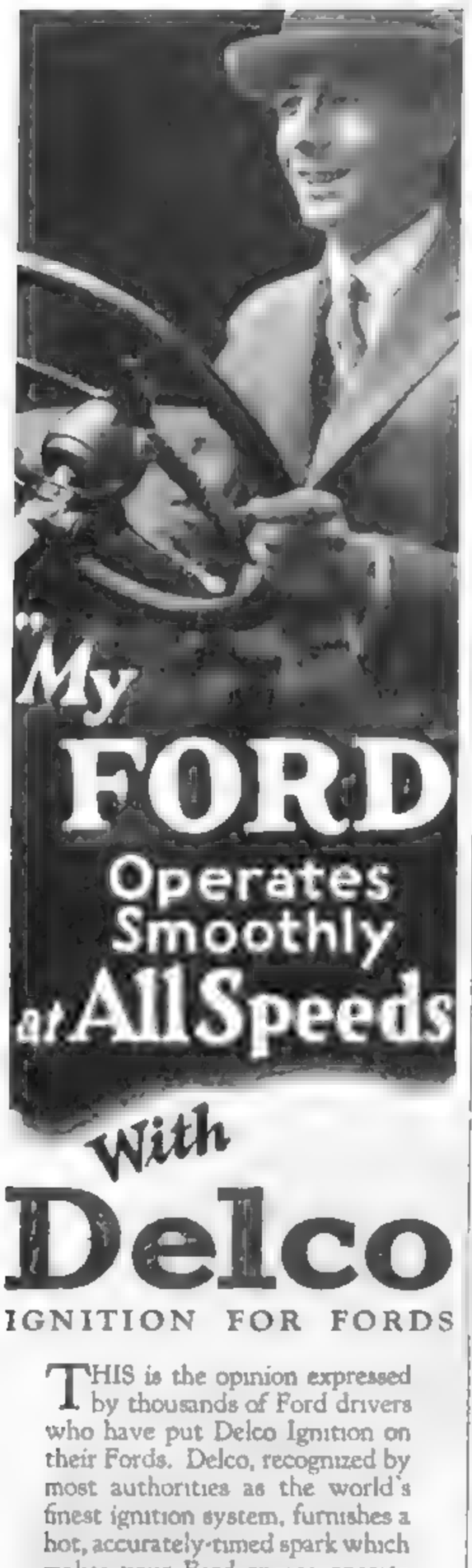


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(Continued from Page 52)

"Then jump in and I'll give you a lift." Doctor Creel slowly secreted his automatic again and made room for Henry. He sighed suddenly as the car gathered headway and moved on. "You know," he said, "I've been heart and soul for this production of the club's as an artistic *tour de force;* you know how I've worked. It's the very thing we need here culturally; but this—well, this tragedy has simply clouded everything. Every other issue seems brushed aside. Public sentiment is entirely concerned with it. Feeling—feeling is running high. I wish to God," said the doctor, his round face very grave, "that we could lay hands on old Knude's murderer and as quickly as possible. It would be better for everyone around here—dissipate the tension in the air and release us all to normality."

"You, yourself, Creel, must have a number of theories to advance," said Henry mildly.

"Oh, theories! We all have those and I am no exception. But any on which I personally place reliance are based, of course, on very fundamental principles; on the assertion of certain eternal human characteristics that work out in human conduct as revealed in—er—both life and literature. Have you ever read Crime and Punishment, by Dostoyevsky, Henry?" Henry had not. "You should read it. Great stuff—Russian literature. Something to chew on; a chart, actually, of mordant behaviorism—if you get me. But in the present instance! There are certain parallels between the Knude case and the Dostoyevsky story. Here, as in the Russian story, we have a crime of murder committed with hideous violence on an aged person for a sordid financial motive, and I am convinced personally that there are other parallels. The effacing of evidence points to a person of some mentality. I believe that with time and observation resemblances may run deeper. As Raskolnikov was drawn by the magnet of his memories and his conscience to repeat his visits to the scene of his vile crime, so it is just possible that a sick and sore soul—a psyche, in the modern parlance—living unsuspected in our midst, may bring about his own undoing by just such an operation of mind. I myself believe it possible."

"It is more than possible," said Henry; "but in the meantime, why don't you get yourself appointed a special constable, Creel, with full powers of search and arrest?"

"A lot of us have thought of that; and I think a number of deputy constables will be sworn in shortly, if in the next few days the county authorities do not act more efficiently. But here we are."

There they were indeed. The Shakspere Club welcomed them effusively and gathered around them in reproof.

"Twenty minutes late!" cried Miss Disston, shaking her finger at Henry.

"Yes, and would have been much later but for my rescue." Doctor Creel rubbed his hands together. "Where do you think I found Antonio this evening? Playing around all by himself in the dark in the middle of those thick sumacs down at the end of the Hollow Bridge."

"In the sumacs—at this time of night!" cried Mrs. Kelm.

"Yes, and without hair or hide of anything to protect himself with."

"Why, mercy's sake, what does that mean?"

"It doesn't mean a thing," said Henry boredly. "I wasn't looking for trouble—and so I didn't find any."

"Oh, but to come down that lonely road and go through the hollow without anything to depend on!"

"Perhaps," cried Miss Disston, with a touch of coquetry, "Antonio has more to depend on than we realized when he says, 'I am arm'd and well prepar'd' what I mean is" as the club looked a little baffled "what I mean is, he may have a special drag." She laughed with even further coquetry and shook her finger again. "What I mean is, perhaps Mr. Semple got a pass from our village murderer."

It was, Henry thought, the silliest, poorest joke he had ever heard. It struck him for the first time that Miss Disston herself was silly. But as a joke, the club hailed it with pleasure, breaking into little cries and exclamations, all except for the briefest possible moment—Doctor Creel. In the doctor's eyes Henry surprised for the fleetest interval a curious expression—a startled analytical, weighing gleam that vanished immediately, as his hearty chuckle blended with the others' laughter. Then with a brisk clapping of his plump, well-kept hands, Doctor Creel summoned his cast to the business of the evening.

### III

BEFORE he slept Henry took out and examined the love penny Inga had given to him. He would, he decided, carry it for her on his person, in his bill fold. The thing was worn and small and dully discolored, and, as she said, might easily be lost. He realized now that apart from distressing Inga by its loss, it had a certain value, in that it would supply him with an opportunity for seeing her again. It called back Inga's image now, and Henry went over it rather carefully, tallying it with remembered deductions. Yes, Inga was very beautiful—as he had decided long ago. It surprised him that he had not talked with her before this; that he had not developed the possibilities in that contact and exchange of glance which had begun between them so long ago. But now it would be different. The little coin would be a wedge to pry off that peculiar burden of inertia and timidity that had overlain his thoughts of Inga. It might be pleasant, indeed, to become Inga's friend in fact as in fancy, and he found himself remembering what Inga had said about her absence—two weeks. In two weeks then he could see Inga again.

He considered the coin itself. It was romantic. No wonder Inga valued it for a sentimental association. Even he could get a thrill. It had lain in the hands of lovers—been passed as the currency of passion and avowed intention. A man wishing to marry a woman simply gave her the coin—that was what Inga had said.

It struck Henry suddenly how simply they ordered these things in an older, more primitive community. What a saving of nerves, confusion, fear, embarrassment for a man who was involved with a wish to place himself in such a situation—and perhaps failed a little in his courage!

At seven o'clock the following evening Henry was surprised to receive a visit from Doctor Creel.

The doctor had driven out over the long road, coming ostensibly from a patient that way and stopping for a friendly chat, as he said. But he quickly got to the point.

"Henry," he said, "we acted today on that suggestion of yours—to have deputies sworn in among us and buckle right down to brass tacks on this thing about old Knude. Fred Shookers and Elam Haynes and I were sworn in before the justice this afternoon. You can see for yourself that that ought to simplify things and put everybody on the qui vive around here, and bring forward some kind of action."

"It certainly should," said Henry, "if you get more of a hand in it, Creel."

"Well, I intend to do all I can, and that's why I stopped here tonight. Frankly speaking, I shall want a whole lot of cooperation from the intelligent element around here, from those who have the leisure and the type of mind to give it. From—to make my point clear—from you, for one, Henry." And the doctor paused, with a direct penetrating glance at Henry through his large round-lensed spectacles.

"Well, Creel"—Henry sobered—"anything that I can do to track down Knude's murderer, anything in the world I can do to help unearth him, you—and everybody else, for that matter—ought to know I'll do."

"Exactly. You can be a whole lot of help, Henry, working in a quiet way along certain lines of investigation." Creel was stern, silent, thoughtful.

"You know, to my mind, this thing's had an unfortunate publicity, with very barren result. The county people have run down three suspects; two at Rogersville—Italians—and another at Little River. Day laborers, all of them. They are being held; but it is ridiculous, in my opinion, to associate this sort of person with the Knude affair. And the false clews, crank letters—the extradition papers, for instance, which brought about the arrest in Warwick County of a perfectly harmless citizen with a perfectly decent alibi—all the unearthing of old sores, old neighborhood feuds and scandals, with their opportunities for backbiting and reprisal, gets us nothing. You already know my theory—that an intelligent but periodically subnormal person, well acquainted with Knude's place and habits, and presumably living here, is involved. I haven't the least idea of identity; it is a purely impersonal thing for me; an opportunity merely to test out certain lines of psychological study; but I believe that I am on the right track; and this afternoon, on the organization of a Citizens' Vigilance Committee for Christian Hollow—a body designed to work with the authorities, yet at the same time feel in no way confined to their method of procedure; that is, having perfect liberty to undertake freer, more original methods of search—I placed my services at their command and was entirely indorsed. In fact, I was made chairman of the committee itself and deputized to act for it, which is why I have called."

Henry waited

"There are two things in my opinion that should be done at once on the part of the vigilance committee. A dragnet must be thrown out covering this entire region, with the end in view to working indefatigably to discover the whereabouts of the loot." And Doctor Creel sent another piercing glance at Henry. It occurred to Henry—as it had at times before—how swiftly the terminology of an event is seized on by some natures, like Doctor Creel's "And to establish, by a careful verbal questionnaire, an exact accounting of every hour, every minute spent that evening by every man, woman or child in Christian Hollow."

"That," said Henry, "will be some contract, Creel—harder perhaps than finding the loot."

"It can be done by enough of us. Take yourself. You, yourself, for instance, would not find such an accounting impossible to make?"

"My evenings are all alike. That one was no exception. My supper, my pipe, an hour over a book, after the chores around my place were finished. 'The simple annals of the poor' boob," said Henry pleasantly; "but my cat is the only other being that can corroborate me."

"Ah, you are lucky." Doctor Creel smiled. "Well, I am going to put a spoke in your wheel—in the wheel of your simple annals, Henry—tomorrow night. I am going to ask you to go over to the Knude place with me at eight o'clock tomorrow evening."

Henry started.

"The Knude place?"

"You agreed to assist me, and I believe that a visit there is of the first importance. I've been over the place before, of course; but two minds working together intelligently combing it, may unearth something fresh. I shall, of course, be armed," Doctor Creel added.

"Oh, yes, I remember you told me. The Russians revisit the scenes of their crimes," said Henry. "You think we may come upon the criminal lurking somewhere near?"

"Possible, but hardly probable—so soon." Doctor Creel smiled, and rising, put on his gloves. "The operation of human conscience is curious. What is presently a necessity, a literal craving, in the beginning is a form of terror, of horror, of utter aversion and distaste. I doubt if at the present date one could induce the murderer to revisit the place—voluntarily. Least of all willingly to lay his hand on any object or possession belonging to the murdered. That, even the crudest police records show to be a principle of incrimination in the earlier stages. But I think we shall find—perhaps some new slant or aspect that will pay us; and I myself, as I say, will be armed."

"Well," said Henry, "I'll leave that to you and welcome. But what I'd like to know is, why pick me out? There are plenty of people better acquainted than I with this. I hadn't seen Knude for a long time."

"Oh, a new mind, new blood." Creel waved his hand. "You say you hadn't seen Knude in quite a while?"

"Nearly two years."

"But you saw him at his funeral."

"I'm no ghoul," said Henry stiffly.

"Tut-tut! You are hard on your town, Henry. A little morbid, perhaps, but natural—people turning out that way. But I had heard you were absent—that you said you wouldn't be connected in any way ——"

"What person of sense would?" said Henry, and had the feeling of quoting someone.

He held the lamp to light a returning path for Doctor Creel, as he had done for Inga, but his task was much less pleasant.

"Creel is a good man—a good worker for this town, and popular; but he is an ass in

(Continued on Page 56)

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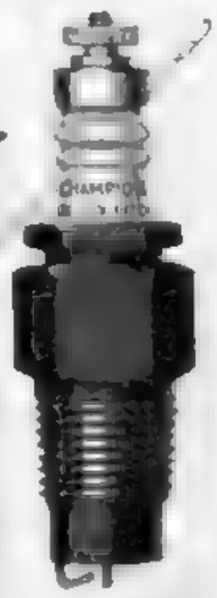


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some ways and will overreach himself sometime. And may I be around when it happens," Henry added fervently as he closed the door.

As he and the doctor, in the latter's banana roadster, rolled up to the Knude place the following night, Henry was struck with the utter contrast between the simple rural setting and the terrible deed of violence that had been performed. In the wan night the low white homely old dwelling, like a gray moth crouched on the dark knoll that held it, was peace and tranquility itself in every wall and chimney.

"It seems strange," said Henry, "to think of what went on inside there. I don't like to think of it at all, and in connection with old Knude. A decent upright old fellow. He had failed a lot lately and had grown quite infirm. He went into the fields a little in the summer, but mostly he sat in his chair reading his Bible or talking over old times. Any human being who would take advantage of an old soul like that!"

"How do you know he sat in his chair and read his Bible? You hadn't seen him in two years."

Henry checked himself. Inga had told him, but he wasn't going to mention her.

"Well, I am repeating rumors, of course. And I could see how much he had failed, at our last meeting. Naturally he wouldn't improve in the meantime."

Doctor Creel had stopped the car.

"We are just in good time. As far as we have figured it out, Knude was killed at eight o'clock. It is just ten minutes to eight now. Now if you'll just hop out first, Henry. Here is a key to the side door—of course, we haven't got the front one yet—and you have matches? Then if you'll just go on ahead and open the door you'll find a lamp on the table just inside. Put there purposely. I'll be after you in just a minute, bringing up the heavy guns. But perhaps you'd like my flash light also."

"I can see perfectly," said Henry.

He felt not a little bored by Creel's machinations and schemes, and completely out of sympathy with this phase of the Citizens' Vigilance Committee. There was nothing, he was sure, to be gained by a visit to the Knude house. Yet now a mild curiosity stirred him as he remembered that it was Inga's key he carried, that this small path had known her visiting foot, this prospect of mild fields, garden lot and fowl houses had lain in her line of vision.

The prospect was completely empty. The fowl houses, the cow barn had been relieved of their tenants by township officials pending the arrival of Knude's only relative—a nephew living in the Far West. No sound was audible, only the faint creak of a board under Henry's foot as he passed up the walk, the crisp crunch of dried vegetation or gravel.

Here, too, there was a faint elusive odor of dried pennyroyal, recalling the fact of the frost-burnt vegetation and that the snows had not yet begun. As Inga had said, snow a fortnight earlier might have made easy tracking.

Then he unlocked the side door, stepped inside, striking a match. At the core of golden light shadows like great black apes writhed up the bare walls and slunk off into the corners. Henry's hand, a little unsteadily, lit a glass lamp and he looked around the room.

He stood in old Knude's sitting room. It still wore its air of ransacked confusion. Drawers of desk and cupboard were pulled open, the contents spilling. Only Knude's table, his chair and the coat he had folded over its back two weeks before seemed normal

A door to the left gave back a wandering gleam from ranks of tin utensils, revealing the kitchen. A door to the right was closed, and, Henry knew, guarded the sinister revelation of Knude's ground-floor bedroom. He heard a footstep, and Doctor Creel joined him, one hand in his pocket.

"Well," said Creel, "here we are, and in a very tragic place. Let us see what we can find"

"Nothing, I am sure, of any value, Creel," said Henry. "I don't see the sense of hanging around this place. It gives me the creeps, I'm free to admit. The coroner must have been all over this before."

"That is where the Citizens' Committee differs with you, Henry. However, it won't be necessary to go all over the house. The upstairs, I am sure, has no bearing on this case. Three chambers and a storage loft, every corner searched. We will confine ourselves to these rooms. But I don't blame you for feeling uneasy. It's a spooky matter, coming back to a place like this, to the spot where a man now dead knew his last moments of peace; and where—who knows?—his spirit may at this very moment be endeavoring to communicate to us some last message, some last word of farewell, or more probably accusation. Two weeks ago at this moment old Andrew Knude must have been preparing for bed, little dreaming of the fate that awaited him. You spoke of his habits, of his reading the Bible. You were right. Here it is. Unquestionably Knude held it in his hands on that last night, at just about this time. It is probably one of the last things his living fingers touched. Heavy, isn't it?"

Doctor Creel picked up the Bible and thrust it suddenly into Henry's hands. Henry started and nearly dropped it, then laid it down.

"Of course, Creel. Knude was an old man and used an eighteen-pounder."

"You look white," said Creel; "you'd better sit down." And he pressed Henry into the armchair. "I want you to do it for another reason too. I want, if possible, to visualize exactly Knude's possible position and occupation at the moment when the murderer more than likely had him under observation preliminary to the—er—and I'll tell you what! I'll ask you to sit in the chair a moment, with Knude's Bible and, if you'll be good enough, wearing Knude's coat—for the sake of illusion."

"His coat! Good Lord, Creel, what for?" Henry asked, paling a little.

"Realism," snapped the doctor, "if you'll be so kind." And he unfolded the garment briskly and extended it.

Henry complied, with a slight shiver, handing his own coat to Creel. For a few minutes then he sat compliant while the doctor whisked about the room making notes, taking positions.

He was thoroughly glad when, clothed once more in his own, Creel led him to the kitchen, and the two—Creel guiding and suggesting—went over the minutiæ of the place. But with the doctor's hand presently on the closed bedroom door, Henry balked, with a certain premonition.

"Must we—must we go in here, Creel? I -I tell you frankly I hate it like the dickens. I never was able to endure the sight of blood, or anything pertaining to this kind of thing. And if they've left the whole shindy as it was—as it's been described ——"

For reply Creel flung open the door and extended the lamp. This, like the other room, carried its own testimony and suggestion, but Henry hardly realized it. For his premonition—a condition that had been threatening him ever since he had entered the house—came true. And immediately the room turned into a wheeling bubble of confused colorings.

"Good Lord," he gasped, "I'm going to be sick!"

And at once he was. Doctor Creel got him out to the porch again, and here Henry clung shuddering for a space to a pillar.

"Sorry," he gasped; "picked the wrong number, Creel. Had no idea. But I'm a weak sister, I guess. Mighty ashamed, but I never could stand such things."

"No matter," said Doctor Creel; "your nerves are not in good shape, I see. I've got aromatic spirits of ammonia in the car."

"Air's all I need," moaned Henry; but he had another fit of shuddering before he controlled his spasm of nausea, at the foot of the garden, half falling into the arms of a big forsythia bush that restored normality by the prickly contact of its thorns.

"No good on earth, Creel—just that! Can't dabble in crime and punishment, I guess," Henry smiled ruefully. "I—I had no idea this stuff would affect me so."

"No," said Doctor Creel, "I shouldn't have expected it myself; but we never can tell. Well, I'll take you home, Henry, and bring somebody else."

Henry bade him good night thankfully and hastened into his house

"Not made of Creel's stuff," he reflected; "these medical men—too callous."

But as he undressed he discovered something that completely drove a review of his own defects and Doctor Creel's superior powers completely from his mind. The bill fold was gone from the breast pocket of his coat. He had—he must have dropped it during one of the violent muscular spasms that had sent him staggering against the pillar or the forsythia.

That meant a trip back to the detestable place tomorrow. Not for the purse itself. The few papers and bills it carried would never take him willingly to so gruesome an association. But the twenty-four-skilling piece must be found.

But his search, made the following afternoon, was fruitless. He examined very carefully the area near the porch pillar and under the projecting porch floor, and also the region of the forsythia, but without finding his property. The thought occurred that he might have dropped it inside, and having no key, he stood up close to the window, peering through the glass. He could get a perfect view of the empty living room, and beyond this, the kitchen, with the factors of last night's rehearsal. But there was no bill fold. He was compelled to leave without it.

The loss of the love penny brought with it a sense of curious desolation and personal grievance. In the first place, the very thing Inga feared had happened. She had lost her coin. In the second place, his loss was greater than hers, for he would lose that confidence, respect and reliance upon strength so essential between man and woman. He would seem only a bruised reed to Inga.

He slept so poorly on this thought that he went over to Knude's again on the following day and searched once more; still without success. On his way back, at the foot of the farm path, he met Minor Moss, a village loafer, dawdling along the way. Minor fell in.

"You be'n up to Knude's, Henry?"

"Made a short cut through," said Henry curtly.

"Thought I see you. Thought I see you yestiddy aft'noon too. Lookin' in the window—moochin' round up there."

"No," said Henry, and wondered why he had lied.

But Minor Moss always rubbed him the wrong way. And why was Minor Moss hanging around?

Minor explained:

"Doctor Creel's idea—some of us should post the roads around here. Scouts, sorta. My shift these two days. Sheriff had a man watchin' the place last week, but he took him off. Now the Citizens' Committee's busy about it. Doctor Creel's active too."

"Oh, to hell with Doctor Creel and his activity!" Henry burst out.

He was sore with his sense of loss, and sore with the meddlesome proclivities of Creel, who had caused it. He flung homeward, bitterly wondering where Creel's trail of research would lead, what further discomfort he would bring about.

He was not long in suspense. At eight o'clock that evening, as he meditated over his pipe, Henry's cat turned into a porcupine and leaped, an armored ball, upon his kitchen table. A moment later a dog barked on his porch, and there was a swift tap.

When Henry opened the door he saw Mahlon Stroad, the deputy sheriff, standing there, and behind Mahlon, a waiting automobile with two men in it.

"Henry," said Stroad, shifting his chew of plug cut, "I got to ask you to come along with me downtown to the village hall. They's a bunch of people down there that wants to see you."

"Why," said Henry, "are they having another committee meeting?"

"It might be said they are," said Mahlon; "an' as man to man, an' a personal friend who's always respected you an' who respects you still—I may say, as a tip, that mebbe you'd better attend. For if you decide not to, it's my painful dooty, as sheriff of this district, to take you. As a matter of fact, Henry, there are serious charges preferred against you by the Citizens' Committee—and particularly by Dr. Stanley Creel, its chairman."

The scene into which Mahlon Stroad led Henry was worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt, and in its assorted types, its aspect of gravity and close consideration resembled a new Syndics of the Cloth Hall. The light of a hanging lamp fell on perhaps a dozen of the vigilance committee clustered about a long central table. One of them was standing—speaking. It was Dr. Stanley Creel.

But what stirred Henry was the object Creel held in his hand. It was his own bill fold, and on the table, in the full glow of the light, lay another. Inga's love penny! Henry stepped forward sharply, but a hand stopped him.

"Sit down, Semple," a voice said, not unkindly, and brushed him into a chair.

Doctor Creel went on speaking. What he had to say—essentially—was that on

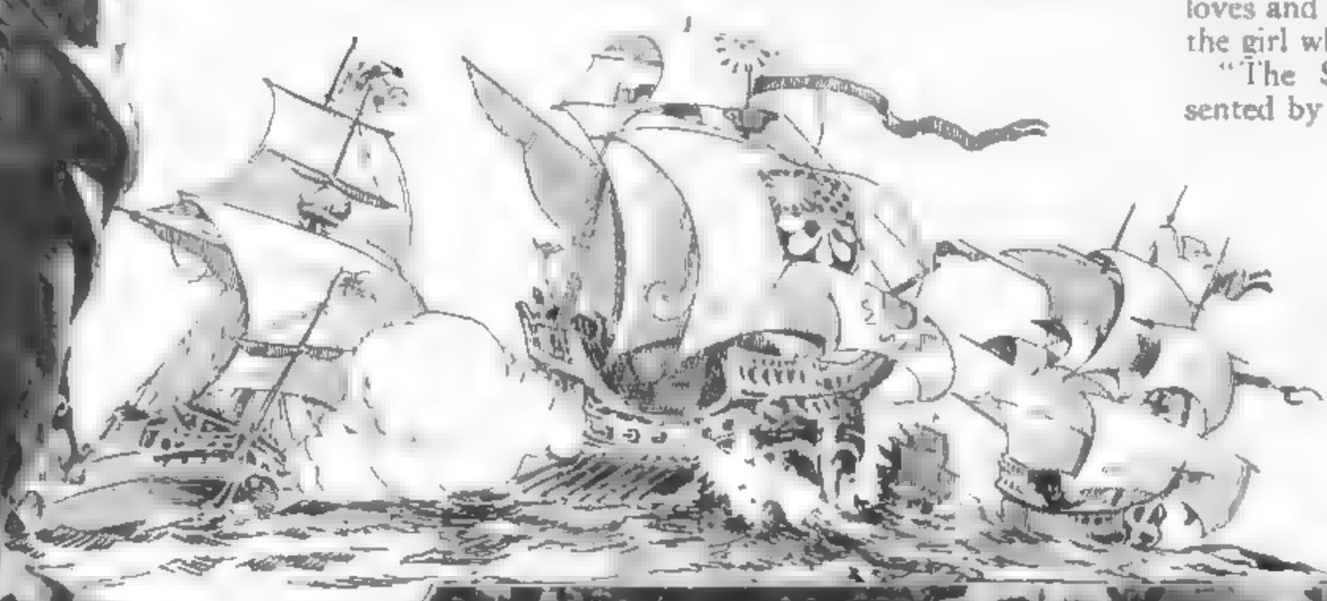
(Continued on Page 58)

# First National Pictures

## "The Sea Hawk" Springs to Life!

FROM out the printed page of Rafael Sabatini's novel the Sea Hawk has sprung to life upon the motion picture screen. In thousands of theatres he lives through his daring adventures; toils as a galley slave beneath the sting of the lash; fights with flashing scimitar as ship is rammed to ship; loves and kidnaps and saves the girl who holds his heart.

"The Sea Hawk," presented by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., is a sixteenth century sea story. Milton Sills (left) plays the title rôle—the most colorful of all screen characters. Watch for this photoplay at your local theatre.



### "It's Only Reel Life, Florence"

FLORENCE VIDOR, appearing in "Husbands and Lovers," has a weepy hang-over after an emotional scene before the camera. Director John M. Stahl is doing his best to cheer her up, and Lew Cody is about to start his funniest story. Lewis Stone, the third star in "Husbands and Lovers," is probably in the foreground doing a comic imitation.

This drama is another result of the Louis B. Mayer-John M. Stahl combination. Remember "The Dangerous Age" and "Why Men Leave Home"?

### "Madonna of the Streets"

THE emotional Nazimova is said to touch the peak of her career in "Madonna of the Streets," an Edwin Carewe production, in which she is co-featured with Milton Sills. It is a strong dramatic story, laid in London. As a novel it was known as "The Ragged Messenger" by W. B. Maxwell.

### Abe and Mawruss Now Movie Magnates

IS IT? Can it be? Potash and Perlmutter, the famous fifty-fifty partners, formerly cloaks and suits in stylish mixtures, now cloaking "beauts" in moving pictures?

Right you are. Samuel Goldwyn has taken Montague Glass's famous characters, brought them to Hollywood, and made them movie magnates. You can see them above watching their vivid vampire do her stuff for the "big scene" in their first picture.

It's "Laugh Week" when you see this at your local theatre. You'll laugh until you're weak. It is titled "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," and Alexander Carr, George Sidney, Betty Blythe and Vera Gordon are featured. Alfred Green directed from Frances Marion's script.

### The Morning After

WHAT'S the biggest thrill in an actress's life? It must be the morning after the first night, when she reads what the reviewers have to say about her acting. And Colleen Moore, in the rôle of an actress in "Flirting With Love," shows you how it feels when they say nice things.

"Flirting With Love" features Conway Tearle with Miss Moore. It is their first appearance together and a delightful comedy drama is the result. John Francis Dillon, who made "Flaming Youth," directed.

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A flavor unique today—smooth and rich—that only *Peter's* has.

*Peter's* milk chocolate is different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

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Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

*High as the Alps in Quality*

(Continued from Page 56)

the previous Wednesday evening, while returning to town by way of the Hollow Bridge, he had observed someone engaged in some peculiar activity in the sumac bushes, which grew very thickly and in broad patches in that region. He had slowed down and made a very deliberate approach. As he reached the point where the individual was so engaged he had covered him and ordered him to come out. It proved to be Henry Semple.

Semple had made no explanation whatever, beyond saying that he was on his way to the Shakspere Club; but he had appeared confused, triumphant, as though excited by some secret thought; and more, had stated frankly that he didn't need a firearm—this in the face of sworn public coöperation for protection. Later, in the presence of Shakspere Club members, he had openly acknowledged the situation in which he had been found and repeated his feeling of immunity. Proof would be forthcoming on this, if desired. Doctor Creel bowed. Immediately he, the doctor, had taken Henry Semple into the field of his own personal investigation, along applied psychological lines.

Here the doctor diverged slightly, touching on the processes of applied criminal psychology, on criminology itself and the records supplied by pathological research in cases of subnormality and latent manic tendency; but he broke off presently, stating that he desired to be brief.

He related then how, his suspicions awakened, he had called at Henry Semple's home and put certain leading questions; how Henry had denied having seen old Knude in two years; how he had contradicted himself the following evening, revealing himself conversant with Knude's habits; how, accompanying Doctor Creel to the Knude place, he had fallen into a state of violent progressive illness, as one by one the symbols of Knude and his tragedy were revealed; how, in spite of this, sentinels posted along the road to the Knude place had seen Henry Semple return again, and yet again, under the eternal law of alternating fascination and repulsion; how he was even seen standing for a long interval staring through the window of Knude's sitting room; how finally he, himself, in taking Henry's coat, had removed the bill fold they now saw, "under the inspiration of the moment," and had found in it a piece of Norwegian money of undeniably circumstantial interest—in fact, a piece of money similar to a boxful overlooked on old Knude's desk.

Here Henry broke bounds from his chair.

"Pooh!" he cried. "Pooh and bah! Creel, you are insane! A pocket piece! A foreign coin anyone might have—and which you yourself stole."

Doctor Creel ignored him, bowing again to his colleagues.

"Nor is that all," he said; "nor is that all."

These aspects were, of course, but the superficial ones. Of themselves they would have been utterly insufficient. But there was other matter.

It was not to be supposed that Henry Semple's presence in the sumacs—his suspicious movements on that dark evening—should go uninvestigated. He, Doctor Creel, with Minor Moss, Ben Tovey and the two Gear boys, had made a careful, unremitting daily search of the whole bridge region—"with no result until this afternoon at four o'clock. A rusted shovel was discovered close by the near bridge abutment, and after considerable scraping and digging in a cinder pile a certain find was exhumed. On the exact spot, gentlemen, in the exact clump of sumacs from which Henry Semple was seen to emerge that evening. I think," Doctor Creel added gravely, "that with this, the case for the Citizens' Vigilance Committee will rest."

Henry, attempting here to rise again, felt himself restrained.

"Sit still, Semple;" and another voice said, "Let him see it, Stroad."

Mahlon Stroad now brought a pine box and set it on the table. It was from this that he took, before Henry's astonished eyes, a singular-looking object.

"This here is what Doctor Creel and his crowd found buried in them sumacs, at four o'clock this aft'noon."

It was a muddied, weather-stained bed blanket.

Unrolled, two objects lay inside: An ax, with the legend "A. Knude" burned clearly in the handle, and a big brass country-door key.

Mahlon Stroad worked on his quid furiously.

"I think I may say, as one who's be'n your friend, Henry—and you have many friends—that there ain't a doubt but things will clear up for you; but under the circumstances you can see that my hands are tied. There are charges to press against you, and I'll ask you to come with me for the night."

But Doctor Creel sprang up dramatically.

"Why beat around the bush? Why not call spades spades? Henry Semple, you are arrested in the name of this commonwealth for the murder of Andrew Knude."

### IV

HENRY SEMPLE sat in the Christian Hollow lock-up, as he had sat for four days; four days in which a divided public opinion churned the air of Christian Hollow in a literal tempest of controversy, accusation, ridicule and ill feeling. Begun on the night of Henry's arrest, it had waxed fast and furious with his formal arraignment before the justice of the peace the following morning. Warned that any statements he might make would be used against him, if desired, Henry had wrapped himself in a mantle of contemptuous bitter silence as he faced Doctor Creel and his cohorts.

Nor had his personal friend, Matthew Birdsall, the justice, signed at once the final warrant of commitment for the grand jury as the Creel party had desired; there was, Birdsall claimed and Stroad abetted, a technical insufficiency that should be looked into. And Stroad had taken him back to the lock-up, a civic bone of contention, to set the town by its ears. It was the best, Stroad said, that he and his friends could do. The townies were solidly with Doctor Creel, but his friends would quibble and raise all possible delay, with the result, however, uncertain. It was more than likely that Henry would be made uncomfortable.

In the meantime he was not so badly off in the lock-up. Stroad was an efficient sheriff and the lock-up was clean, white-painted and wholesome, and supplied as far as possible by Hat Stroad, the sheriff's wife, with certain æsthetic touches designed to make Henry feel at home—a gay woolen crazy quilt, some sofa pillows, a talking machine, an album of Niagara Falls, reading matter, Longfellow, Lives of Confederate Generals, Airy-Fairy Lillian, and the like. It was certain that no prisoner in Christian Hollow had ever lain in jail in greater state or been supplied with a greater number of delicacies or a wider liberty.

And there were other touches of delicacy. The Clarion had issued a special on limp pink sale-bill paper, but his name had been withheld from print, thanks to Emanuel Hovey's being his friend. Hovey's legend ran:

DRAGNET THROWN OUT BY CITIZENS' COMMITTEE TIGHTENS ABOUT NECK OF PROMINENT SUSPECT

Everybody knew whose neck was meant, but it was a kindness Henry appreciated.

As for gossip, Stroad supplied him with all phases.

"They have been out, the Citizens' Committee along with Creel, to search your place, Henry."

"Tell me," asked Henry, "have they found the loot?"

He had tried the sardonic vein from the beginning, but even Stroad looked serious at the possible inconveniences.

On this, the fourth evening, Stroad came in looking unusually grave, reviewing the situation once more. He seemed pessimistic.

"Lots of people had to laugh, and that's a fact. Yet you can't tell. There's the stuff they found at the bridgehead. If it wasn't for that, Creel wouldn't have a case at all. As it is, it'll be cleared, of course; but in the meantime there's a lot of gabbling over it, and feeling is running strong. Creel's a born persuader, I'm afraid. He's been haranguing everybody and it's easy to see how the tide'll run for him. 'Sall circumstantial, o' course; and they couldn't, anyhow—no judge in his right mind—give you first degree." Henry lifted eyes of horror. "But even so—a second-degree sentence ——"

Stroad rested his quid eloquently.

"I wouldn't say it would be a turrible pity if you could raise a single soul had seen you or kep' watch over you that evening."

"Pooh!" said Henry. "What possible motive would I have for killing Knude? Such a thing must be proved too. And if I had," he added, "why should I burden myself carrying away that ax and key?"

"They didn't worry about motive when they convicted that young Arthur Cleve last summer. They hung him cool as a cucumber in Briston jailyard for shooting old Franchett and his wife—and they on'y supposed he done it. Every mite of it circumstantial; you said so, yourself, Stroad." Hat had come into Henry's cell with an ample tray of supper. "But there, God looks after the right, and don't you worry. Now I want you to eat a hearty supper, Mr. Semple. You on'y be'n pickin' sence you went to jail—and I've fixed them potato crokays awful tasty. And apple-sauce pie too. We had a young man here five years ago—one of them safe-blowers from Rogersville. My land, he et pie like I never see! An' you goin' up to the city tomorrow to be held for the grand jury an' all -you might need something that sets to the ribs a little."

"Tomorrow?" said Henry.

Stroad drummed on the table gloomily.

"Out of my hands tomorrow, Henry—that's a fact. I got to take you to the city. Creel's doing. He's a busybody, if you ask me! But the justice agreed to sign the order first thing tomorrow. Well, sir, I can on'y wish you luck and say, may I never have a worse behaved prisoner, nor one less a credit to a good respectable Quaker family that raised every last member of it to fear God and walk in the way he should go."

"And—and speaking of that"—Hat paused in the door and blushed a little, stroking broad white-aproned hips—"would you—would you—I meant to offer it before—you could take it with you, while you wait for the grand jury—would you like a Bible, Mr. Semple?"

"Pooh!" Henry cried again, in a terrible voice.

But when the Stroads had gone, he rose and paced his snowy cell, as he had done so often, for four days of burning, churning indignation. He was sick with resentment at Doctor Creel, with silent, choking inexpressible fury, what time he was not torn by a wild desire to shout with laughter. Across these impulses, like a cooling hand, there came—his only balm—the thought of Inga. She might easily have been in his place. Somehow, somewhere, this busybody Creel, with his power complex, might have laid hands on Inga and shaped a case against her. That much was sweet to him—that he was deflecting the infernal idiot's interest, and suffering for her, in a sense. And he realized even in his wrath and humiliation how much Inga had come to mean; how more than anything else, what he wanted, when he was free of all this trouble and complication, was to go to Inga, to find the solace and sweet comfort of her presence—when he was free.

But there was first all sorts of tarring and smirching to go through. The blazoning of his decent name through the news sheets of city and county, the publicity, the absurdity—yes, the travesty Creel had brought upon him, to say nothing of the lurking unpredictable possibility of strange dénouement.

Henry undressed in a mixture of rage and unease and flung himself upon the narrow lock-up bed for restless slumber.

He was awakened out of the thickest, darkest part by a simmer of light in his eyes, and he saw Mahlon Stroad sitting, fully dressed, in the Windsor chair, chewing quietly beside his bed. Henry saw the cock and knew the blind unreasoning rage of recall from utter escape to hideous reality.

"Look here, it's only five o'clock!" he shouted. "Can't you let me have a little hard-earned peace? The city train doesn't leave until nine."

Stroad shook his head and shot the polished lock-up cuspidor with deadly precision.

"I'm sorry, but I come and waked you up deliberate and apurpose, Henry, as I think you'd want me to. Doctor Creel ——"

The name was more than Henry could bear. Forgetting his training as a member of the Society of Friends, forgetting all the principles of nonresistance, tolerance and Christian passivity he ever knew, he reviled passionately upon the air his opinion of Doctor Creel in complex and age-old terms that ignited as they came from his lips.

"Never," finished Henry haggardly—"never let me hear that name again?"

But Stroad was smiling.

(Continued on Page 60)

# That Elusive Thing Called "Style"

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REAL SILK
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(Continued from Page 58)

"A little afraid you got to, Henry—more or less—though in a different way. Doctor Creel's name is mud, I may say right now. I doubt he'll lead another campaign to detect a criminal in a long time. I doubt folks'll stop laughin' in a year o' Sundays. That's what I come to tell you, Henry. I got to give you a body blow. Buck up and take it like a man. You did not murder Andrew Knude!"

"God of battles, Stroad, you don't tell me!" cried Henry. "Then who did?"

"A man who lays dead out in Toledo, Ohio, this minute. Run over and had both legs cut off yestiddy aft'noon. Died in a hospital there an' made his dep'sition just before the end. 'Thorities wired his confession a half hour back. And what is more, he supplies the missin' motive. He was Knude's nephew—the one they been wirin' to out West. Seems he was kind of a bad egg, though not so bad as what he hatched out later.

"Well, anyhow, the way it runs, him an' Knude had always wrote to each other, an' he was the old man's next o' kin an' expected to sit pretty when the old feller died. But I guess, one way an' another, Knude got tired of his askin' for money, an' he let him know he was through an' had made a will leavin' his prop'ty elsewheres.

"Anyway, the nephew come on East to see about it. He slipped in here that night on the q. t., gettin' off at Willow Run and walkin' over to the farm without anyone's seein' him. There him and Knude had a long palaver and he stayed to supper. After that they palavered some more and then quarreled pretty serious, and by an' by old Andrew went to bed. An' then the nephew set down and got to drinkin' some bootleg stuff he had along.

"An' I guess that's really how the thing shaped itself. It might be called a murder by hooch—this new wild stuff—in two parts. That's what puzzled us all so. Fur when he had tanked up fur Part One, the nephew went completely crazy and took the ax an' killed his relative an' ransacked around generally; then when he got tired he set down an' took some more hooch an' did Part Two. That's to say, he got to the cunning-crazy-cool stage. He made search more carefully an' found the will all right an' what money Knude had there; an' then he went, cool as a coocumber, to fixin' things up to suit him—to his way o' thinkin'.

"He tidied hisself up an' took an' wrapped the ax in a blanket. Then he locked the house up careful, put the key along with the ax an' drops down cross-field to the hollow. It's dark as pitch there, but still in his crazy-head way he finds a broken shovel left by the road gang an' digs a hole in the sumacs an' buries his stuff. Then he slips over past the bridge and waits by the water tower till Number 5 comes by an' stops. Then he slips into an empty an' goes West. An' I guess he'd 'a' got there all right, but he lay around on the way an' still kep' on hoochin' until he hooched both his legs off.

"'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform,'" said Stroad solemnly. "Well, you'll probable want to dress an' shave now, an' take your leave. Hat'll be havin' your breakfast ready an' I make no doubt you'll be able to eat this time. An' here is some prop'rty o' yours also." Stroad laid Henry's bill fold on the table. "You'll be takin' everything with you, I make no doubt—unless you want to leave a keepsake for Doctor Creel. This here little Norwegian pocket piece ——"

"No," said Henry, "I've got a particular use for that, Stroad."

As he left the village and mounted the path to his home fields peace possessed Henry once more; a sense of quiet triumph, of an eternal and just balance of affairs that left him strangely satisfied. Himself—he was rehabilitated, elevated to the position of an abused and popular and completely vindicated hero.

Doctor Creel! But hadn't he himself longed to be on hand to see one of the doctor's plans upset or controverted? And if he was chosen as the unconscious agent, could he complain? Stroad had said they would laugh at Doctor Creel for a year of Sundays—it was sufficient!

Christian Hollow! It was back to normalcy. Crime and punishment had passed on in a tidal wave.

Deprived of the unity of a single issue, the town could fall apart once more and squabble in peace.

But after all, inveighing against this new cheap Christian Hollow gained nothing. The proper defense against townies—new incoming generations of mixed and mean types—was more scions of the older, purer stocks; more citizens descended of the old-line settlers, who clung to sounder principles and ideals. Family life of the better sort—a defense Henry had entirely failed to provide!

A look of hope and happiness settled on Henry's face as he remembered that Antonio—in the play—not only escaped the legal machinations of Shylock but presently saw all his precious argosies come safely back to port.

As he got near his house Henry saw a woman carrying a traveling bag, hurrying to it by the other path. It was Inga Harris. And when she saw Henry she dropped her bag, and her face went white as death as she ran swiftly toward him. How beautiful she was!

"Henry! Henry! I came as soon as Aunt Anna wrote me. Oh, what can I say? What did I do—when I gave you that dreadful coin?"

"You did the most wonderful thing in the world, Inga," said Henry gravely; "you gave me something I am going to return to you—in your hand. See? The love penny. You remember what you told me this meant in the old country? Well, Inga, my dear, when I put this money in your hand now it means the very same thing."

Henry caught Inga's hand and pressed the skilling piece into her palm. To his surprise she flung it into the grass and, covering her face with her hands, began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I say? How will I tell you? And what will you think of me? Oh, Henry, you will despise me—but I cannot lie to you. That—that coin! Old Mr. Knude never saw it! It is worth nothing! It came from some things of my mother's people—things she had left to me. And it isn't—it never was—I never heard of there is no such thing as a love penny!" Inga wept desperately.

"But you said—you told me ——"

"I'd have told you anything. I was as bad as that. As long as there was no other woman, I was willing just to have you sit and look at me. Oh, I could read your thoughts! I knew in the beginning what it meant, and I knew you were shy and not used to women, and I was—was even resigned to have it stay that way, if you just wouldn't speak. Until someone else came. I saw you walk home with Miss Ivy Disston twice. I passed you in the dark. You didn't see me. I could have touched you. And then in the drug store I heard them speak your names togetner. Once I read a clever woman could always find a way. This was my way, Henry. At least I thought I could do it."

"And why not," Henry cried, "if you deal with a fool who hasn't brains enough to find his own? Oh, Inga, what does it matter? I'm going to kiss you."

He kissed Inga then, bending her soft, half-reluctant fingers, one at a time, back from her burning cheeks. It was very pleasant, and Henry voiced his decision.

"I shall kiss you hereafter whenever I want to!" he thundered. "Oh, don't say no," he added, "after all I've suffered!"

"My precious man," faltered Inga, "but why should I say no? Isn't that what I wanted you to want when I told you about the love penny?"

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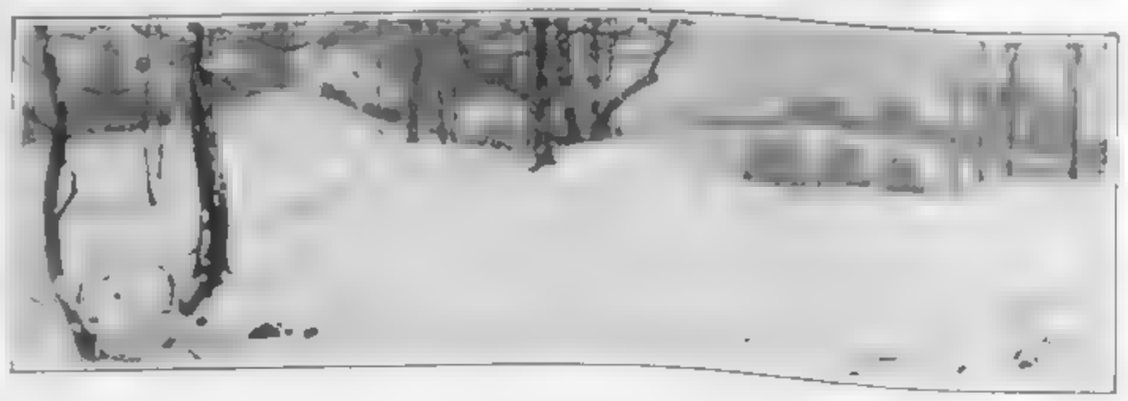

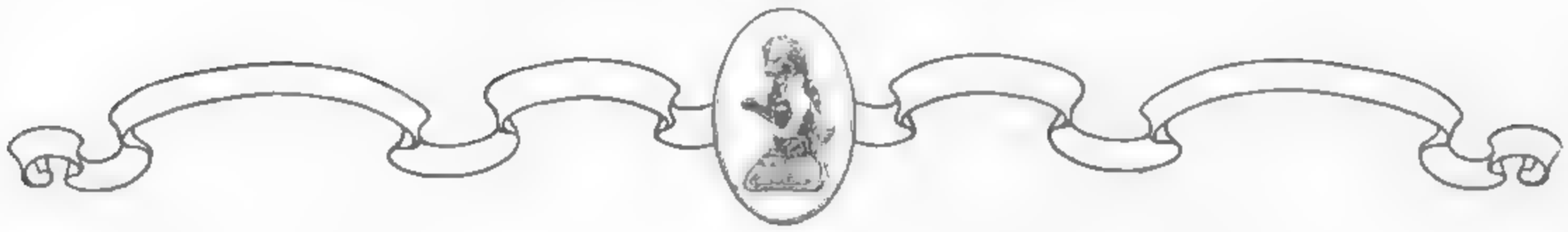

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# OUR EARLY AMERICAN BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 16)

the iron paused, panting. His hand rubbed his hair back from his forehead. A dozen scratches in the timber at his feet gave mute witness to his labors. It was as if iron had met iron in that conflict. The boss carpenter straightened and regarded the marred beams lovingly.

"As sound as the day they was laid," he gloated. "Some builders, them early Americans!"

It was unqualified tribute.

Exclamations fluttered and then the work went on. The stones of the foundation were loosened and removed. Jacks were set under the sills at the proper intervals, and amid shouts and frequent halts to see how the chimney was standing it, the house was lifted the required four inches. Then the little carpenter, bending over the boards of the underflooring, abruptly made a startling offer.

"Well, I'll eat my hat!" he boomed. "I'll eat my hat!" And he whipped a ferule from his pocket and began measuring. He regarded the result thoughtfully and said, "Twenty-four inches wide, that board is. Some tree!"

The nasal barytone droned, "Don't suppose y' could get lumber like that today. Probably'd cost a mint of money."

The chief carpenter snorted, "Y'couldn't buy it. It don't grow any more. The stuff we build houses out of today —— Hey, Victor"—bawling at a helper—"the lady'll kill you if you split that board." Then coolly, "An' the joke of it is that them old-timers didn't pay a cent for it. They just went out in their back yard and cut it down."

It was simple statement of fact. The early builders felled the trees that went to make those great top-heavy uprights that are set at the four corners of each room in the old houses, and they felled them within a few feet of the building site. The boards and beams were hand-sawed and hand-planed. The very shingles were hewed out with an ax. Clam and oyster shells, ground fine, went into the making of the plaster. The hinges and latches, like the nails, were hand-hammered. Only a people building homes could have labored so endlessly, and something of their unconquered, unwearying spirit became a part of their houses. Even today their handiwork stands staunch in storms that would set later buildings to shivering and groaning. Ghosts will walk for you in empty houses fashioned during the past fifty years. Creaking boards, cracking walls, rattling windows will herald their unearthly approach. But the specter that rides in the wind to buffet the old Colonial house has its trouble for its pains.

### Where No Ghosts Walk

The homestead to which I have the deed sits just under the shoulder of a sizable hill. No trees of any growth furnish it windbreak, and it stands alone between the highway and the sea. Every storm may tear at it unhindered. And yet, although I am a person notoriously without valor and much given to imaginings and cowardice, I spent my first week in its twelve rooms quite alone except for white crates of furniture, and not a ghost walked—not even Captain Isaac, who persuaded his South American sailors to pack their sea chests with snowballs gathered in the Arctic to take home to the folks, and who, legend has it, often returns to his whilom home and prankishly unbars all the outer doors and flings them hospitably wide.

That I gave the place opportunity to prove its qualifications as a haunted house at all happened in this wise: I reached the peace of its sloping acres one Sunday morning after a month's wrestling with New York. A friend's home was quarantined with scarlet fever, the decent inns were closed at that season, telegrams had gone astray, a good hotel was fifty miles away and the only refuge was this strange new home of mine. I uttered some embittered comment to the effect that I was condemned if I'd journey fifty miles to a hotel unless forced, and began rummaging for bedding.

A bold courage warmed me all through the day. Hills were climbed, the orchard explored, a garden plotted out, final repairs decided on, a new road admired, a fire laid in the fourteen-foot fireplace in the living room, and the courageous female who had elected all her life completely surrounded by the madding throng prepared to spend a night entirely surrounded by scenery. In the late afternoon a kindly neighbor drove over and offered hospitality. It was refused with great firmness. Oh, no, I wasn't afraid. Not at all.

The man answered tactlessly, "Well, I wouldn't spend a night alone in that empty house for a farm. It'd be enough to turn a body's hair white overnight."

I glared at him and compromised.

"If anything happens to make me really nervous you may have me banging on your door before midnight."

"That'll be fine," his wife beamed cheerfully.

Sunset filled a turquoise sky with glory; then evening dimmed the splendor into the heliotrope of twilight. A wind began to whisper through the grasses and I came in and secured all the doors. Night filled the place with a thick blackness and I lighted a lamp. The still flaring match I put to the wood and paper in the fireplace. The fire leaped and then I began to listen. All the tales of horrible reality and literary terror crowded into my mind. Every murder headline and the excruciating contents of every mystery play emptied itself into my surface consciousness. And I waited, listening.

### The Work of Colonial Craftsmen

Where were those sly noises, those shuffling sounds and creakings, that whispered wailing through the rooms that belonged to such a setting? No latch lifted stealthily, no hand appeared around a door, no window rattled, no board whined under a slipping footfall. Only the dog snored at my feet, nose pointed to the spluttering fire. Slowly my feet untied themselves from the chair leg and one hand reached for a near-by novel of mighty adventure. One must have one's excitement vicariously, if no other way. I still listened at intervals, unrewarded, with that alert attention of one that hopes for the worst.

The dog rose, yawned and fell down heavily, to snore again. I decided it was a profitable example. At midnight I woke suddenly to find that the fire had burned to ashes. I piled on two logs, chided the dog for snoring and returned to slumber again. No soundproof hotel room ever held such perfect quiet or lack of night noises as did that isolated house with a goodly gale beating at its windows and doors.

At six daylight awakened me and not a ghost had walked. For the early American builder who had fashioned the house had made no provision in his plan for any such nocturnal guest; he had omitted from his design the paraphernalia of weak, knotty beams, flimsy footings, sagging doors, cracked ceilings and warping woodwork, all shoddy construction used by our best specters to make their presence known on their nightly visitations.

In fact, two centuries ago shoddy construction had not been invented. There was no babble then of cut-rate contractors, lowest bidders, doping up ready-mixed paint, substituting something just as good for good linseed oil, turpentine, white lead and zinc oxide in paint, the soaring cost of equipment, materials and labor, local market conditions, allowances for hardware, the foolproof building contract, building a bigger house than you could afford, or borrowing more money than you could pay back, and the expensive architect filled with originality and stunning ideas. Equipment was evolved on the spot by ingenuity, material was hewed from the live boles of ageless trees, and labor was a question of friends. Even the beauty of the old Colonial house owed no debt to professionalism. Its creators aimed for utility and simplicity of construction without thought of happy combinations of brick stucco and shingles over frame construction or the charming effects that so absorb the modern and commercial designer of homes. And the result rang true.

The English house of the day mothered the New England Georgian, or Colonial, as its craftsmen were pleased to call it, and produced a distinct type of architecture. Proportion and simplicity were its great virtues. English pattern books published by good architects furnished its structural detail, but the new country used a building material hitherto alien to their heavy designs and that material played necromancer with their austere stateliness, changing it to pleasant restfulness. A long unbroken roof line gave the new style gentle dignity. Windows evenly spaced, their green blinds primly folded back, and a carved doorway incasing a door with gracious panels were placed in the undecorated mass of the house like jewels set singly. Twenty-four panes touched with the blue of old glass, made a flashing prism of each window.

The doorstep lay close to the dark earth, the cellar windows hid modestly in areaways, and the stories evaded that high, awkward, boxlike line of their modern imitations by attaining only to a discreet height. The dormers, when there were dormers, were merely incidents in the simple pitched roof. But the doorway was planned for exquisite beauty. Here Colonial craftsmen ceased to be dull servants of the practical and became artists chanting of grave line and delicately turned molding. English pattern books were consulted and copied or renounced in favor of some original detail. Bitter rivalry over the adaptation of a column was not unknown. Designs were fashioned in painstaking thought to do honor to the house and to its owner, and the fruit of the labor was great art.

The maker of modern doorways called Colonial has striven for that early perfection, but stock moldings, machine cut from shoddy wood, thwart him at every turn. A strip of sun-ripened wood in the loving hands of a master cabinetmaker has the advantage over a length of man-cured timber between the knives of a great machine.

But those elder builders did not devote themselves alone to outward design. Interiors bore dignified witness to their inspiration. Spaciousness was accorded the rooms; extensiveness not born of size, but proportion; of the relation of height and width and length; of the placing of a door to reveal a fragment of a room beyond and tantalize the imagination with a suggestion of space. A solidity of construction gave permanence to the place. Hand-hewed beams, lead heavy, held promise of an eternity of staunchness. Thick walls, with windows and doors set in deep reveals, reared themselves, fortress fashion, between their owners and invasion.

Great fireplaces commanded the attention and the house became living in their iridescence. Raised paneling, cut boldly from great boards, lined the rooms. Moldings were deep and sidings wide. It was not necessary to hoard wood then. Trim and baseboards were adjusted nicely to the other hand-wrought detail and, evading the ornate and the niggardly, achieved beauty. The task was endless, but when the house was finished there was no jarring note; and to restore it to its original harmony of line and detail after the bulk of two architecturally insane centuries have had their way with it is an undertaking quite as endless as the building of it must have been.

### Nineteenth-Century Innovations

The place to which I had acquired the deed was an excellent example of the early American style, but it had suffered from various stunning innovations hit upon by its nineteenth-century owners. Wall paper with roses of saffron and vermilion, eleven layers of it, clung desolately to the walls. Carelessly joined boards, paint smeared, closed off a huddled prehistoric bathroom from the bulk of the back hall. In the long living room a stained and pieced floor of hardwood had been nailed to the fine red—or more accurately, yellow—pine of the original. Nineteen variegated coats of paint had been piled relentlessly upon the woodwork. Later it came off under a knife in flintlike flakes.

An owner with a passion for porches had nailed one on the front and side of the house. The hip of its front roof sloped up to a front window and made the thing look as though it had slipped in the building. It was a piazza on a perpetual spree. Slate loaded the roof on one side, weighing it down. The other was poulticed with roofing paper. Other additions jarred me, for when a man buys a house or signs a three-year lease to an apartment he is possessed to change it somewhere to the distress of its subsequent owner, even as you and I. Four dead trees, standing stark naked on the front slope, absorbed the view of distant hills and emerald marsh, and held specter branches before the turquoise and gold of the sunset. Why hadn't someone had them felled? It would have cost no more than wall paper with vermilion roses.

To accomplish three things fired me with my introduction to the place—to clean it from attic to cellar, to haul down the drunken porch and to send those dead silver poplars crashing on the slope. To do the first, a man stripped paper from ceilings and walls for ten days and burned it in great piles in the fireplaces. Then the rooms were sprayed with disinfectant and the windows and doors flung wide to permit the wind and sun to sweeten the place. The clam-shell plaster gleamed milky after this scraping and I began to envisage the finished walls. With each inspection the place as it would be blinded me to the bleakness of the naked rooms. Then, as I gloated on the promise of beauty, a Philistine descended upon the house and jerked me back to realities. A cliff dweller, she had thrilled to my murmur of hand-paneled walls and wide floor boards and windows with twenty-four bright, twinkling panes. She had no first-hand knowledge of old Colonial houses in the throes of restoration, and I had spoken of finished things.

### Adventures in Restoring

We drove to the place, and when we turned into the driveway and the house, still flaunting its tipsy porch, still mustard-tinted, halted her stare, dismay dragged down the corners of her mouth. Inside, the stripped plaster walls and that desolate air that is born of uninhabitation killed her kind words unborn. I marched from blackened fireplace to blackened fireplace, eager over the house as it would be. She trailed after disconsolately. I chirped happily of rough plaster walls as they finished them two hundred years ago when wall paper was an expensive importation from France; and of the warm gleam of panels, oiled and waxed to the luster of the original wood.

At last she found voice. Her foot sounded the floor with significance and she said, "Of course, you'll have all these old boards ripped up and a nice new hardwood floor laid in their stead."

I stared at her. Boards of yellow pine, often called red because of their tint of old amber, twenty-two inches wide, could not be had at a planing mill today and she was suggesting that I rip them up for stuff that floored every hot-dog shanty or third-class office building.

The terrible woman tapped a cherished paneled wall. Her voice inquired with contempt, "You say a man offered you five hundred for the trim of the room?" I murmured a syllable mechanically. She decided, "You could have bought decent new woodwork for the whole place for that." Then, peering upward, "My sacred aunt, but aren't those ceilings low!" And, as her final judgment, "Well, all I've got to say is it'll take you the rest of your life to put it into shape and it'll cost you a mint to do it."

Unless I die tomorrow, it has done neither.

To secure the disinfected walls was but a matter of issuing an order. To get the porch torn down was a task requiring a cast-iron constitution, diplomacy, a sense of humor, a bulldog determination, faith in the silver lining, one hundred dollars and two men masquerading as carpenters.

When the subject was first broached to these pretenders it created immediate argument. One workman stated firmly that it should not be torn down until the roof was shingled. It should be left for staging. I vetoed this, urged for new staging and won a disgusted look. After this preliminary skirmish the workman wandered off and did something else for a week. He drifted back to the porch in time and hauled down one side half-heartedly. Then he abandoned it for other tasks. Its skeleton of hip and crossbeam hung on the front of the house for days. Then the two men took it under consideration, and wrecked the other side leisurely, board by board, until at last the plaster of the breakfast room was warmed by the hot sun.

Then the two demanded roofing, which I flew to buy. And for three days they climbed up on the six-by-nine space and stayed there, tapping with their hammers. At four each afternoon they climbed down

(Continued on Page 67)

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

# Backing around at night—*use your flashlight!*

No. 2671 Eveready 2-cell housing, equipped with the 200-foot range




PITCH-BLACK night . . . narrow, high-crowned road. To back around, use your flashlight! Avoid ditches and dark embankments. Use your flashlight!

Use your Eveready to examine the carburetor. Play safe. Use it to see how much gas is in the tank. (You could safely poke a lighted Eveready into a barrel of gasoline!) Use it to change a tire . . . to find the jack or pliers . . . to put the curtains on.

The long-range Evereadys are great for motoring. Shoot a beam 200, 300 or 500 feet, depending on which focusing type you select. Read road-signs with them without leaving the car.

The aluminum Evereadys at 65c and 75c, complete with battery, are small and practical. Handy to have in the car or carry in your coat-pocket. A good type to use around the house, too.

Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. And if you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once.

The improved line of Eveready Flashlights has many new features, new designs. Standard Eveready features are retained. 65c to $4.50, complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

Buy them from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

*Manufactured and guaranteed by*
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New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

# "FOR THE PEOPLE AND POSTERITY"

In uniting, under one management, five independent and self-contained lumber industries, the Ford Motor Company has revolutionized the handling of wood for automobile bodies. Logging, sawmill operation, drying wood in kilns, body parts fabrication and wood distillation have been joined in a program of efficiency and economy that is without precedent.

To supply lumber requirements of over a million board feet a day, the company has acquired 450,000 acres of standing timber in Northern Michigan. To assist reforestation for the coming generation, no trees under twelve inches in diameter are cut. Accumulated brush is burned to prevent forest fires. This allows the remaining standing timber to speed its most productive growth.

Sawmills have been established near the lumber tracts, body parts being cut directly from the logs. A giant battery of dry kilns—52 units, each 222 by 20 feet—then seasons the parts for body building. Three body parts mills have already been built adjoining the kilns and here the final operations are performed.

The lumber which cannot be utilized—scraps, chips and shavings—is fed into the wood distillation plant, the most modern of its kind. Thirty-four valuable by-products are recovered from the 350 tons of scrap distilled daily.

An intensive program of timber conservation is maintained and the quality of parts rigidly protected. Hardwood is used exclusively. Ford body parts are not surpassed in material or in excellence of workmanship in any field of body construction.

The multiple waste necessary under the previously accepted practice of cutting the logs into boards, shipping the boards to various mills and burning the resulting high percentage of scrap as fuel, is largely eliminated. Lumber, labor, time and by-products are saved.

Such vital economies, combined with others at every step of the complete manufacture of Ford products, are passed directly to the public in lowered motoring costs.

Ford Motor Company

*Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, sawmills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds*

*450,000 acres of standing hardwood have been acquired by the Ford Motor Company in the northern peninsula of Michigan.*

# Buy your lamps where you see these signs

## *and learn how* little *good light costs*

EDISON MAZDA* Lamps will give you full value for the lighting current you are paying for.

But if you put the *right* Edison MAZDA Lamps in your fixtures, you will have even better light. Every fixture requires a particular type and size of lamp for its best lighting effect; just as every foot must have a particular shape and size of shoe for comfort.

So buy your lamps where you see the signs shown above. They identify the nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent, who will help you select the *right* lamp for every socket in your home.

Has Your Town Started a Home Lighting Contest?

You know the discomfort of not enough light; have you ever realized the cheapness of *enough* light? For instance:

A 50-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp gives more than twice as much light as a 25-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp, yet the difference in current cost averages but a cent for four hours.

A 75-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp gives over two and a half times the light from a 40-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp, but averages only a cent more for three hours.

So put the *right* Edison MAZDA Lamps in your fixtures. They will increase your comfort immensely, but your current bill scarcely at all.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 62)

again and the plaster of the breakfast room ceiling still lay at the mercy of the elements. And each afternoon I stared at the sky and trembled at a fluffy cloud. The rain came the fourth morning and wet streaks crept across the ceiling plaster. I rushed out in the drizzle. The six-by-nine space was empty. A genial guffaw drifted from the barn. I headed for it. Inside the hay-fragrant structure the workmen sat smoking companionably at carpenter's wages per hour.

I pointed out politely, "The roof you have been working on the last four days is leaking."

The elder craftsman regarded me with distaste. He grunted, "Can't do nuthin' 'bout it until the rain quits. In sech things y' can't go against the Lord."

It was then that I decided for carpenters who were willing to leave the deity out of it.

Removing the dead, staring trees from their sentry duty was the third and longest task. Two men dug about the first one for an afternoon and then abandoned excavation for the crosscut saw. Dynamite was considered, but the house had too many windows that might shatter under such vibration. People walked around the trees and quarreled about the way to fell them. Some advised me, if I ever got them down, to have them dragged away by a tractor and fired in some convenient hollow; others were all for cutting them up for firewood; and a third party declared dead silver poplars would not burn either in a hollow or in a fireplace. It became a pretty argument. At last the crosscut saw got them halfway down, leaving great stumps like huge tombstones on the slope. And it wasn't till I found the belligerent little carpenter and he ordered two helpers to take a crosscut saw and kneel and cut those masses of dead wood down close to the ground that I saw the last of their ghostly whiteness.

### *Lessons Learned From an Old House*

I found the little carpenter, after ridding myself of the righteous masqueraders, building a new house down the lane. He had a mighty reputation as a master workman and I coerced him into abandoning partially the place he was building for seven days, or until he had jacked up the settled corner and shingled my house. The countryside had declared I could not get efficient labor at that season and I was jubilant. Then, in the midst of my celebration, a cow stepped on my master carpenter and I raged at imbecilities. However, the delay was trifling, and the day when the bottle attributed to Daniel Webster was lifted from the sands under the floor of the east room materialized. And green shingles grew up the roof course by course and glistening white paint hid the dirty yellow of the shingled walls. The broad red pine, stripped from the floor, was turned and planed on the rough underside by a blond and sweating Finn who paused frequently to sharpen his tool and address the gods of his fathers. The ancient wood blunted the knife of his plane as if it had been cork. Plank by plank the new smoothed wood was carried into the east room and laid. These varied in thickness, being handsawed, and shingles were slipped under their breadth so the completed floor would lie true under the testing spirit level. Pegs of ruddy pine were hammered into the old nail holes and planed smooth. The last board nailed in place, the whole was planed again and then sandpapered. The finish given fine old furniture was applied for further beauty and preservation. The completed floor was the color of old amber and the boss carpenter admired it grudgingly.

He grunted, "I got to give you credit. And I doubt if there's another floor like it in the whole United States."

The first floor was an experiment, but one by one the remaining twelve submitted to the punishing plane.

The paneled walls and moldings buried in paint were the next problem. The painter eyed them, groaned and went to resurrect his gasoline torch. The nineteen coats of color blistered under its blue flame and peeled away from his putty knife. The flakes fell in mottled dust heaps about his feet. After endless scraping, the wood was revealed dark under a smoky film. The gasoline torch was abandoned for paint remover and strangely shaped bits of glass and three kinds of sandpaper. The film vanished under the acid and scraping and the deep panels were oiled and waxed and rubbed to the sheen of aged amber.

New bricks replaced the broken ones in the great fireplace where a century ago beans and salt pork were left simmering and hot in its oven for any weary fisherman who might trudge up from the shore through the icy blackness of the night. Locks were not used one hundred years ago, and often when the early owners of the house would come down from the upper chambers in the morning they would find, stretched before the flaming logs in that great fireplace, perhaps a half dozen exhausted men, dead in the heavy sleep of those who have fought with the sea and won.

Then the hand-hammered iron of the HL door hinges, devised in that elder day to keep the witches out, were touched with black and the rooms were ready for the plastering of the walls. A cement product simplified this. It was tinted, brushed on and smoothed and the semblance to the rough plastered walls of our fathers was accomplished. Copies of early wall papers had been abjured for two reasons. To find the desirable patterns involves weeks of fruitless shopping, and when they are found, if they ever are, and hung, the sea air quickly loosens them from the walls and they hang in disconsolate strips, to the fury and bafflement of their owner.

With the walls finished, the rooms were ready for the tools of habitation, for chairs and rugs and tables. I was staggering, but vastly pleased. The workmen gathered up their tools and admired their handiwork.

"You'd never know the old place now," they bragged. And a neighbor declared, "Well, I never saw anything respond to a little kind treatment like that house did." And that last remark contained the secret of my joy in the task. There had been vexations concerned with labor, orders for materials had been misconstrued or not filled at all; sight-seers had descended upon the chaos to "see the biggest fireplace in these parts"; erstwhile owners had come and dragged me from consideration of new planed floors to ask to see the room "with the corner cupboard where John courted Deborah in '85"; or the passing strangers, noting activity on the hill, had dropped in and been offended at the refusal to let them go through the historic old house. I suffered all the penalties of such an undertaking, but the house never failed me. It grew in beauty under each brush stroke. It seemed anxious that I should not repent my bargain; and I don't think I ever shall. For it was a good bargain, this house fashioned by an old-time builder. It brought me, along with other considerations, a home, a place where I might bring all my things together; and it gave me a liberal education.

Before I acquired it by affixing my signature to various and sundry papers, after a day's cruising among countless houses boasting admirable qualities, I had been an average cliff dweller. And such creatures, inured to apartments and hotels, are often inclined to believe that a switch controlled by a glistening pearl button placed at the right height in the wall is the beginning and end of efficient lighting; that glaring china knobs labeled boldly Hot and Cold are alone responsible for the refreshing tub; and that a crisp order spoken into the mouthpiece of Mr. Bell's popular invention is all there is to commanding adequate and sometimes immediate service.

### *A Home of Peace and Beauty*

It is not until he sickens of the elevator's tedious climb to the seventeenth floor and a view of the points of skyscrapers from his window and hunts the gentle hills and sea that he learns his natural mistake. Here it is that he discovers, as I did, that the gleaming gaud in the wall must trace to a vast acreage of wires and bolts and motors which the plumber assures him were ordered six weeks ago and should arrive any day; that the icy water that pours into his tub must first be pumped from its depths of fifty-four feet by hand until that deep well head with its gasoline engine arrives to replace power; and that labor is coy, flirting whimsically with its wages.

But when I had come through the dark valley the Gallic and the Scotch in me were well content. I had achieved a house of peace and beauty and made an excellent investment. A maiden lady, admiring its perfections in my absence, had waited on the doorstep to implore me to take twice what I had paid for it. She must have "that too perfectly sweet fireplace." A prominent bootlegger had raised the ante by long distance, and then a man who had caught the place when it was half stripped of paint had raved over the ruddy pine and been possessed to move the house intact to Long Island then and there. He was grieved at my brusque refusal. He was in the habit of getting what he wanted and money should buy anything. But not the home I had planned for all my life! He stamped off, saying women were incorrigible sentimentalists and had no business sense.

And this house that people quarreled to buy and even to move away to glorify personal acres was only one of hundreds built two centuries ago. Its early American builder fashioned no finer panels, set up no stauncher walls and put no truer proportion and line in his design than did his kindred down the lane. But along with those other old-time craftsmen, he did build in honesty and sincerity and prayer. And today his house lives and is honored and is much sought after, as is any other masterpiece so conceived and so fashioned.

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## SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Townships. So many of these here Easterners coming here to play insists on being shaved Every Day and as it generally takes most of them two or 3 Weeks to play the 23 Miles around the course, we give the Barber Shop Concession to Sheep Dip Jim, the old Bald Headed Barber who brought the first Camels into Arizona the time the Government was having so much Trouble with the Mules packing grub for the Soldiers.

The Greasewood Golf Course is about the Longest I Around I guess, on account of Us making a mistake when we Laid it out and getting all the Far A Ways in Rods instead of Yards. It's all right for us Folks that's used to the country but some of these Back East Folks that is coming here to play now is awful Fussy about it being so Far Around and No Modern Conveniences every where.

Funny thing about these Golf Hounds though—none of them ever Quit once they get Started. One Man has been here ever since last Spring. He's only 47 and got Lots of Money so I guess maybe he will make it yet as he Bought a lot last week and is starting to build himself a House. His pardner back in Massachusetts has been telegraphing him for the last six weeks to Come Home and tend to business but he don't pay no attention and the Other Day he wired back and told his Pardner to go to Hell with the business he had a Mans Sized Job Right Here. Some of the Old Timers around here says No Wonder the Whole Country is going to the Devil when Full Grown Men spend all summer trying to Knock a Ball 23 Miles across country into 18 Holes and don't Get Paid Nothing for it. They hadn't ought to kick because the Cow Boys is all making money Caddying for Such Folks and getting Good Pay for the use of their Horses.

When so many of these Folks wanted to get Shaved Every Day the old Bald Headed Barber fixes up his old flivver so the Back end would lay down and act like a Chair and he makes three Round Trips around the Golf Course every week now, out one day and back the next and laying over Sunday here in town to shave Folks at the Blue Rock Inne and sharpen up his Razors again and Mix Up a new mess of his Sheep Dip Shaving Lotion, which is where from he gets his Name of Sheep Dip Jim. The Natives is pretty well Used to it but some of these New Comers don't like the Smell of it very well but Baldy says it is a good Antiseptic and anything that will kill Ticks and Scabies on Sheep will keep a man from getting Blood Poison if he gets cut while geting Shaved. Baldy has a habit of talking Pretty Loud and Looking Pretty Mean and Gesturing with Both Hands and using his Razor to Emphasize his Pounts when he gets to Arguing, so he generally gets the Best of the Argument when Tourists Kick about the Sheep Dip Shaving Lotion and Keeps right on using it.

—*Duck Wick Hall,*
*Editor and Garage Owner.*

*Fifty cents for Hose like these!*

Maybe you're not a cinema star, but you'll register surprise when you see these hose and the price ticket attached. ¶ They're truly a wonderful value at fifty cents because they possess beauty and wearing qualities far in excess of hose of comparable price. ¶ Chain-knit of fine fibre silk and mercerized lisle, they are smart in appearance and good for many months of griefless wear.

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*Hose · Garters · Belts · Cravats · Pajamas*
*Handkerchiefs · Knit Gloves · Nightshirts*
*Shirts · Suspenders · Underwear · Mufflers*

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ANTHRACITE

(Continued from Page 21)

when they were empty, and came to the pit head.

We joined the group of men and boys waiting to be lowered inside. It was known as the Big Shaft, having four hoisting compartments, an upcast ventilating compartment and a pump way for the pump rods and the water pipes. In due time I stepped aboard the cage with my father, holding to his hand, and we were lowered to the bottom—dropped would express it better, for it seemed to me that we went at terrific speed.

An impenetrable darkness at once surrounded us. I was conscious of a swishing noise, the sound of falling water, my stomach tried to climb up into my mouth and the weird shadows cast around by our lights startled me. We bumped gently on the bottom blocks and walked off the cage. We were at the foot—inside. More men, more cars, more tracks, more noise, something going hish-her-hish-her-wooh-bump, every minute, and then starting and doing it all over again.

"What's that, daddy?" I asked, grabbing his leg.

"What's what?" he asked.

"That noise."

"I don't hear no noise," he answered, looking around.

"That," I said, as the hish-her began again.

He listened.

"The pump rods and plungers," he informed me. "Come on."

We crossed the tracks and approached a line of men in front of the fire boss' shanty. Here each miner was told in his turn whether his working place was free of gas or not. When my father got to the little window he stuck his head in.

"How is she, Jack?" he hollered.

"There's a bit of gas right in the face along the right rib, Tom. Brush 'er out."

My father grunted a reply and strode away. I followed.

We walked along one of the tracks straight into a visible darkness broken only in two spots by our lamps, leaving all noise behind us, and entered into a silence that the shoes of our feet divided into soft gentle pats on the damp floor. The pillars of coal on both sides of us glistened in a haphazard way and the roof let fall drops of water at intervals ahead of us, each one shining like a brilliant. On and on, on and on we walked, following the level floor as it curved one way or the other. Here was a small pool of water between the track and the coal. There was a heavy prop, stood to protect a bad part of the roof. And dark, so dark, all of it, with our lamps opening a way through it and it closing in behind us again.

### The First Day Inside

We came to a branch road. Father took the one to the right. Another branch. Again to the right. We passed a number of these—ten, at least—and at the last one, met a man standing.

"Here he is, Briney," my father said, stopping.

I saw the man look at me.

"He'll do," he said. "Here's his door."

I saw the door. It closed the gangway and was less black than the coal. I saw the man too. His face was a caricature of a face, covered with hair, out of which his two eyes peered at me. Out of a slit in his cap stuck some more hair. His hands and arms were hairy. He was gorillalike in the amount of hair that covered him. Something of this must have moved me, for I smiled. The man scowled.

"I'm the driver boss," he said warningly. "You're to do what I tell you."

"He will, no fear," father told him; and walked away.

Briney told me to follow him and receive further instruction. Again I followed. He dragged the door open and we passed through. It slammed shut behind us with a hollow boom and I jumped. Twenty feet farther on was another door. We stopped. Briney glowered at me.

"These are main doors, understand?" he rumbled. "Don't leave them open. The air will short-cut and gas will fill the places. Every time a team comes with a trip of cars you block this one open with this." He kicked a short piece of prop with his toe. The toe stuck out of a gap in his shoe, but there was no hair on it. I know, because I looked for hair. "Open the other door. The driver will drive his trip through and you shut the door, knock out this bit of wood and shut this door."

He combed his face with his fingers, looking hard at me, and then walked away through the inner door.

Immediately the other door opened and a boy about my size came into the roomlike space between the two doors. He looked me over carefully from head to foot. I looked him over. I saw that he had a harelip.

"Can you lick Scotty Moore?" he inquired.

"I am Scotty Moore," I answered.

He did not believe this assertion and said so. He said, "You're a liar."

His gobbling voice irritated me and I said, "You're another."

He picked up a chip and put it on his shoulder.

"You dassent knock this off."

I knocked it off.

"You wouldn't dast to do that outside," he said. "You dassent fight inside. If Briney catches you fighting inside he gives you the sack. Are you the new nipper?"

"Yes."

"I'll fix you for that."

### Slip Gillavary, Hard Guy

He did not explain further what he was going to fix me for, and after we had stood awhile glaring at each other he squirted a contemptuous stream of tobacco spit at me and stuck his tongue out of the aperture of his mouth and harelip. After which he felt better, for he sat down on a seat the other nipper had built and said he would stay there until the next trip came.

"Do you know who I be?" he asked.

"No."

"I'm Slip Gillavary." I was not properly impressed. "And I can lick fellers twicet as big as you. You'll find out. Here's a trip comin' now."

I felt a rumble and heard a shrill whistle. Slip sprang to one door and pulled it open.

"Open the other!"

I had to press with all my strength against the door to break the air pressure that held it shut, but when I had gained a crack of an opening the air flowed through and I swung it wide.

I saw the trip coming, faintly illuminated by the mule lamp on the leader. Another shrill whistle from the driver and the three-mule team, tandem, surged by, hooked to a trip of loaded mine cars. The driver stood on the bumper of the first car, swinging his whip and whistling shrilly. He paid us no heed. The cars banged along, stirring up a cloud of dust. Slip swung his door shut behind them. I swung my door shut. The air caught it and shoved me with it. The noise of the trip muffled away into the distance. Slip looked at me with renewed disfavor.

"You got to work quicker nor that or they'll have to stop the trip, an' then the driver'll give you hell," he said.

I stuck up my chin in disdain and sat down. Slip gave me a hostile eye, said nothing and departed. The next trip to come through I managed alone, and by all-over I was expert in my manipulation of the two doors. Briney paid me one visit, watched me let a trip pass, and walked away without making any comment.

I was alone much of the ten hours. They were lonely, slow-passing hours. I was glad when my father came into my place and jerked his head at me. I picked up my pail and walked after him.

This very loneliness was an incentive for me to do something to pass the time. I pondered over a way by which the trip's coming would be known to me before I heard its rumble or felt its jar. I devised a signal in my mind. To make it a reality I became a collector of twine. In a week's time I had enough. I strung it along the gangway out of sight, and after two days of secret toil I perfected my device. It was crude, but it worked. When I felt the cord twitch where it was tied to my bench I knew where the trip was and threw open one door. When it was near enough I

(Continued on Page 70)

# TRUE GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD QUALITY

IF YOU are one of the motorists who believes that all good tires serve pretty much alike—you've got a pleasant surprise coming.

Eight years ago Miller began a scientific research to build a stronger, more flexible cord tire that would not *heat up and burn out* from internal friction as stiff, bulky tires do. Miller efforts were entirely successful.

To-day Miller Cords are built with this wonderfully flexible, less-ply carcass. Internal friction has been reduced to a minimum by eliminating useless bulk. Miller Cords are actually stronger than more bulky tires, due to a perfectly balanced carcass and stronger and better cords, inch for inch.

You will find a big difference when you buy a Miller Cord. Ask a Miller dealer to show you its improvements and to quote you prices.

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*Balloon Cords:* The success of balloon tires to-day is an outgrowth of the Miller less-ply method of construction. That's why Miller makes the best balloon tire to-day. Miller Real Balloons are made for your present rims as well as for smaller wheels.

*Regular Passenger Car Cords:* Miller Cords, both Geared-to-the-Road and Wedge Tread, are built on the successful less-ply principle and have set a new world standard for long mileage and freedom from trouble.

*Truck and Bus Cords:* The successful Miller Geared-to-the-Road Heavy Duty Tire has now been remarkably improved in new construction. It has revolutionized truck and bus tire service. Maximum traction, cushion and mileage.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY OF NEW YORK
AKRON, OHIO
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# Miller Cords

GEARED TO THE ROAD

*Ready folded for use*

# The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

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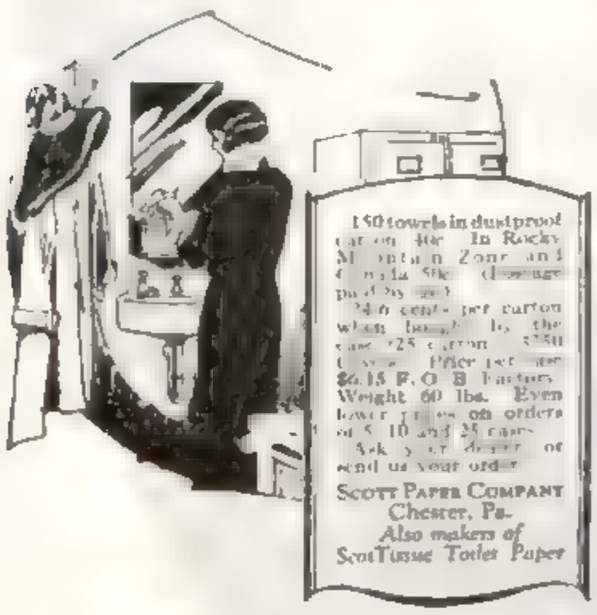


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ScotTissue Towels are preferred in modern business and professional offices for their efficiency, economy and safety. They provide a clean, fresh, never-before-used towel to each person, every time. The use of ScotTissue Towels in an office indicates a nice regard for the sanitary requirements and convenience of employees and patrons as well. Appropriate fixtures which dispense ScotTissue Towels can be bought from your dealer or direct from us. *Try The Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c.*

# Scot Tissue Towels

*for*

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

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*(Continued from Page 68)*

opened the other door, and the mules, driver and cars thundered by.

I shall never forget Briney's appreciation of my foreknowledge. He saw me open one door before he knew the trip was coming, and questioned the act. The trip came into sight while he was blowing me. He stopped talking, looked at me in alarm and stroked his hairy face. He came several times after that, watched me and shook his head, but never asked for a reason for my intuition, as he in a thick-headed way thought it was—although he did not use the word intuition in his thinking.

Merit is as slow of being rewarded in the mines as it is anywhere else. It is perhaps slower in the ranks than in the file. But it is rewarded, inside and outside, the only thing necessary to obtain it being a stick-to-it determination to do your job better than it has ever been done by anyone. A few hundred feet of string, a slight mechanical ability and lonely hours taught me this. Leave out the string, substitute something—anything—for it, add quiet hours of thinking, and you have the magic prescription. The mine foreman, or gaffer, as he was known by many, visited me one day. He waited for a trip to come. I went through my work as usual, watching his face when I opened the first door. It was impassive. I heard his grunt of approval as he went away through the door after the trip had passed, but he said nothing. I knew then, for the first time, that I had attracted the attention of someone higher up, the boss, or call him what you will. That too is a prime requisite.

I was a nipper six months. That seemed a long while to spend underground. For some reason—the ones given above, probably—I did not follow the usual line of promotion from a nipper through the ranks as a mule driver, a car runner, a driver boss, as Brien O'Hara had, but was taken from my doors to the foot of the shaft to do odd jobs. I never before knew there were so many odd jobs waiting to be done anywhere in the whole world.

I was now inside broke. The hollow echoing noises, the dark, and the unexpectedness of things that might happen and did happen somewhere out in the darkness of the mines, had ceased to startle me.

The foot of a shaft is the scene of much activity. Here all the cars loaded come to be hoisted and in due time return empty. We ran four cages, in pairs, two each in balance, one ascending with the load while the other descended with the light, and there was much shouting and a great deal of bumping, car against car, the empty one being banged off the cage by the loaded one.

### *Acquiring Assorted Knowledge*

I swept the mine foreman's shanty every day. Any small building around a mine is called a shanty. It may be an oil shanty, a tool shanty or a pump shanty. I kept his Davy lamp polished. I dusted the chairs and the table on which the mine tracings were studied. I cleaned up the tracks with a shovel, throwing the small pieces of coal on the cars. I ran errands. We had no telephones, only a speaking tube to the hoisting engineers. I carried messages, and sometimes when coal was slack I sat down and listened to the footmen talk.

They used a varied language much interspersed with oaths and obscenity. They carried on discussions about subjects of which I was ignorant but about which I have since learned without in any way having my knowledge improved. They were rough; they worked hard; and it was among them truly a survival of the fittest. The fight through the terrible inertia of one's surroundings in a colliery is a large task.

Once evolution was introduced as a subject. I did not know any more about evolution then than I do now and cared as little. Why worry about something we cannot change? None of them knew anything about it either, but one had brought up the subject to air his idea in the gaffer's ears, who stood near by listening to the conversation. So did Briney. Finally the gaffer took part.

"I don't believe in evolution," he said. He paused and looked around. "But when I see Briney I do believe in it."

Briney grinned foolishly, there was considerable laughter, and I wondered what it was all about. I am still wondering. The gaffer's word being like the word or law of the Medes and Persians, no one differed with him. Briney strolled off to hide his chagrin and the gaffer entered his shanty. You had to take it or leave it. Briney took it.

I was receiving eighty-nine cents a day for my work. You may wonder at the odd sum. But if you were to examine the present decimal rates you would learn that the coal companies pay whatever the advance in percentage figures. I was proud of my earnings, although I seldom saw them. Twenty-odd dollars a month was a lot of money.

Mrs. Taylor's school meanwhile had opened, and I was one of the scholars at its night sessions. Between it and the mine I was acquiring a varied assortment of knowledge, some good, much bad and some very bad. Our youthful minds absorb and retain this last kind better than the first. I cannot explain why this is so unless we hark back to old Adam, and I am much averse to placing any additional load on his crowded shoulders. The many mysteries that surround boys make them acquisitive, I presume, and the best way is to explain these fully and in the proper manner lest they—and they do—have them explained in a very improper way.

Near the foot of the shaft was a heading leading to a dip workings. At the bottom of the short slope was a pump that took water from the lower levels and forced it up into the main sump at the foot of the shaft where the gigantic pump that was always hish-hering took it and forced it to the top. As often as I could I visited it. I watched its valve mechanism moving back and forth with each stroke, heard its exhaust on the other side of a brattice into the main airway, and took pity on its thick coat of grease and dirt. I got an old file and scraped all of this off and then with clean waste rubbed and polished it until it was a new pump. I spent many idle hours beside it, watching it run and trying to solve what was going on inside of it.

### *A Disturbing Rumor*

The gaffer caught me there one day leaning over it with a piece of waste in my hand. He stopped—looked at the pump—looked at me—while I shivered with apprehension.

"Did you clean this pump?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," I faltered.

"H'm!" Oh, I must have done something terrible. No one ever bothered to clean up anything in the mines, not even themselves. "Like to see it run, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm!" We all dreaded that h'm of his. "Come up to my shanty with me and I'll show you how it works."

That afternoon I received my first lesson in mechanical engineering. I did not know much more about the pump when he got through than I did before, because an innate fear of the gaffer held me dumb and numb, but I did learn a little about steam pistons, water pistons, piston rods, slide valves and balance pistons, things of whose existence I had hitherto been ignorant.

I thought at that time that we put out a great amount of coal. So did the rest of the men. It was full coal every day, the miners going home when their six cars were loaded, the drivers following, all of us jogging along contentedly in a deep rut of self-satisfaction. No one thought of trying to get out a greater number of mine cars. I doubt if the idea ever occurred to any of us, even the gaffer. We had a rude awakening.

One of the footmen who had a friend that worked in a near-by colliery belonging to the same company brought us the portentous news. A new man had been poking around looking things over, making suggestions for improving this and that, and asking why they did this that way and that this way—why more miners were not put to work to increase the tonnage—why the engineers did not hoist faster—why they did not use rope haulage instead of mules, and jig the coal instead of hand-picking it—and what was the matter with everyone that they did not get a move on.

"Who is he?" Briney asked.

"He's the big boss' son over in Scranton." None of us cared for that.

"A lot he knows about coal!"

"A lot he does know, I'm here to tell you," the footman answered. "They're getting a hundred more cars a day at Central already. I hear he's coming here next."

"A hundred cars," Briney mused. "Let him come. They'll have all the coal gone in a couple of years at that rate."

*(Continued on Page 72)*

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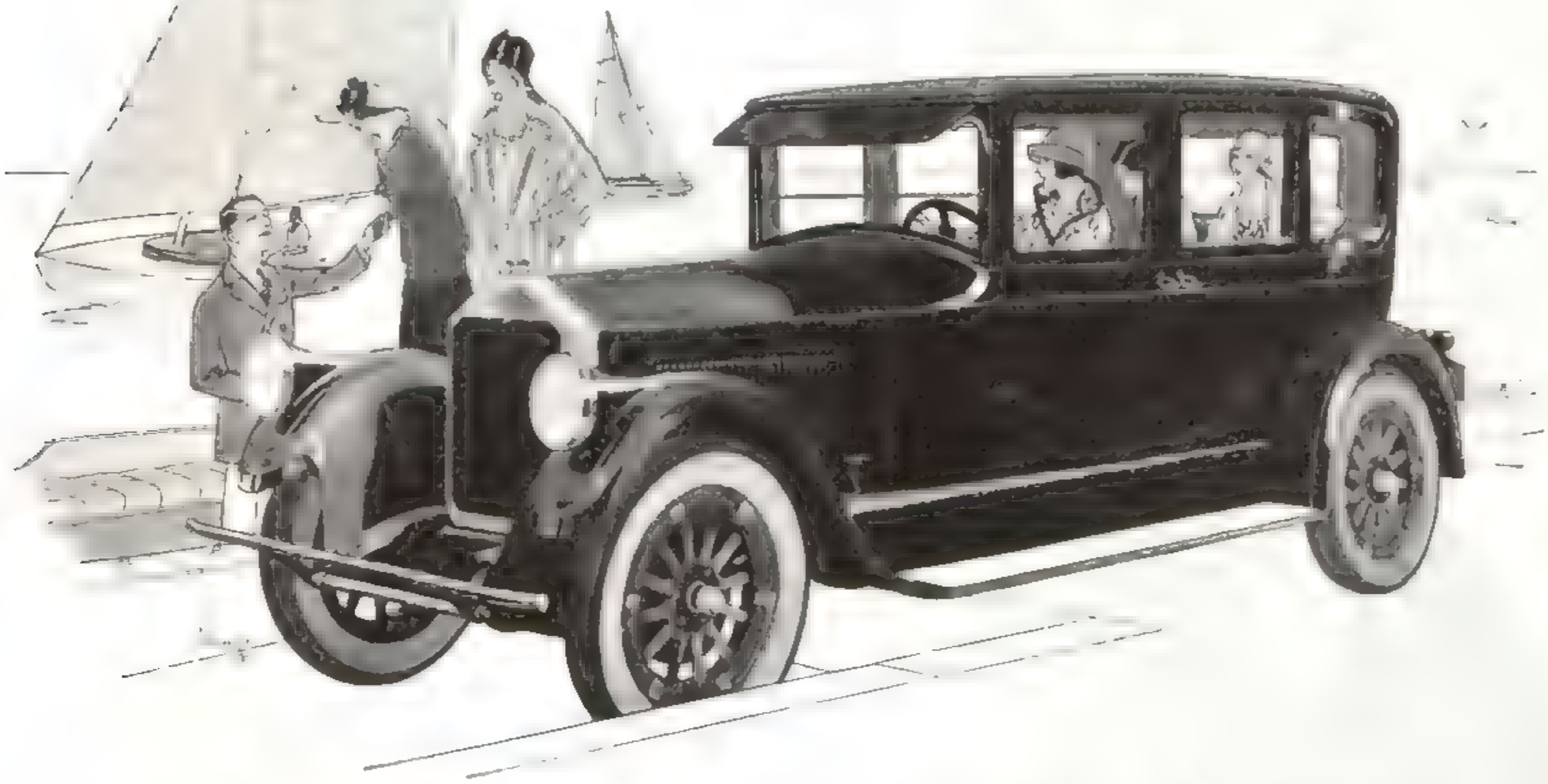

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Continued from Page 70

"Yes, they will He studied mining at college."

Briney laughed. It was a forced laugh

"At college," he scoffed. "What does a colleger know about coal? Nothing. You have to work up to it like I did—like Phil here is doing—to know anything about coal. Yes, you do. What'd we do with a hundred cars a day more'n we're getting here at the foot I ask you, with cars getting off the tracks now?"

"You'll damn well find out what you'll do. You'll fix the tracks the first thing so the cars won't get off."

"What's the matter with the tracks?"

"Nothing—rotten ties and no spikes, that's all."

"Well, what of it? The gaffer won't give me no ties or spikes "

"He'll give them to you quick enough when the new boss gets here. You can get anything you want then. You wait."

Briney scratched his head.

"I'm waiting. I've seen his kind before. They don't none of them last long. I suppose he's one of these here deficiency experts," with fine scorn.

"I don't know what he is, but my buddy says he raises hell all day."

"I better be going. That trip off of Number Four Road ought to be here."

Briney looked back over his shoulder as he trotted up the gangway.

Next day everyone in the mines had the news. It was in the air. Suspense. Even the gaffer acted uneasy. Men began to clean things up, cart dirty messes of rock, old ties, rotten props and the like away, inside and outside. I heard with much surprise that they were sweeping the floors of the breaker every day. This new fellow must be a wonder, I thought. I longed to see him—to see if he looked any different from the rest of us. Briney had his hair trimmed. He became almost respectable in appearance. The gaffer took no more naps in his shanty. The air became charged with that freshness of expectancy that precedes a thunderstorm.

He came at last. I was leaning over the railing surrounding the pump sump, watching the four large plungers rising and falling in pairs, each one hish-hering away for dear life and squirting water, when I heard the whistle of the speaking tube and turned to listen. I saw the head footman run to the tube, heard him holler "Hello" into it and then put his ear to the mouthpiece He listened a long time. An empty cage came down and the others ran on a loaded car. He held up his hand.

### *Introducing Mr. Emory*

"Pull her off," he said, turning away from the tube. The signal for an empty cage sounded. They pulled the car back. Someone was coming down on the other cage. He gave his signal back to the engineer and the cage standing on the bottom started slowly up the shaft. "He's coming down," he said briefly. We knew what he meant. I skirted around the loaded trip and took up an advantageous position where I could see and not be seen. "Take your time now," he cautioned his men. "Give him time to get off the cage before you run the loaded on. Don't kill him the first time he shows up. Careful now."

The descending cage came into sight in the opening, dropped softly on the blocks, and in the center of it stood a nice-looking young man with a lamp in his hand.

"Hello, fellows," he said pleasantly, stepping off.

He stood to one side, watched them run the loaded on, saw the head footman pull the signal lever, and ran his eyes over the men as they went after the next car. His ears caught old hish-her, hish-hering; he held up his lamp, peered toward the sump and then asked, "Where's Mr. Evans?"

In a subconscious way we knew he meant the gaffer, the old man, or just plain Reese T. when he asked for Mr. Evans; so the footman gravely informed him that he "hadn't saw him" since noon, and then yelled, "Hey, Phil, do you know where Mr. Evans has went?"

This forced me from my hiding place. I came out into the open.

"I heard him tell Briney he was going up to the Cork and Bottle Gangway."

The young man laughed.

"And where's that? Who knows?"

The footman looked at me.

"Know the road there, Phil?" he asked I ducked my head. "He does," pointing to me.

The young man turned his eyes on me and smiled. He was the most smiling man that ever came down the Big Shaft.

"My name is Emory—H. W. Emory," he said to all at large. The footmen were holding a car in check ready to cage it. "You may have heard of me. I have been sent here by my father to take a look around. If this boy is competent I'd like to have him show me the way to the—the ——"

"Cork and Bottle," the footman prompted.

"—— the Cork and Bottle Gangway to find Mr. Reese."

There was no assent nor dissent. Mr. Emory looked me over carefully.

"Sure you know the way, Phil?"

"I tended door there," I answered.

"Oh, you did? All right. Lead off. I'll follow you."

I led off, strutting like a gander. Proud? Some! The eyes of the men waiting to cage the car were following me—following us and I knew it. It was the first step taken in the Big Shaft out of the good old days and into an active future, but I did not know it.

The meeting that day on the Cork and Bottle Gangway between our gaffer and Mr. Emory was historic so far as the Big Shaft was concerned, and eventually for the other collieries belonging to the same company. My introduction consisted of pointing to Reese T. when we finally found him and saying "That's him."

While I stood to one side, first on one foot and then on the other, with both ears wide open, the preliminary skirmishing between them took place. They paid me no attention. I was too small physically and officially.

### *H. W. Stirs Things Up*

Reese T.'s conversation consisted of h'm's for a while, during which he sized up, or tried to, H. W., as he was afterward known and spoken of. H. W. wasted no time.

"We want to get more coal out of here, Mr. Evans," he said soon after they had shaken hands, much, I thought, as two boxers do. "We have a large unmined area. We have seven veins and are working three. The miners get full coal early in the afternoon and the drivers go home and get paid for a full day."

"H'm," Reese T. said.

"Why can't we put on more miners and get out more coal?"

H. W. was very agreeable about it. The gaffer was agreeable too. He did not know why they could not—so he said nothing.

"We are getting about twenty-five thousand tons a month. We ought to get fifty."

"Dear, dear, fifty thousand! I never heard of such a thing."

Mr. Emory laughed pleasantly.

"You are going to hear a lot about it in the future," he said. "How many foremen have we inside here?"

"One. Me."

"How many assistant foremen?"

"None."

"You do it all?" He was surprised.

"Yes, indeed."

Reese T.'s chest stuck out. It did not stick out long.

"Put on an assistant in each vein," was the immediate order.

"What for?"

"To get out more coal."

"I don't need them. They'd only be that many more men for me to look after."

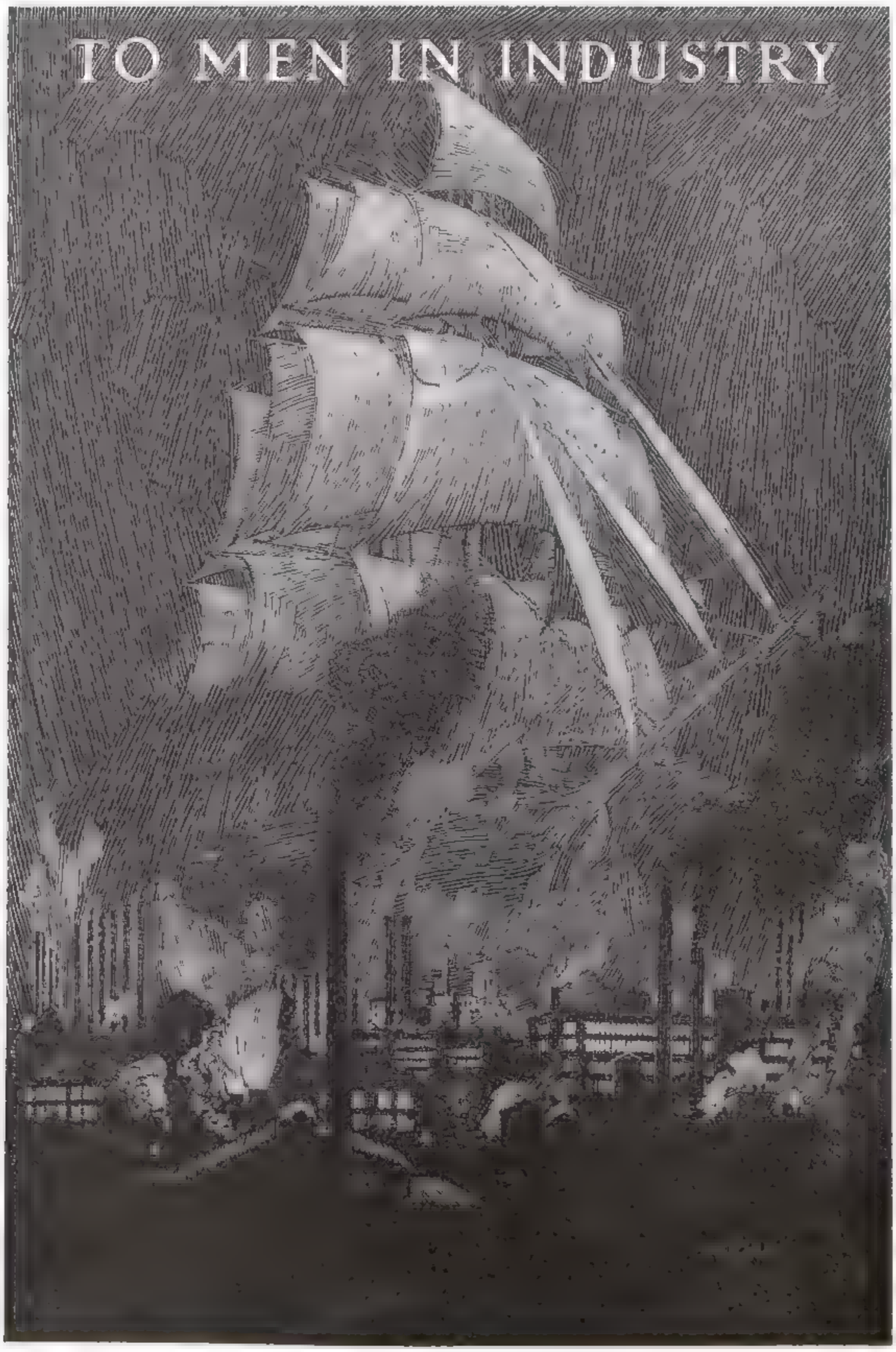
H. W. eyed Reese T. at that. I felt a sort of palpitation somewhere inside of me.

"I want you to put an assistant foreman in each vein, and pick out the kind of men you won't have to look after. We are going to have more coal out of here right away."

Reese T. h'm'd several times. No one had ever talked to him like that. I squeezed against a pillar so he could not see me.

"I'll send the engineers in here tomorrow to give you lines to straighten out all of our main haulage roads," H. W continued after he had let his last remarks sink in "Put men to skipping pillars." Skipping a pillar straightens the face of it by taking down protruding coal "Put more men on the tracks There are two big cars of ties coming in today and they'll be sent down to you tomorrow Relay and respike the bad places they all look pretty bad. I'll show you the gangways I want straightened up when we get back to your office I'll mark your tracings They are the ones we'll put the rope haulages on first. Our coal is all too far away from the shaft to

(Continued on Page 74)

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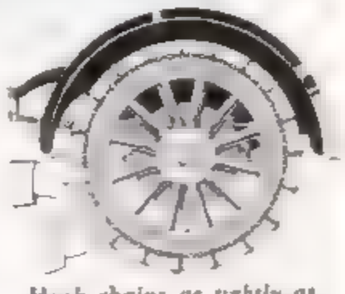

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(Continued from Page 72)

haul with mules. And by the way, have Dick Rule"—Dick was the boss of the machinists, or castor-oil gang, as they were called—"repack that pole pump. All four plungers are leaking badly."

"Dear, dear," Reese T. said helplessly. "I can't remember all of that. It can't be done"

Another of H. W.'s laughs.

"It is going to be done," he said, "all of it—and more."

"Can't do it, my boy."

"Do you mean to say that you can't do it?"

"I mean that I can't do it, that you can't do it, and if I can't do it nobody can do it," the gaffer said, and said it the same way he talked to the rest of us.

"Well, that's your view of it. Just go along with me and I'll show you how easily it can be done. But it is going to be done, Mr. Evans."

H. W. said this in a quiet way, but anyone with two ears to hear could have added what he did not say—"with you or without you."

I pretty nearly burst open after that interview. I had to put my hand over my mouth at times to keep what I had heard to myself, especially during the time H. W. was in the gaffer's office with the gaffer looking over the mine maps, and all of our eyes looking in through the door every chance we got, trying to catch some of the words they said amid the confusion of hoises that went on all around us.

The footman that had brought us word of all this kept on saying "What'd I tell you?" over and over every chance he got, and none of us saw Briney that afternoon.

I finally exploded, but I had held it until I was in the washtub that night, father sitting on a chair putting on clean socks and mother digging out my ears with soap and a cloth. When I started, it came out so fast that after the first few sentences I caught their attention. Mother stopped washing me, father stopped dressing and I sat in a tubful of warm water for a rostrum.

I have never had so attentive an audience. What I had heard had been indelibly impressed on my mind, and I told them about it almost word for word. The water was cold when I finished. Father took a few puffs at his pipe and resumed dressing. Mother rinsed me off when I stood up. There was no comment. My news had fallen flat and I was disappointed.

### The Job's the Thing

"Who else have you told, Phil?" father asked presently while I was jumping into my pants.

"No one."

He nodded his head.

"You're a close-mouthed lad. I could ask nothing better of you than that."

That was all he said, but mother afterward added some good advice, the gist of which was for me always to mind my own business.

Reese T. went along. For a week he walked around in a daze, more or less like a locomotive pulling a heavy train up a steep grade on greased rails, but finally he got sand on the track and started. The three new assistants, recruited from the ranks, came to his aid and saved the day.

The installation of the rope haulage was a holiday for me. Every spare moment I had from my usual work I traveled along the gangway under reconstruction, watched the engineers establishing new lines and grades, the men putting in pulleys over which the ropes were to run, the miners skipping the pillars, and the regrading of the tracks. I carried spikes, ties and tools that I was not hired to carry, and in any way I could I helped hurry the work along.

I saw Mr. Emory every day. I hung over the sump railing with him while he directed Dick Rule and the castor-oil gang in packing the four plungers. I was present when the signal was given to start up the pump and saw that its high-hering days were over. I grinned up at H. W. and he grinned at me.

He caught me once along the haulage lugging two cast-iron pulleys, one in each hand, and asked me what I was doing.

"Helpin'," I answered.

He looked me over—a way he had. He looked at me so long that I got uneasy.

"How would you like to work in the engineer corps?" he asked.

I dropped the pulleys. I felt faint for a second. I could not answer. All I could do was look at him.

"All right. I'll speak to Mr. Evans about it."

Next day I was given a plumb bob and formally entered upon my new job as back sight and received instructions from the transit man about my duties. I was the drudge of the party. I carried the lunch boxes, the paint pot and the spare tools, and ran all over the mines hunting up men and material. But I was happy, yes, I was so darned happy that I carried a perpetual grin around with me too, and I had a buoyant feeling inside of me that went with the grin, and was so light on foot that I wonder now why I did not float up in the air and bump my head against the roof.

Nothing had been said about wages. I wanted the job. That appealed to me and has appealed to me ever since. The job never mind wages, titles, salary: grab the job. The due bill I received at the end of the month showed I was being paid one dollar and thirty-five cents a day.

I ran into my mother's arms that night, held up my due bill to her and buried my face in her apron. I was a boy yet.

The day the haulage began operations was a gala day inside at the Big Shaft. We had many distinguished visitors. Mr. Emory's father, the general, was present. Foremen from other collieries were present, and all of the operating force that could be spared were there. H. W. was there. So was Briney. Briney had been full of doleful predictions. To him it was all foolishness.

### Crawling Upward

A rope haulage is like the boy and his two spools on nails with a string belted around them. One rope is the main, pulling the loaded cars, and the other is the tail, hooked on behind the trip and trailing along after it, ready, when the loaded's destination is reached, to be hooked onto the empty cars and pull them and the main rope back to the starting point.

The first trip was ten cars. I had been stationed about midway of the haulage. I waited, watching the ropes. I saw their first hesitating motion. They started slowly, gathering speed, until they were humming over the pulleys. Then came the far-away rumble of the cars—getting nearer—until they came into sight, rushed past me, stirring up a cloud of dust, running at a gait no mule team could hope to equal, and were gone.

I gave a screech of delight and ran after them. They outdistanced me, but when I reached the foot the first thing I saw was Briney looking at the cars in amazement. He was converted.

We had a few minor accidents, a few delays. Pulleys had to be changed, new ones put in, but the haulage was a success. I do not know who was the proudest of its work—H. W., Reese T. or myself.

New words fell into my ears every day as we went on with the work of straightening out other gangways. Sines, cosines, tangents, cotangents, angles, vernier, elevation, vertical, horizontal—what a jumble it was. How could I ever know them and speak about them in the offhand way the transit man did while he figured in his book? But as the lenses of his telescope opened up the field of vision for him, so did his conversation open up a new path for me to tread. And I trod it.

It was an uphill path, steep, covered with obstacles, but I crawled up it almost literally on my hands and knees.

The uphill path was a thorny one too. My particular thorn was Skip Gillavary. He was now a pulley oiler. We met one day, he carrying his oil can and I carrying a paint pot and plumb bob. We were alone. I dropped the paint pot and sailed into him. He dropped his oil can and met my assault, and together we rolled over on the track punching and squirming like two wildcats.

"Back sight," came floating through the dark.

I cast him from me, jumped up and held the plumb bob on the station, while Skip picked up his oil can and went on. That interrupted fight had to come, and it cleared up old animosities.

The day I was made foresight I asked my father for better working clothes, and got them. I became more careful about my appearance. My shifting suit that I wore evenings was ready-made, but it fitted me, and I was very proud of it. I looked like a young man. I felt like a young man. I was a young man. I had put away childish things.

(Continued on Page 77

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*At your Bakers & Grocers*

(Continued from Page 74)

No more games of scrub for me on the vacant field. I was studying. I was learning about sines and cosines and their large family of relatives. I was taken to the company's office in the city and taught by the actual use of them how to balance surveys. That way I became better acquainted with them and found out where they lived in the engineer's handbook.

I think at that time everyone began to feel the forward push of some invisible force. Tonnage increased in the Big Shaft and in the other shafts of the company. We continued to lay out new haulages, new roads.

I heard sneers, would-be funny remarks, the full gamut, about H. W.'s innovations. They needed no defense from me. They were justifying themselves every day, and gradually the foremen in the various openings swung into line behind them, won over by Mr. Emory's personality and the results that were being achieved.

His only fault was his temper, seldom released. But when it let go it burnt and blistered. I know. The only thing to do was to discipline oneself to stand it and wait until it had exhausted itself and him. Oh, yes, I got mad more than once at him, but as I was then large enough physically and officially to be taken into account, I waited for the storm to blow over. I knew that sometimes I had a hot streak. That seems to go with the coal game; that I had seen men under me look up with questioning eyes as if wondering what was coming; and that the more you like a man and his work the more apt you are to pounce on him, so I took it and said nothing. There is no use wasting effort on a drone. Push on.

### A Rank Favorite

I pushed on, every one of the good old days a new delight, a new lesson. They moved at high speed, merging into weeks, and weeks into months.

I was on a salary. The amount of it was fabulous to me—how could I ever earn it? How could I do enough to warrant the company paying me so much? I was earning more, for the pleasure of working, than my father was for his hard work cutting coal.

H. W. piled work on my willing back. It was a broad back with a big body, and a strong pair of legs under it. I was given special work to do, new work, and sent to the different collieries to supervise it. It kept me on the jump, long hours, nights, days, but I thrived on it. On one of these trips my former transit man who had taught me so much was with me.

"Phil," he said to me in a friendly, joking way, "you're a rank favorite."

The remark nettled me.

"All right," I replied, "I'll admit for the sake of argument that I am. What is to hinder anyone from getting into the same class? It's an open field, and H. W. will bet on a winner. It strikes me that he is mighty impartial with his praise or censure."

He was. I ran into a mine fire at the Emory colliery down the valley one day. It was a deep shaft, more than a thousand feet, with the lowest seam of coal several hundred feet below sea-level datum, and gassy.

I was walking up the main haulage road alone looking for the foreman when it let go. My lamp was blown out, I was almost suffocated with dust and was pelted by small particles of coal. I knew by the velocity of the air that the explosion had been a big one. I had been near several, but never one like this. I stopped and waited. I was in the dark. The darkness of the mines is just a plain black blank.

I was afraid to strike a match to relight any lamp. For all I knew I was in gas. I continued waiting. Presently I heard voices, saw a light. Men were coming from the direction of the shaft foot carrying Davy lamps. The air current was resuming its normal flow.

They came up and I joined them. A few hundred feet farther on we met an excited group of men coming out of Number Two Gangway, where the explosion had taken place. We learned from them that the foreman and fire boss had been caught in Number Four Chamber and badly burned. The brattice and stoppings had been blown out—the place was full of black damp—it was sure death for anyone to go in.

"I'm going in," I said. I looked around. "Who'll go with me?"

All of them would. I picked out three. We wet our handkerchiefs in the ditch water, tied them over our faces and went in. The air was deadly. It's a wonder we ever came out alive, but we did, and we brought the two burned men with us.

We came out in bad shape, drunk, dizzy, and gave up our burdens to the others who had waited for us. Stretchers were on the way—the two burned men were carried to the foot, groaning, and into the foreman's shanty, where they were properly bandaged after carron oil had been poured over their burns. I tried to find out something from the foreman about the explosion, but he was in such pain that he only groaned.

I sent them to the top, outside, with men to take them home in the ambulance. I sent another man to the office to telephone at once to Mr. Emory.

He was sixteen miles away. It would take several hours for him to get here. There was no one in charge except the outside foreman unless—yes, unless I took charge. I took charge. I sent orders to the miners working in that vein to leave their places and go home. I asked the company men to remain. I looked over the faces of those with me in the foreman's shanty.

"Who knows about the ventilation in here?" I asked.

"I do," one of them answered, a brattice man.

We went over the blue print of that vein together and I marked the course of the air in yellow pencil until we came to the explosion chamber. It was plain to me at once that the air current up to that point should be reversed. I stated my opinion and it was approved. We studied the blue print and found out which door to open and where to build a brattice.

We started work on this at once, opened the door and blocked it open, after the last man had gone up the shaft, and in an hour's time the air was reversed and fresh air flowing into the explosion chamber. I was sure there was a fire burning in there if there was any loose coal in the face. The brattice man told me that there was a bad blower of gas.

Mr. Emory arrived after we had made our reconnaissance. We met him coming in when we were going out.

"How does it look, Phil?" he asked.

"Bad. There is a lot of loose coal and fifty tons of gob down, and under it is a strong blower. It's all on fire and giving off enough black damp to fill the mines in twenty-four hours."

"What's been done?"

### Six Weeks Fighting a Fire

"We've reversed the air to this point. We're building a brattice from the last cross heading to the face. The coal and rock have all got to be loaded out. Phillips and Jones are both burned, so you'll have to get another foreman in here to direct the work."

He said nothing about that, but asked to look at the blue print I held in my hand. I unrolled it and we squatted down. I pointed out what we had done, located the fire, showed him the open door and marked the new brattice built across the airway to throw the air in here.

"It's your fire, Phil," he said, standing up.

"I had nothing to do with it!" I exclaimed. "I was on my way in when the explosion took place."

"I understand that. You spoke about sending a foreman here to take charge. You're already here. It's your fire."

"Why ——" I stammered, and could not go on.

"Can you load it out—put the fire out?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"Do it then. I'll stand back of you and get you anything you want."

That shows how impartial he was, saddling a mine fire on me.

It took six weeks to do it, but I did it.

We established a commissary. We organized men in six shifts of four hours each to muck out the coal and rock. We put in two duplex pumps and strung hose lines to wet down the edges of the fire so the men could load the half-burned refuse into cars. We timbered behind the men for safety. We had men watching all points of danger outside of the fire zone.

We had bad caves, falls of rock from the heated roof. We put in an air compressor to give the men fresh air to breathe and sweep away the heated gases from them. I went outside to the office every day or two to wash and shave, but except for these trips I stayed inside on the job, for the six weeks, sleeping on stretchers, planks, tool boxes—standing up.

Mr. Emory was as good as his word. He backed me up; got anything I thought would help me in the fight; suggested and advised in many pinches. And the men backed me up too. They were a loyal lot. I always had plenty of volunteers to follow me into a hazard.

I shall never forget the day when, with the mine inspector, Mr. Emory and I went into Number Four Chamber. The fire was out—the burned-over area was cold—the gas blower was conquered. It still spit and sulked, but plans had been made to wall it in and pipe the gas outside. I was a wreck. I could hardly stand. Rank favorite!

Mr. Emory linked his arm in mine and steadied me as we walked to the shaft. God's sun was shining when we landed on top. I pulled in both lungs full of air and stretched. It felt good to live again.

### A New Day in the Coal Fields

I went to sleep in the washtub with father and mother washing me; and father carried me to bed. I was their boy. The world moved on, but I stayed in one place for hours. It was ten o'clock in the morning of some day of the week when I woke up. I reported at the office at one o'clock the same day. I felt fine.

The greeting I received from the engineer corps was spontaneous. Work ceased for a while. I picked up the loose ends of what had been going on. Word of my arrival must have been carried through the building, for just as I was taking up some of my own neglected duties the office boy came to me and told me the general wanted to see me in his office.

I had always been about half afraid of the general, but I followed the boy in, and found him and H. W. sitting close together talking. They both got up and shook hands with me.

"Sit down," the general commanded. He eyed me with his keen eyes. I felt a chill running up and down my backbone, but H. W. was smiling and I knew everything must be all right. "I hear you got the Emory fire out."

"Yes, sir."

"Took a long time."

"Six weeks."

"Learn anything?"

"Quite a lot."

What was he driving at?

"Learn how to handle men?"

"Yes, sir. I never had any trouble with them."

He grunted.

"So I heard."

He sizzled two more holes in me with his eyes.

"Think you could handle men then, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

I told him.

He paused and took up a letter. He laid it down.

"Do you know about our tract of land in the lower valley?"

"Yes, sir. I helped survey it and locate some bore holes."

"Well, we're going to develop it at once. We're going to build one breaker now—a big one—the biggest there is. We're going to put you in charge of that district. Horace here will tell you all about it."

"Come over in my office, Phil," Horace said.

I went over in his office. We sat down and smiled at each other. Had I heard about their plans? I had not. Did I know a labor organization was in the field organizing the men? I did. Did I realize that the good old days were going, were almost gone? That new methods, new men, new ideas were supplanting old methods, and that the sun of a new day in the anthracite coal fields was peering above the horizon? I mistrusted as much. And that the happy days of responsibility and achievement were just ahead? I thought so.

"These are some of the reasons that governed us in giving you this appointment," Horace said.

I felt my pulse quicken. I was glad.

"Thank you," I said.

Push on.


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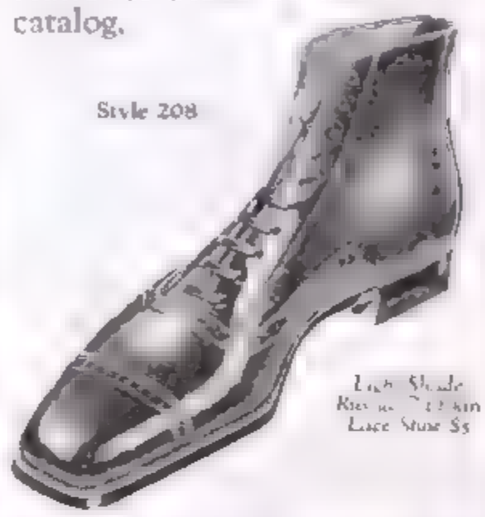

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*Exclusively for Men and Boys*

# LUCK

(Continued from Page 15)

he'd lost the farm, after working himself old before his time to keep it. His luck wasn't satisfied with bringing him down to a job as Eb Slade's hired man; it was going to take even that away from him now. The three rooms over the garage found a sudden new value in his sight; he and Nelly had been mighty comfortable there, when you came right down to it. He realized that for almost two years he'd been happy, without quite knowing it.

Thurlow, protesting, took his leave. Slade sat on the bench where Weston could see him through the leaves, a figure more formidable than ever, a man who wouldn't knuckle under to his bad luck, who set his teeth and shut his hands and fought it—fought it till he beat it down. For the first time Elbert Weston's belief in luck weakened to doubt; perhaps, after all, there wasn't any such thing as fortune in a man's life; perhaps it was just the presence or absence of some quality in the man himself that made the difference between Eb Slade, who could afford to snap his fingers at luck, and Elbert Weston, who had learned to fear the thought of it.

A subconscious need of the solace of tobacco moved his hand to his pocket; absently his fingers brought out a crumpled bit of paper instead of the pipe. He unfolded it without intention and words forced themselves rudely through his mental blur. He knew the script for Harriet's—Nelly's sister wrote with something of the same aggressiveness that marked her speech:

"—— no reason on earth for you to stand it another minute, when I'm living alone in this flat, with plenty of room for you. How do you suppose it makes me feel to know that my sister's living over a stable, working like a slave, when I've got plenty for us both? If you could help Bert by staying with him it would be different, but you're just that much more on his shoulders. He might find something better than hired man's work if he didn't have to support two people. And you've earned a rest and some good times while you can still enjoy things. Bert would be the first to say so, too ——"

Weston's hand crunched the page together. That was why Nelly had been worried this morning when she'd asked about her fire. She'd been afraid for a moment that he might have found and read Harriet's letter.

He seemed at last to penetrate beyond Nelly's baffling silence, to read the thoughts she hid behind that affectionate serenity she turned toward him. Wasn't she Harriet's sister? Hadn't she been the proudest Ware of all the stiff-necked breed of them? She loved Bert Weston, sure enough—he had never realized till now the desperate intensity with which she must have clung to that affection—but she couldn't have been wholly blinded even by love.

He saw himself as Harriet would see him, as Nelly must see him, too—a stooped and futile figure in faded overalls, tending Eb Slade's furnace and washing his cars and unforgivably—contented, so contented that the thought of losing that debasing job, the mean home above the garage, the little, miserable trickle of wages, could make him sorry and afraid!

He knew that Nelly hadn't even thought of taking Harriet at her word. She'd never leave him, no matter what it might cost to stand fast at his side But how she must have wished that she could! How the letter must have tempted her—Harriet's pleasant flat that looked down on the wide avenue and the strip of park along the river, peace and dignity and the calm delight of books and music, after all the starved and weary years!

He shut his mind against an ancient enemy that had whispered to him many times. Nelly wouldn't ever go back to her people of her own accord, but suppose she had no choice; suppose he were dead, or even missing; she'd have to go to Harriet then, and she could go with no sense of guilt to spoil what waited for her. He told himself that there wouldn't be any comfort, any joy, for Nelly, unless he shared it. After thirty years he could be sure of this at least—and instantly he wasn't sure of it. Perhaps, if he were out of the way, she'd like Harriet's way of living as much as Harriet herself.

Voices came to him from the bench—Eben Slade's heavy tones softened to the careful friendliness he always used with his daughter; Marian's clear, even speech that had somehow acquired since yesterday a puzzling likeness to Nelly's voice. Weston listened without scruple; it was his future they were settling just as much as theirs; he had a right to hear his own case tried.

"But I don't want to go. I like it here." Marian spoke with a touch of surprise, Weston thought. "I want to stay in Grimfield always."

"Plenty of time for Grimfield later on." Slade's laugh wasn't quite convincing. "Guess it won't run away. But you ought to get a look at Europe while you're young, and pretty soon I'll be too old to go traipsing around with you. Thought we'd stop over in New York long enough for you to get some new duds and then take it easy—get a car over there and drive around."

"I don't want to go, really." Marian's voice was reassuring to Weston. She knew what she wanted, the same as Eb Slade himself; the positive ring in that tone was a creamy echo of the very voice her father had used in dismissing Jim Thurlow.

"Why not? Changed your mind since we came up this spring, haven't you? Talked then as if ——"

"That was different." She hesitated. "I didn't know how I'd like it here."

"Just the point. Don't know how you'll like it over there either." Slade chuckled.

"But I do know. I know I'll never like any place unless Chet's there too." Her voice smoothed and Weston could see the fearless lift of her head. "He's coming to tell you this afternoon, but you'd better know now. I can't go, you see."

There was a long silence. Weston knew that Slade was fighting with his temper. He'd watched him do it often enough—hold his anger down until he'd taken time to choose and weigh his words.

"Sort of thought that's how it was." Weston nodded approval. There was neither heat nor surprise in Slade's tone. "That's why I got this notion about Europe—wouldn't do any harm to think it over when you're where Chet won't keep you from thinking straight. Hate to see you let yourself in for Chet's kind of bad luck."

Marian's laugh was cool and amused and happy.

"Why? Just because he walked under that ladder? How funny! When you've always claimed there wasn't any such thing as luck—scolded me for crossing my fingers and touching wood!"

"Yes"—Slade spoke with labored patience—"just because he walked under that ladder—that and other things. There isn't any such thing as luck, the way you think of it; as if luck was a mean little god pestering folks for the fun of it, like a boy dropping straws down an ant hill. But there's plenty of luck all the same; my kind of good luck and Chet's kind of bad—the kind we make for ourselves or get born with, I mean. Chet gave you a sample when he backed under that ladder. See what I mean?"

"But that's just superstition! You've always said ——"

"—— always said we make our luck for ourselves. Say so now. Where do you suppose folks ever got the notion it was bad luck to walk under ladders? What started the idea that a thing like that could reach out into the future and make trouble for the man 't did it?"

"I suppose it happened a few times—I mean that somebody who walked under a ladder ran into some misfortune right afterward, and that made people think ——"

"About right, too. Every time you find a notion that simple-minded folks believe in, it started some such way as that. They get their ideas by watching things happen, 'stead of reading in books; and they've noticed that the kind of man who risks having a ladder drop on his neck when he can just as well play safe is mighty apt to bump into the kind of trouble that is harder to see before you hit it. And besides that, he's got to shoulder his fair share of real bad luck the same as all of us It breaks about even for everybody, good luck and bad; but men like Chet Sprague pile on a lot of trouble 't they don't have to carry, and men like me walk around it."

"It isn't fair to judge him just by that. He was—he was thinking about me when ——"

"Yes. And there's another case of it Man 't has good luck in love is supposed to be unlucky other ways. Is, too—doesn't look where he's going; forgets to be on time at the bank; risks his neck jumping a picket fence when there's a gate four-five feet one side of him. That's Chet's kind of bad luck, Marian—the kind you'll be up against as long as you live if you go through with this. Want him, at the price? Think it over."

"I just want Chet, that's all. I suppose there's always a price for everything. I can't help that."

"Think you'd like to live up over the garage when you're past fifty, and wash Chet's overalls, like Nelly Weston? Strikes you funny to think of Chet and Bert in the same breath, eh? It isn't funny. Thirty years back Bert was so much like what Chet is now 't you'd have to look close to tell 'em apart. Crooked a finger at Nelly Ware, with half the boys in the township after her, and she never waited for him to whistle! Remember folks noticed right then 't Bert was unlucky at everything else. Been noticing it ever since."

Elbert Weston stood very still on the ladder rung, listening for the girl's answer as if he were in court waiting for a witness for the defense. But she said nothing, and her father went on, still in that carefully patient voice:

"Unlucky Bert—name's been hitched to him ever since I can remember almost, and Bert'll tell you whether it fits! Or maybe you'd better ask Nelly, if you think there's no such thing as Bert's kind of luck—and Chet's kind, the kind that sticks to men who walk under ladders."

Elbert Weston drew in a deep breath and braced himself against what was coming. He saw himself at last as others must always have seen him; as Nelly, however self-blinded her loyal eyes, must see him. He could hear Slade's governed voice bringing back things he'd almost managed to forget—the hay crop that was spoiled by rain that first summer because Nelly'd been feeling poorly and he hadn't wanted to let her go down to the shore alone; the sale of the pines barely a month before other men were getting twice as much for poorer timber; he'd wanted the extra money to meet hospital bills, but they could have waited a little longer if he'd foreseen that boom in lumber.

"Maybe it was just blind luck that frightened the colt when Nelly was driving her baby back from her father's, but it never looked that way to me. It was Bert Weston's kind of luck—the kind that picked out a colt for a woman to drive one-handed over hill roads. Guess you'd have to call it good luck that the boy didn't live, crippled that way; but Bert never thought so—nor Nelly."

Elbert Weston found himself wondering dully whether Nelly had ever blamed him for that accident. He remembered that the colt had been his choice. He'd wanted her to be proud of the horse she drove, and there was better blood in that young bay than in anything else on the place. Suppose, all these years, deep under her silences, under the tranquility he had always interpreted as content, Nelly had hidden such a thought of him!

"Of course you don't believe that Chet's going to lead you a life like Nelly's. You know he's the kind that doesn't look where he's going, but you feel pretty safe because he's going, but you feel pretty safe because I'm well fixed and you'll have all I've got one of these days. Guess Nelly felt the same way about it; she heired a tidy bit of money from old Abel, and he'd had the sense to tie it up tight in trust so Bert couldn't give his kind of luck a chance at it. But Nelly's trustee went wrong and she lost every cent."

"That wasn't Bert's fault, anyway."

"No; but it wouldn't have mattered so much to Nelly if Bert hadn't been unlucky his kind of unlucky, I mean. Think I never lose money? A thing like that wouldn't hurt me, because I'm not making all the bad luck I can for myself to add to it. It's people like Bert and Chet that go under when they run into trouble; Bert wouldn't have lost his farm if he'd given it half a chance to stick to him. Mind seeing him help Nelly wash dishes, with his hay ready to haul and a thunderhead banking up in the Notch?"

"Chet isn't a farmer," said Marian. "He's doing awfully well in the bank."

"And he hung around here till he was ten-fifteen minutes late this morning. One of these days that'll cost something, and then he'll tell you what hard luck it was." The voice changed, softened. "Guess it's no use talking to you, though. Can't stop you if you don't want to be stopped. Read about fathers 't try to handle their girls by shutting down on the money, cutting 'em out of their wills. Darn fools, of course. Only reason a man wants money is to keep his children from—from what's happened to Nelly Ware. But I'd sooner lose every cent I own this minute than see you marry Chet—lost a hundred thousand already trying to stop it."

"Not really?" Elbert Weston felt that Slade had scored at last. Marian spoke for the first time as if she gave weight to his words.

"Fact. Just told Jim Thurlow that sawmill deal was off so I'd be foot-loose to take you away from here. Cost around ten thousand I put up for options, and maybe a hundred and fifty thousand I'd clean up on the mill. Folks around here say Eb Slade don't like a dollar much better 'n his right eye. That's how this notion of yours strikes me, anyhow. Ever notice Nelly's hands? To see 'em now you wouldn't think she used to be kind of proud of 'em, would you? Remember when I thought they were the prettiest hands any girl ever had; more like a crow's claws now, twisted that way with rheumatism."

Elbert Weston seemed to see those hands as they had been, as they were now; hanging out wet clothes in freezing weather, tirelessly busy at tub and dishpan and bread board, scouring milk pails seven hundred and thirty times a year.

"Think right now 't you wouldn't care what happened to your hands so long 's you spoiled 'em for Chet. Think you'd almost rather work 'em down to twisted skin and bones, helping him fight his luck. Wonder, kind of, whether Nelly feels that way about it."

"She's stuck to him, hasn't she?"

To Weston's ear, the girl seemed to argue against her reason; she spoke defensively, as if she were giving ground.

"You'd stick, too, wouldn't you? You're the sort that doesn't quit easy; stick to a man all the closer for knowing he wasn't fit to take care of himself. But Nelly's got a lot of sense to her, the same as you. Guess she knows pretty near what Bert amounts to; guess she found out a long way back what was the matter with him. Held her head up, like all the Wares, Nelly did; often wondered how she made out to stand that part of it—finding out, I mean—getting to see Bert for what he is, bound to stand up for him, bound to keep him from seeing what she thought, and knowing all the time that he wasn't worth it. Ever notice how quiet Nelly is? Wouldn't wonder if I could tell you why she's quit talking."

"It would be terrible," said Marian slowly. "She's proud as can be too. I've tried to do things ever so carefully, and she just freezes shut every time. But ——"

"But Chet isn't Bert, eh? No, he's only Bert's kind—the kind of unlucky man that started all those old superstitions and keeps 'em going; the kind that proves it's unlucky to walk under ladders or spill salt or see the moon over the wrong shoulder; that means the kind that'll walk at night without looking where they're putting down their feet. It's just as simple as that, Marian—careless folks 't won't look where they're going, clumsy ones 't spill things, silly ones 't won't look ahead, weak-backed ones 't knuckle under when they're hit—they're unlucky all their lives, but they're a long sight luckier at that than the women 't marry 'em!"

"I wonder." Marian leaned forward, elbows on knees, her chin cupped in her hands. "Perhaps I'd better —— I'll think about it."

"That's all I want you to do. You've got sense; give yourself a chance to use it."

They moved away from the bench and Elbert Weston came down with his pail of cherries, aware now of the sore stiffness of thigh and instep, the weary weight that thrust his shoulders forward and down. Getting old—too old for a real day's work—fit for nothing better than odd jobs like this one.

As he carried the pail to the kitchen door he met Eben Slade on his way to the garage. Slade stopped him.

(Continued on Page 83)

Dear Jim:

You know how I've been spending my money for parts.

Well, last night our home-made "superhet" was making a lot of noise but little music, when I happened to remark to Nell that a couple of new vernier condensers at $7 each might improve it.

And she snapped right back at me, that one new hat at $14 would improve *her* con-sid-er-ably, and what was more she intended to be improved. Women are so inconsiderate.

I was ready to kick the set to pieces and give up Radio forever, when Eddie who works at Whump's Radio Store called to ask about a little bill which had escaped my mind.

I asked him to look over the set and see if he could tell what was causing the trouble.

"What's the use?" he said. "The set is probably O. K. Why don't you get some batteries you can recharge when they run down? That's what's making it noisy."

Well, to make the story short, I got him to trust me for a set of Willard A's and B's, and you should hear that "super" perform now.

Wife Nell hasn't said any more about the hat either.

Yours for better reception,

Sam.

# WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES

## WTAM

*[The Voice of the Storage Battery]*

WTAM is the Radio Research Laboratory and Broadcasting Station of the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Its function consists of research which is being done to improve the quality of radio reception and the broadcasting of radio programs for your entertainment.

Write for WTAM's own booklet, "Better Results from Radio." Most interesting booklet ever published on this subject. Mailed to you with our compliments.

Tear me off the page and mail me to WTAM. I'll bring you "Better Results."

Name

City and State

Street Address

# ENJOY

## Screen Entertainment at its Best!

*"If you pick a lemon today it's your own fault."*—Fan Proverb

SOME of the best advice comes in a rough form, but it is a fact that very little sympathy is due people today who pay for what they don't get.

You want the best screen entertainment. You pay for it. Get it. Know before you go!

It is common knowledge that where the sign says Paramount is the best show in town!

Leadership has brought to Paramount the greatest talent of all the world, eager for the greatest reward and the chance to thrill ten thousand audiences!

Motion pictures are on the right track today and millions of responsible Paramount fans know what put them there.

See the current Paramount Pictures and you will have a new and convincing idea of the punch of real entertainment.

*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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***Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation***

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

GLORIA SWANSON
in "MANHANDLED"

An ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle. From the Saturday Evening Post story of the same name.

Zane Grey's
"WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND"

An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery and Billie Dove. Screen play by George C. Hull and Victor Irvin. Filmed in color.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO
in "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production with Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon and Lowell Sherman. From the novel by Booth Tarkington and the play by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"THE SIDE-SHOW OF LIFE"

A HERBERT BRENON Production with Ernest Torrence and Anna Q. Nilsson. From the famous novel "The Mountebank," by Wm. J. Locke. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"THE ENEMY SEX"

A JAMES CRUZE Production with Betty Compson. From the novel by Owen Johnson Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

"THE COVERED WAGON"

A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence and Lois Wilson. By Emerson Hough. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"

An ALAN CROSLAND Production with Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix. From the British prize novel of the same name, by Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creelman

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S Production
"FEET OF CLAY"

With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Victor Varconi. From the Ladies' Home Journal serial of the same name, by Margaretta Tuttle. Screen play by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

A JAMES CRUZE Production starring GLENN HUNTER with Viola Dana. From the story by Harry Leon Wilson and play by G. J. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.

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# NOW for *cleaner* cities

## Smoke Conquered!

Drawn for
A. R. Co. by C. E. Millard
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# This New IDEAL Smokeless Boiler

## *burns its own smoke and saves fuel*

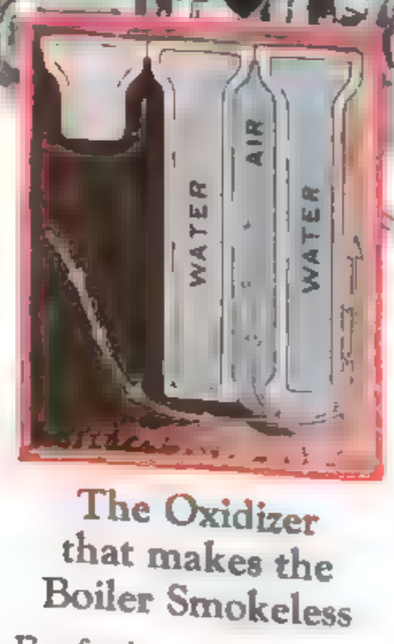
A LOSS of heat, a waste of fuel, a menace to public health and comfort—that is the history of smoke. For six hundred years it has been the subject of legislation.

Smoke consists primarily of finely divided particles of unburned carbon, suspended in the gases produced by the combustion of the coal. The problem of smoke-prevention is one of burning these carbon particles before they enter the chimney.

An important development in boiler construction—the IDEAL Smoke Oxidizer—completely consumes the carbon particles and utilizes their heat units.

Thus, it has a double importance. It conquers the smoke of schools, factories, apartment houses, homes, office and other buildings. And it saves a tremendous amount of fuel.

Smoke makes dirty cities. Smoke denotes waste. The IDEAL Smokeless Boiler burns smoke and saves fuel. Send for the book about it.

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By feeding fresh air to the fumes rising from the fire-bed, the IDEAL Smoke Oxidizer completely consumes the smoke particles which these fumes contain, allowing them to pass out of the chimney as a colorless gas.

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

# AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 169, 1803 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Branches in all principal cities*

(Continued from Page 78)

"Don't say anything about it a while yet, Bert, but you better be looking around for something else. Figuring on shutting up the place pretty soon. No hurry, of course; glad to have you stay in your flat till you locate something; but I thought I'd better give you as much time as I could."

"Much obliged, Eb." Weston nodded. "I'll be on the lookout."

He occupied himself with the needless task of polishing the plate glass of the closed car. The steady, rhythmic motion cleared his thoughts, just as it had always been easiest for him to think when he curried a horse or milked.

There was only one thing to do, of course, now that he understood. He'd done enough to Nelly, without dragging her through the anxious business of finding another job and another home; but she'd insist on standing by him, all the same, if he gave her any choice. He'd have to get away without letting her know he was going; she wouldn't hear him if he waited till she was asleep. He could get a ride down to Troy on the freight that went through around midnight. By morning, when Nelly found his letter, he'd be out of reach and she'd realize that there was nothing for her to do but go to Harriet's.

He could hear her step overhead, the clink of china and metal. There wasn't any reason why he shouldn't go up and help her just this once more, even if it was half an hour short of noon. He climbed the stairs slowly. Eb Slade would say this was just another case of the kind of thing that had made Bert Weston's luck what it was. Weston saw now that Slade was right, but he didn't care. Nelly wouldn't be sharing his kind of luck after tonight. That was all that mattered.

III

AS HE went through the motions of eating his dinner, Elbert Weston discovered that if he avoided Nelly's eyes it was hard not to keep looking at her hands. He was afraid to meet her glance. He couldn't read Nelly's thoughts, but he felt uneasily sure that she would read his if he gave her a fair chance. He chose, instead, to bear the reproach of her swollen, crippled fingers; they stiffened his resolution every time he saw them fumbling uncertainly with knife and fork. He ought to have gone away long ago, before she'd spoiled them, paying the price of his luck.

In spite of his sense of shame and guilt, however, he was conscious of a persistent, unreasonable self-pity. He wouldn't have minded going away, he thought, if he could just tell Nelly about it. This was the first time in thirty years that he'd had to face trouble alone; old habit lay strong upon him, so that there was something unnatural in this necessity of silence, so that again and again he stopped himself on the edge of confession. The old need of her nearness kept him in the kitchen after they had finished; he found a pretext that had served him often.

"Rather wash the dishes myself, Nelly, so I know it's done right. You sit down and let me show you how much shinier it makes the glasses if you put some bluing in the rinsing water."

It was a long-standing difference between them, like their amiable quarrels over the bread making and the manipulation of the drafts in the cookstove. He found a mild comfort in the shining luster of the tumblers, in Nelly's reluctant admission that they did look kind of nice.

"It's past one, Elbert," she reminded him. "Hadn't you better be getting back to those cherries?"

"Picked more'n they'll use already," he said. "Thought I'd fix the hinges on that trunk this afternoon. Been aiming to tend to 'em ever since we moved in here."

Nelly'd be needing the trunk sooner than she guessed; he felt as if fixing that broken hinge would be a kind of comforting thing to remember afterward, and it would keep him where he could see Nelly. Eb Slade wouldn't grudge him an extra hour or two this last day.

"It's pretty hot in the house," Nelly was saying. "I was thinking I'd bring my mending and sit under the tree while you worked."

"That's a first-rate notion."

He could fix the trunk after supper. As long as Nelly sat where he could see her and talk to her it didn't matter what he did with his hands. He carried down her old rocker and set it in the darkest blot of shadow, where a stir of air eddied past the corner of the house. As he climbed the ladder, however, a disquieting thought came to him: she'd wheedled him into coming out here—it was just her way of getting him to attend to his proper business, instead of hanging around the house. He realized that she'd been doing it all their married life—finding some innocent way of getting him back to the fields when he invented excuses for letting the crop wait while he puttered at some trivial chore that kept him within eyeshot of Nelly.

She wouldn't fret or nag, but she saw through him; she'd always seen through him, just as Eb Slade had said she did. She knew why he'd been unlucky—knew it a lot better than Slade. He understood for the first time the significance of the tone she always used when she spoke to him, the meaning of the look in her face when it was turned to his. Protection, mothering, shielding him against himself without shaming him by letting him guess her thought and purpose!

He set his teeth, his last doubting hope refuted. He wasn't her man; he was her baby—a grown-up child, to be nursed and comforted and forgiven, a weight and trouble, encouraged in the crazy notion that he was buttress and defense! Nelly wouldn't have lost the farm if she'd been left to run it; Nelly wouldn't have driven that nervous colt if she'd done the choosing; she knew exactly why everything Bert Weston touched went wrong, and she was too big and fine and kind to take the consolation that other women would have found in putting the blame where it belonged.

He saw that she would defend him against Harriet; that his desertion would even serve her as a weapon. Harriet couldn't deny that it was, at least, the best thing he'd ever done for Nelly.

Wheels crunched in the driveway; Chick Purse's team, fly-netted to their ears, pulled the heavy wagon up to the side door and Chick swung down over the wheel to drop the tailboard. Weston descended to help with the crates in the wagon bed—more of the old-fashioned furniture, he saw, that Marian Slade was always buying. He had the country attitude toward this; darned foolishness to pay more for broken-down old stuff than first-rate new things would cost you. Eb Slade ought not to let the girl go throwing away money at every auction she heard of, with the house cram-jam full already!

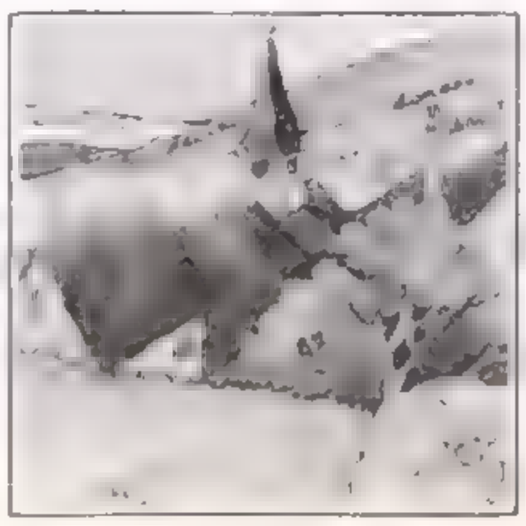
Marian came slowly down the porch steps as the last crate slid to the gravel. Weston guessed why, for once, she showed no excitement; she'd been thinking too much today to get stirred up about the old rubbish. He imagined that she looked a little more like Eben Slade than usual, and there was something, too, of Slade's downright speech in her quiet order.

"Get your tools, Bert. We'll uncrate them right here."

He brought his wrecking bar and hatchet from the tool room and set scientifically about the task of opening the largest crate. It was a point of pride with him to do such things neatly, saving the nails and not splintering the flimsy boards. Nelly came over to watch, and he wondered whether she noticed how well he was doing his work. She'd never had much eye for good jack-carpenter work, but maybe sometime she'd remember how he'd handled this last job. Lots of men would just batter the boards off any way they could, clutter up the drive with splinters and bent nails.

He looked up at the sound of steps on the gravel. Chet Sprague again! Weston's eye consulted the sun; it couldn't be much after three and the bank people hardly ever knocked off before half past five.

"Why, Chet, how'd you get away so early?"



Weston's ear caught an undertone of anxiety in the girl's voice; he saw that, for all her smile of welcome, there was trouble in her eyes. Chet laughed.

"Jollied old Weldon into letting me duck as soon as I'd checked up my cash. Catch me wasting this afternoon in any old bank! Couldn't add two and two, anyway, today." He picked up the hatchet and attacked a long flat case with cheerful energy. "Feel's if I'd got to do something to blow off steam or explode!"

Weston couldn't help a pang of compassionate sympathy for the boy, in spite of his disapproval of the way Chet handled the hatchet. Thirty years ago Elbert Weston wouldn't have felt like staying all afternoon in a stuffy bank either. He looked up and saw Eben Slade in the doorway, and his pity for the unsuspecting Chet tightened at the grimness of Slade's face. Hard luck for the boy that Eb happened to be in the house. He caught back the thought; that wasn't the unlucky thing; it was being the kind of boy that Chet was that was to blame. He'd fooled himself long enough about that; luck didn't happen. You made your own, every man for himself.

"Whoever drove these nails had a mean disposition," said Chet. "What's inside, Marian? Diamonds or what?"

"It must be the gilt mirror, I guess. Be care——"

There was a crash and tingle of shattering glass as the hatchet slipped out of Chet's fingers and through the space where he had battered off the first cross slat. Weston found that he was holding his breath.

There was a little pause before Marian cried out eagerly, "It doesn't matter a bit, Chet! The frame was all I wanted really."

Eben Slade came down the steps.

"What's broken? Looking-glass, eh?" He turned his eyes slowly to his daughter. "Heard folks say't that means seven years' bad luck."

Weston saw the meaning of the speech register on the girl's mind, saw the flicker of fear in her wide eyes. Something touched his hand, and, glancing down, he found that it had closed on Nelly's poor crippled fingers.

"I never heard such nonsense," Nelly was saying, an unfamiliar heat in her smooth voice. "It's wicked, believing such a heathen superstition! Don't you think about it a minute, Marian."

"Don't think it's bad luck to break a looking-glass, Nelly?"

Slade's straight glance shifted to the serene old face. To Elbert Weston it seemed as if they all hung upon her answer, as if some graver issue than life or death wavered in the balance while Nelly laughed her funny little bubbling laugh, low in her throat, and her bent fingers nestled closer in the hollow of his hand.

"Think? I don't need to think about such nonsense! I know! Why, there were folks that said Bert and I wouldn't be happy just because we got married on Friday the thirteenth! Said we'd be unlucky! Bert and me!"

Weston saw the girl's eyes widen, saw the quick start of her shoulders, saw her glance melt again till it was almost like Nelly's. He watched her head lift as she turned to face her father and knew why Eben Slade made that slight gesture of defeat when he swung away. But Elbert Weston thought of these things only with the edges of his mind; he found himself considering the blind folly of a man who had believed, only a minute ago, that he could leave Nelly, after thirty years!

Slade stopped him as he carried the last of the crate boards to the woodhouse.

"Guess you better not go looking for another job, Bert. Apt to be tied down pretty close to home, next ten-twelve years. Wouldn't want to leave Jim Thurlow tackle that sawmill proposition by himself."

"Thought you'd made up your mind to give it up." Weston dropped his armful of boards on the neat pile. Funny that he'd forgotten all about the necessity of finding another place; as long as Nelly was going with him it didn't matter much anyway. Still, it was pretty comfortable here.

"Did." Slade's glance slanted at him warily. "That was when I figured ——" He stopped and considered. "Nelly might have the right of it—about luck, I mean; but I guess it wouldn't be a bad notion to make a dollar where I can. Chet ain't unlucky. Guess you saw how Marian looked at him out yonder. But a mite more money 'd come in handy all the same. Pay for the looking-glasses anyhow."

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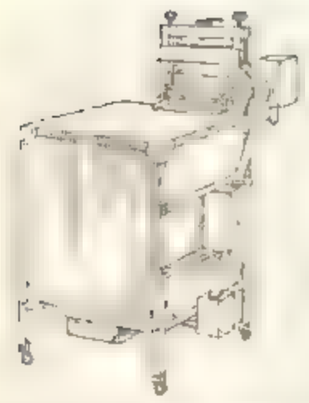
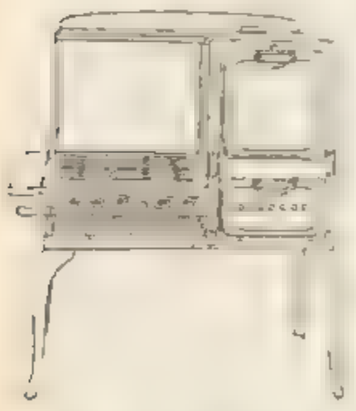


Armco Ingot Iron is used extensively in the machines. The one in your kitchen or laundry probably bears the Armco label

Scores of stove and range manufacturers use Armco Ingot Iron. They have learned its value

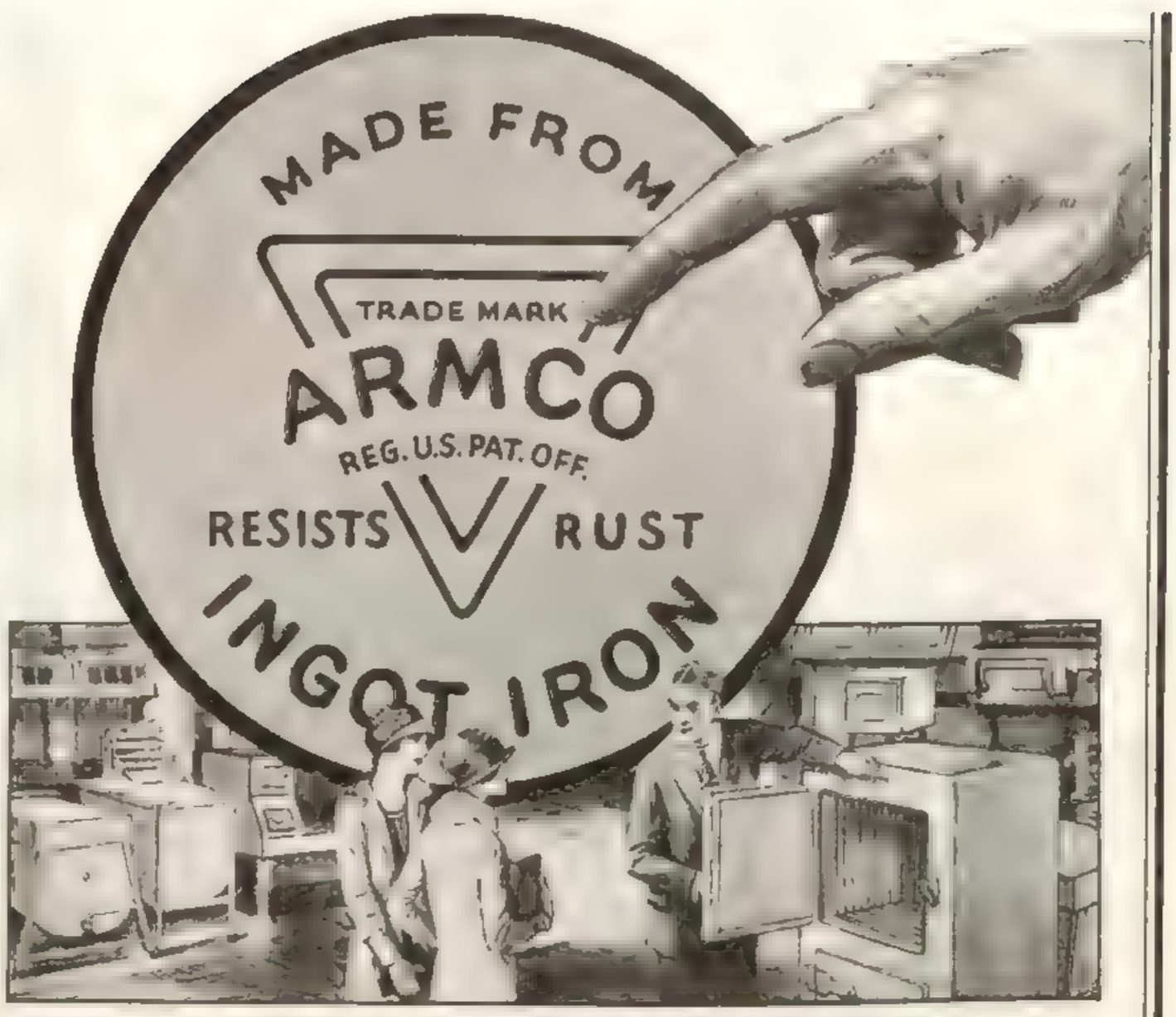
Most of the enameled kitchen tabletops made today are of Armco Ingot Iron. They are smooth, beautiful and lasting

In furnaces all over the country, Armco Ingot Iron resists the corrosive effect of the gases formed by burning coal



The makers of gas ranges find in Armco Ingot Iron just the properties they need

Rain gutters must be formed of metal that resists rust. More and more of them are being made from Armco Ingot Iron.




# This label means "Good from the inside out"

AND this means much to you. If your stoves, your refrigerators, your gutters—if your sheet metal products as a whole—are to give you *longer* and *longer* service, then the money you invest must secure articles that are good—both inside and out.

Ask for this label. It means ARMCO Ingot Iron is there to serve you. It may be beneath the glistening enamel; it may be under the purer zinc coating; but, wherever it is, ARMCO Ingot Iron's purity means longer *life*, uninterrupted *service* and ultimate *economy*.

For manufacturers, this label expresses pride of product. They have chosen the most durable and uniform iron procurable. They are offering you the best.

Your merchant will gladly show you the label, which denotes quality and service. He knows that for years ARMCO Ingot Iron has added a new significance to the phrase "to wear like iron."

"Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?" The blue triangle on the gold label will tell you.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

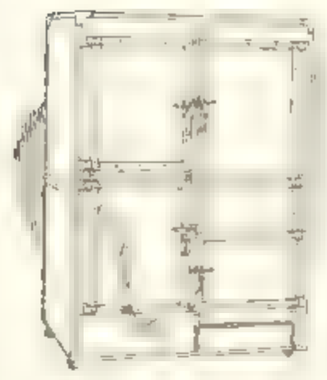
(EXPORT)

THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
Middletown, Ohio Cable Address: ARMCO

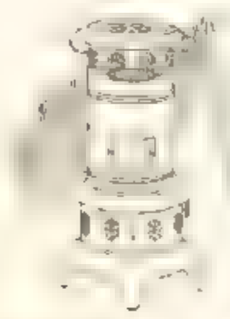
# ARMCO INGOT IRON

TRADE MARK

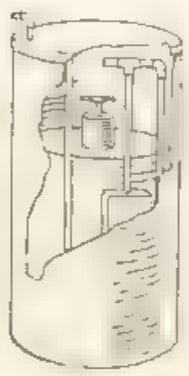
## Commercially Pure



The beautiful enameled surface of your refrigerator probably covers Armco Ingot Iron

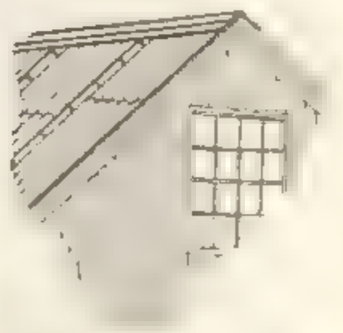


When sheets are to be enameled to withstand heat, none is used in stoves like Majestic. Makers of these heaters select Armco Ingot Iron



Buried in the ground, this machine for ashes and garbage is made of Armco Ingot Iron

Can you think of a much more severe test of metal than Armco Ingot Iron gets in gas water heaters?



Corrugated iron roofing of Armco Ingot Iron withstands exposure to hot sun and freezing winds, to summer rains and winter snows.

Thousands and thousands of feet of corrugated pipe give longer service because of the purity of Armco Ingot Iron

# THE SOCIAL DESTITUTE

(Continued from Page 13

"Serene or not," said Parr, "she seems to have picked up a gorgeous gentleman in waiting. Cable Paris," he said to his clerk. "We will see what Araminta has taken on for next friends this time."

When Dupré had departed, "Pelts!" growled Parr. A shabby little fellow, with the glowing eye of a hound dog, stepped forward from the window where he had been standing. "Pelts, we run a milk route in Fifty-third Street." Parr was in every conceivable line of business. "We belong to the union. You take the job till further notice. It will be a pleasant job for you, getting up early in the morning, and climbing stairs, and jingling a big bunch of keys. Oliver, a milkman and his keyring at two A.M. ought to start something in your brain."

Oliver was thinking about the deadly certainty of the wages of sin. If criminals could sit here and see the wheels go round, they would choose some other calling, even delivering milk.

"Keep your pores open when you are in the million-dollar back yard," cautioned Parr. A sudden fire blazed up in the eyes of the human sleuth-hound and died away as he stood tugging at the leash.

"Fetch me an X-ray picture of the inside of that house. That's all, Pelts. Wait, no. Be kind to the horse."

Pelts was gone like a wild creature let loose.

"I hope that man never follows me," said Oliver with a curious smile. "He has the nature of the hound. Did you see his eyes blaze with hate when he took the scent? He has the instinct to destroy the thing he scents."

Morel, a handsome man of the type called fatal, was assigned by Parr to the chevalier, true twin to a king. Lastly the many-sided Parr instructed his window-cleaning agency to look for new business. A good soft-shoe man on the sills of the Sedley windows would be almost as valuable as an invisible cap, because somehow no one ever notices a window cleaner.

II

A MILK cart clattered through the emptiness of the morning. There was a stop and go to the horse's hoofs; a shadowy gnome whisked under stoops, up steps, jingling a big bunch of keys for company. The sun was coming up out of its hole at the foot of the street; at first red and torpid, it grew brazen as it rose above the saffron and purple of a thousand Long Island chimneys; its rays, searching across the roof tops, rebuilt the skyscrapers one by one, the spines of the magic city.

The milkman had a gentlemen's agreement with his horse—one of those intelligent beasts which could go the route alone were it not for union rules. The horse started off on its own for some rendezvous; and the man, a basket of pedigreed milk, its bacteria nicely numbered and named, on his arm, entered Fifth Avenue, whose inhabitants had been driven out by the conqueror Sleep. Shutters were down, screens up, doors padlocked, burglar alarms bristling; it presented an impregnable front to the vacancy of dawn. Around the corner there was a corniced gate in a fence decorated with a villainous cheval-de-frise. This properly articled milkman let himself in, peering back over his shoulder from habit as he clicked the gate; and, inside, he stood still eying suspiciously the squat stable where the hacks would be quartered on the main floor, and the coachman and his wife behind the pigeon windows of the second, with some hay and other fodder.

The million-dollar back yard did not look its exalted part. It had not wintered well; but shortly spring would coax it into some semblance of life. The mansion itself was as somber as death. The milkman propped himself against a gatepost and stood looking about as if challenging the dead house to some sort of demonstration. When the hands of his watch showed exactly 5:24 o'clock, he roused himself with some unnecessary noise and bustle, and plied the rear basement door with an old-fashioned brass key.

He entered. Just inside was a row of empty bottles, which he supplanted one by one with fulls, their snoods drawn tight and tied under their chins. He listened, his eyes moving; he tiptoed to the two doors leading into the interior. He put an ear to a keyhole. He tried a doorknob, and when it gave he opened the door so quietly that a yawning girl poking the kitchen fire did not hear him till he chirped like a bird. Even then it was too early in the morning to arouse her interest; still, she noted while she shivered that it was a new milkman, which always suggested curiosity. The milkman withdrew; and as he drew the door shut behind him and locked it, he deliberately jingled his keys; then he was off like a shot to keep his tryst with his faithful steed.

As if actuated by the clink of the keys, Miss Araminta Sedley in her chamber above turned over on her pillow. And as if actuated by this sign of life on the part of her mistress, a maid who had stood guard at the foothoard all night waiting for the death rattle—for Miss Sedley had a horror of dying unobserved in her sleep—slowly lifted her right arm behind her. Down the hall a second maid stationed at the top of the grand staircase intercepted this signal, and she in turn lifted her right arm; and at the foot of the staircase by the gas tree, still a third maid came to life and lifted her right arm. Thus the intelligence was relayed to the aged butler, William, peering through the pantry door, that the mistress of the establishment had triumphantly survived still another night, to the discomfiture of her enemies.

There were no bells in this house, not even for the big front door. Nevertheless, intelligence moved as swiftly and surely through it as if these relays of servants had all been born Hottentots puffing smoke rings from one mountain top to another.

The coffee infusion had tactfully matured at this instant. Shortly William appeared, elevating his silver tray with sacramental solemnity; he drew the hangings, opened the blinds, lifted the curtains; and when his mistress had been propped on a riprap of pillows, he presented his compliments, mentioning apologetically that it was a beautiful morning. She wore a little ruffled cap under which could be seen the curls of her night transformation; the night rouge was a Paris confection said to be exclusive. Blue ribbons closely confined the laces of her night robe about her delicate wrists. She was vain of her hands, even in her sleep, and if there were wrinkles she never permitted them to be divined. The maid of the death watch withdrew. William listened to her retreating footsteps.

"Highness slept well, William?" came from the depths of the furbelows on the pillow.

"Alas," breathed William lugubriously, "she weeps, my lady."

"Time passes quickly for one who weeps," responded his mistress dryly. "And you still think her authentic, William?"

William lowered his voice to a whisper, while he administered the coffee.

"She sobs in her sleep. I hear her nights," he said. "It is very sad, my lady."

"A woman can do anything with tears, William," commented the old harridan. She looked up quickly with a malicious smile. "There is no doubt about the lady's gentleman being genuine? Eh, William?"

"It is not for the likes of me to comment on such a subject, my lady," said William, very properly.

The mistress turned over on her pillow as a sign that the morning audience was at an end. William tiptoed out with the scarcely blessed tray, and the maid of the death watch tiptoed in. Half an hour later Miss Sedley again changed her position, and the maid at the footboard lifted her right arm like a semaphore. Almost simultaneously one heard the musical flow of water, and the air became charged with warm perfumes. At a psychological moment the maid vanished and the click of the lock followed on her footsteps. It was an unwritten law in this house that none might gaze upon the mistress after the liberties sleep had taken with her crumbling person until she had herself and alone rearranged the *mise en scène*. A waterproof make-up now replaced the tint of sleep; and when there emerged from the laborious process the Miss Sedley that the world knew, two maids were admitted to the dressing room to complete the restoration. When the masterpiece was finished she recalled one of the tiring women and gave her a sound beating with a stick she kept in her dressing chair, for putting too much color on one ear—or not enough on the other.

Meantime Highness in her chamber above, so it was whispered belowstairs, was treading fresh avenues of sorrow, having discovered on rising that by her calendar, old style, this was another anniversary, of which she had accumulated so many in late years that she occupied more time in saying mass for the dead past than in counting beads for the future; as for the present it did not seem to exist for this unhappy personage

The chevalier, too, was dressing. One of his perquisites as a gentleman was the morning; and De Fressy devoted all the time between *petit déjeuner* and the *déjeuner* with a fork, as Continentals say, to his valet, a cruel mentor. About ten on this particular morning, word came that Miss Sedley herself would receive the gentleman in audience in her own sitting room. This was momentous intelligence.

The chevalier managed his entrance like a scene from an old-fashioned play; there should have been a Mozart *minuetto* for incidental music. The august De Fressy with measured grace bent low over the slight fingers incrusted with gems. His suppleness was not to be expected in one who wore a ceinture to control his waistline.

Miss Sedley, in pastel silks that merged perfectly with the tints of her cheeks, looked up from beneath a new wig, which it was her habit to change with every gown. In the broad flat chair among many cushions, she suggested an apotheosized frog squatting on a lily pad.

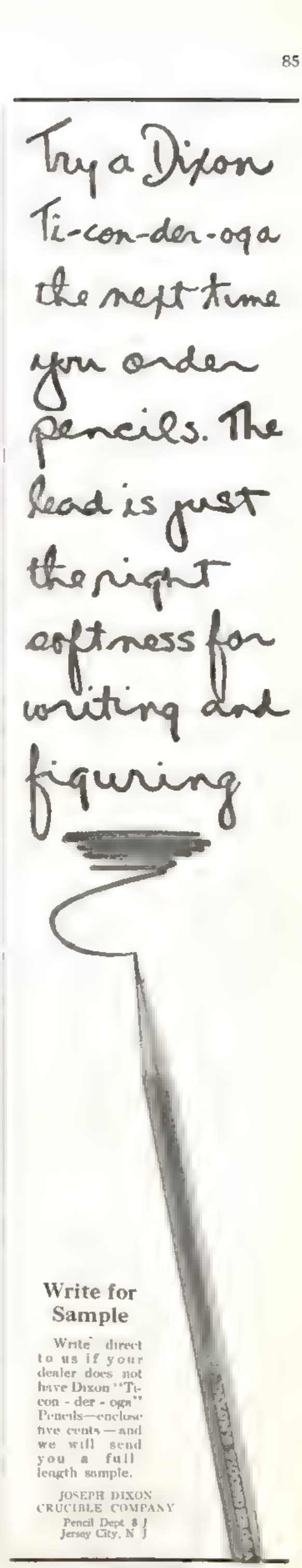
"Madame, you walk in beauty!" murmured the chevalier, delivering himself of his formal morning compliments in a voice so rich in timbre that a peachblow vase near by burst into an involuntary sob; a hundred little voices awakening among the fragile treasures of the room whispered among themselves in ghostly resonance.

He had never been in this room before. This was the room that old Centimeri the dealer had been waiting twenty years to enter; that wily fox read his obits religiously every morning.

De Fressy was a priest of the craft of collecting. He craved permission to see, to touch; and murmuring ornamental phrases of astonishment, endearment, flattery, which nevertheless carried the true note of the connoisseur, he moved about the room. On the floor, on shelves, mantels, console tables, hanging suspended from the walls and ceiling, were rare treasures and baroques of every age and clime. There were *chefs-d'œuvre* and grotesques in hopeless confusion. There were litters of careless piles and clusters heaped in every conceivable attitude, like the items of some priceless inventory hiding offstage at Silo's awaiting the hammer of the auctioneer. This old woman kept them immured here away from a covetous world; just as she cloistered a roomful of beautiful furs upstairs, styles dating back to the Centennial, with only the moths to feast on them.

Gentleman to a Serenity though he was, De Fressy could not withhold his amazement at the profligacy of this sitting room. Some of the items he addressed by strange names, like human beings; in his ecstatic excavations of dusty piles he uncovered gems of forgotten collectors' catalogues that had been lost to the craft for decades. Every little while he seemed to admonish himself in a handy mirror, of which the walls held a score. Finally as if the very thirst were sweeter than the drink with which he sought to quench it, the chevalier returned to the fire; and with grandiloquent apologies for the liberty he seated himself in Miss Sedley's presence, thoughtfully spreading a napkin over his razor-edged creases while he partook of the medicated broth served by William. Miss Sedley regarded him over the rim of her two-handled cup appreciatively.

"I like this gentleman, William," she said; and in a perfectly audible whisper she asked, "Who is he, William?" Before the horrified William could reply she ran on: "I know him perfectly well. But his name has escaped me. I have seen him before," she pursued naïvely. "It was a long time ago." She shivered slightly. "I recollect very well, that first time—it was at some watering place—on the other side. I was very much awed. Not frightened, you understand. Overcome by his magnificence! He is very magnificent, isn't he?" She leaned toward the servant and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*Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material sharply. Tiny particles of chalk or clay filling fall out. BRENLIN has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades*

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There is enduring freshness, lasting charm for your windows in window shades of durable Brenlin. And Brenlin costs but a few cents more than ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle "filling" to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes to show against the outdoor light.

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whispered. "He had a little dog, I remember, a shaggy little fellow."

William, with a warning look at the guest, bent low.

"The Chevalier Henri de Fressy, my lady," he said. In spite of himself William could not hide the thrill of this pronouncement. "Gentleman in waiting," he intoned, throwing caution to the winds, "to Her Highness, the Princess Xenia ——"

"Serene Highness, William," corrected Miss Sedley. "It is a very important qualification that you must observe." She turned to De Fressy. "Highness speaks good English for a Russian," she said. "Almost too good," she added in an aside to her cup.

"It is a gift of tongues, possessed by Highness and her house," said De Fressy ponderously.

"I have neither chick nor child," said Miss Sedley sadly. "It isn't my money that I worry about! Bless you, no! There will be lawyers enough to quarrel over that when I am gone. It is these beautiful things! I would turn in my grave at the thought of barbarian hands touching them." She sighed deeply, studying him under her painted lashes. "If I could only find someone who loved them to give them to, I could die happy."

The chevalier, sensing himself closely observed, moved his wall-eyed stare from his hostess to himself in the mirror, and carefully rearranged a whisker. A shadow floated across the wall, a window cleaner, with the dexterity of a cat, was moving across the broken ledge on the face of the house. Just then a raucous cry through a megaphone down in the Avenue below broke the clock-ticking stillness.

"On your left," roared the voice, "is the famous million-dollar back yard, in which Miss Araminta Sedley, wealthiest spinster in the world, airs her cats!"

It was the rubberneck wagon filled with gaping provincials making a tour of the sights under the tutelage of a leather-lunged cicerone. It pleased Miss Sedley beyond measure.

The calendar for the day developed the fact that the chevalier, not Highness, would drive out in the Park with Miss Sedley that morning. The coach was at the door. The grilled portals swung open, the ceremonial carpet was stretched and, with the gaping crowd pinching the aisle eagerly, the spinster was carried out to her carriage. The gentleman in waiting followed after a pause, like an actor taking his curtain call alone.

"I wish you to be seen in public with me," she confided to him, as the hackneys got under way. The chevalier brushed his imperial and looked important. Outside of his ceremonial phrases he did not trust himself to say much impromptu.

Miss Sedley drank deep of her celebrity. She was continually craning her neck to pick up nods and smiles; and she looked through the back window now and again impatiently, until at last she found what she looked for.

"We are being followed!" she said with a triumphant simper.

The chevalier favored her with a slow stare.

"Yes, it is the syndicate again!" she announced, cautiously inspecting the wake once more.

"Syndicate?"

"The syndicate, certainly. They have incorporated a syndicate known as Number Six Hundred and Blank Fifth Avenue—to buy my roof over my head! They propose to erect a twenty-eight-story building over my remains!"

"Twenty-eight? A mausoleum! Oh, these Americans ——" The chevalier was too dumfounded to go on. He fell back for consolation on his own image in the carriage mirror. It reassured him.

"I own most of the syndicate stock," uttered Miss Sedley. "But they don't know it. It will be a very good investment for my heirs." She eyed her august companion secretly; he stirred uneasily. They had wheeled into the Park and were clattering importantly along the East Drive. As they were passing Cleopatra's Needle, Miss Sedley after another reconnaissance decided to throw the chevalier to the wolves.

"You get out and walk," she said decidedly.

"Walk?" cried the astonished gentleman.

"Yes. It will give them a chance to accost you," she explained.

"They?" muttered the gentleman in wide-eyed alarm.

"This syndicate—real-estate speculators—they are trying to get my house," she explained. "Don't you understand? They will stop at nothing. They will try to wheedle you! To get into your good graces! They will offer you money—vast sums!" she said positively.

"Scoundrels!" muttered the chevalier, his eyes opening more and more wide, gazing at her as if transfixed.

"Maybe a hundred thousand dollars," pursued Araminta. She let this sink in. "Not rubles, mind. Dollars!"

"But what am I to do for it?" asked the gentleman in waiting.

"You," said Araminta, "are to persuade me to sign a ground lease—for nine hundred and ninety-nine years." Miss Sedley tossed her head like a little bird. "They will offer you a handsome bonus as an intermediary."

"Ah," mused the chevalier, "I begin to apprehend. Then it is my good favor they seek, not my gore? Nine hundred and ninety-nine years!" This Methuselan span bothered him. Why any person, even an American millionaire, gifted with but a single lifetime, should put a stop-order on a real-estate transaction at nine hundred and ninety-nine years was too much for his mentality.

"I will be gracious and listen," he said craftily, making to get out as the carriage slowed down.

"I like silent men," said she approvingly. "All great men are silent. Let them talk. You are to listen."

With this parting injunction, the chevalier stepped down. Though his heart fluttered and his courage was at a low ebb; nevertheless, he had never looked more like a king. Nursemaids and park loungers looked up as he passed, accompanying his stick with regal solemnity. Little groups formed in his wake, keeping at a respectful distance. There is nothing so frank and ingenuous as urban curiosity. The brougham was already disappearing from view at a sharp trot; and the abandoned chevalier having reached the Eighty-sixth Street gate without the proffer of one hundred thousand dollars, conceived a brilliant stratagem to unmask the enemy. He carelessly let fall an unimpeachable suède glove that he had been carrying wrapped about the head of his stick.

Instantly, out of the clear sky, so it seemed, there materialized an elegantly clad young gentleman who picked up the gage and, with a bow of deepest respect, restored it to him. The chevalier accepted the courtesy with profound astonishment and impressive dignity, and replaced the lost article in its usual resting place about the stick. A hundred paces down the Avenue, the chevalier was mildly astonished to note that the young gentleman was moving in step with him. He seemed a friendly fellow, very deferential. He was pointing out the palaces facing the Park and mentioning some great names. It was the casual civility offered a stranger, but there was no mention of money. At the next corner the young man lifted his hat, with a diffidence that pleased the chevalier, and turned off. The young man wore a mauve-colored hat. The chevalier was sure he would know him again if chance threw them together.

His saunter down the Avenue, although he was accosted by no one else, was a source of constant pleasure to De Fressy. When he reached Miss Araminta's dwelling he ascertained that Highness still wept. What was more disturbing was that Miss Sedley had decided to run down to her country seat in Throgg's Neck for the afternoon, taking her cook and a goodly hamper of food along—for even in the fastness of her many houses and seats, she ate nothing but her own carefully inspected food, prepared by her own certified cook. The second man announced luncheon, which the Chevalier Henri de Fressy discussed in lonely state; now and again, indifferent to the gold plate and lace of his surroundings, he studied his own image keenly in a handsome mirror. A hundred thousand dollars! And not in rubles!

He resolved to walk out again on the morrow.

*III*

A WEEK passed; two weeks. Milk carts rattled, royal harbingers of sluggish urban dawn. The Avenue, its heart throbbing to the ceaseless batons of gold, emerald and ruby semaphore lights, pursued its irresistible imperceptible journey northward. It was like the drift of a gigantic

(Continued on Page 88)

a million a day

A fraction of a cent profit on a cigar seems unbelievably small, but this profit, multiplied a million times daily, is sufficient.

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Sta-Shape

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 86)

glacier; in twenty years its center of wealth had moved one mile. Here and there some moldy old mansion housing ancient prejudice clung stubbornly to its hearths, only to be ground under the tow of the unconquerable tide. The residential fifties of Ward McAllister's day had given way to trade, except for the million-dollar back yard, which in the very center of the vulgar mart maintained its aura of leisured ease and almost idyllic domesticity.

Miss Sedley, however sunk her princess may have become in her cumulative sorrows, in the upper part of the house, grew more and more serene. She drove out every day now. Usually, now that the weather was coming more fair, it was to her country house in Queens, where she could be alone and unobserved—except that she always took her cook and a hamper of authenticated provisions to follow in her wake, lest her beloved relatives try poison.

The while her Serenity wept, the gentleman in waiting took to walking to reduce his waist measure. As he moved alone in isolated grandeur, passers-by would stare at him, to ask one another in startled whispers who he was; and some days he gathered quite an entourage. It might have been noted that the elegant young man in the mauve-colored hat happened to be making a parallel journey frequently; and apparently the incident of the glove had established a basis of understanding. Trifles light as air control our destinies. After a few days they were walking side by side in most pleasurable amity.

Every day the rubberneck wagon passed with its brood of provincials, and the megaphone barked at the windows of Miss Sedley. Once as she looked out from her private sitting room she observed the car of a distinguished physician drawn up at her door. But nothing ever came of it; it was merely the ruse of an unscrupulous real-estate operator. Again, a troop of surveyors with theodolite, targets and tape shot the million-dollar back yard from every conceivable angle, as carefully as if they were fitting Miss Sedley with a shroud. They mussed up the sidewalk with chalk, but they did not actually trespass on her domain. It was only one of a series of reconnaissances being directed against the poor lady.

Toward the end of the first week a cable came for Deputy Parr.

Decoded, it ran: "Bell, alias Fressy, service Psse. Xenia, Alt. Seren. Russie. Believed in America."

Parr pursed his lips over this cryptic paucity and with a shrug consigned it to his routine basket, as if washing his hands of a matter which, in the first place, did not concern him, and never had. It was wholly Miss Araminta's affair whom she selected for her next friends. The deputy imagined he could read between the lines of the cable a certain glee on the part of the Continental police, in being relieved of the embarrassing presence of one of those quasi personages who somehow manage to live elegantly on a mere rumor which accredits them to what is sometimes naïvely described as the *deuxième lit*.

Deputy Parr was in the act of calling off his sleuth hounds on the strength of the cable authenticating the Sedley household, and leaving the malicious Araminta to her own devices, when his friend Armiston came in. Oliver laid on Parr's desk a formidable square of society stationery, at the top of which appeared the modestly engraved name of Miss Sedley. And below, in precise manuscript, in iridescent ink, the following:

"Private view:

"Of the court jewels of the Princess Xenia, Alt. Seren., to which have been added *chefs-d'œuvre* from the famous Sedley collection;

"Preliminary to the exhibition and sale of examples of native Russian art and needlework, for the benefit of the social destitute of the Volga regions."

Across the bottom was scrawled the date, "Thursday at four"; and in the left-hand corner, in almost microscopic proportions, appeared the cognizances of the maison Romanow-Holstein-Gottorp, one of the quarterings crossed by a bar sinister.

"She is throwing open her house!" gasped Parr.

"To a select few," said Oliver, with a sly smile. "My card was just delivered by a lackey. I thought you might be interested."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed the deputy. He touched a bell. A man appeared. "There will be a traffic jam in Fifty-third Street this afternoon. Turn out the wedding squad." To Oliver, as the door closed, he added, "It won't be a jam—it will be a riot! I will be there!"

Just then a clerk brought in a card.

"Jerome Sedley," read Parr. "Ha! He is the nephew. One of the suspected poisoners. He has probably got a card too. Show him up."

Jerome Sedley was a youngish man of the heavy-statesman type, in solicitor's black. He was a member of a firm of exclusive lawyers, who never appeared in court. Mr. Sedley bowed formally to the deputy and brought up on his heels in the middle of the room and watched the clerk shut himself out. He turned and scrutinized Oliver Armiston, and recognizing him as a bowing acquaintance he nodded civilly.

"I am here on a confidential matter," he said gravely. "This gentleman, Mr. Armiston, is in your confidence?"

"He is here on the same errand," grunted Parr, with a curious look at Oliver.

Jerome Sedley knitted his patrician brow, gazing slowly from one to the other.

"On what errand, may I ask?"

"The house-warming," said Parr sweetly. "I suppose you know your aunt is receiving, this afternoon?" He picked up Armiston's billet.

Jerome Sedley merely glanced at it and let it fall. He said in a sepulchral voice, "My aunt has been dead for three months."

There was an instant of dead silence. Oliver Armiston suddenly nodded absently, at some idea of his own. Parr turned in his chair and touched a button at his elbow, and a man entered and stood waiting orders.

"Take charge of the Sedley house outside," said Parr. "Better flash Fifty-third Street to hold it down till you get there. I will be along shortly. Let anybody go in, but no one come out!"

An instant later a little green light winked once, twice, thrice on a patrol box in the Avenue; a vague policeman opened the box and took down the telephone. In the act of yawning, he shifted his eyes to the million-dollar back yard. He hung up and strolled down the Avenue. The grille doors were just opening to receive the Chevalier Henri de Fressy returning from his morning constitutional in the Park. The doors shut. The patrolman unostentatiously mounted guard. An instant later a second man slid into position in the side street. There was not a ripple on the surface. The Avenue flowed on.

"Proceed," said Parr, turning to Jerome Sedley.

"You anticipate me, Mr. Commissioner," said Sedley.

"Only by two weeks," said Parr tartly. "Not by three months. Proceed." He bit off the tip of a cigar, but he forgot to light the weed. The nephew of the late Araminta Sedley showed irritation.

"They have undoubtedly gutted the house!" he cried. "I demand that you take steps to apprehend these rascals!"

"It is already done," responded Parr. "We will follow shortly. First, I want your story."

The young lawyer drew a deep breath.

"She was a malicious old woman, as you probably know," said the bereaved nephew savagely. "But in no act of living," he continued, his bitterness rising, "did she display one-half the malice that she did in dying. She actually went the length of scheming to die and to be buried, far away from home, under a false name, in order to cheat her heirs as long as possible, of the estate reverting to them. She died in an obscure convent in the South of France."

"You and your family are the heirs?" asked Parr.

"The estate reverts to us, on her death. That provision in her father's will inspired her hatred. She could not keep it from us. But she could delay its execution. She had been to this retreat many times," went on the nephew. "Always under the name of Bagby. This last time she must have had some premonition that the end was at hand. She begged the Mother Superior again and again to let her lie there in death, saying that she had neither chick nor child in the whole world." Jerome Sedley smiled at this familiar strain. "She arranged that what moneys she had with her should go to the convent—quite a considerable sum. That was undoubtedly just, for the care they had taken of her. She died in her sleep, on the night of February tenth—and was buried there as Araminta Bagby.

"Now I come to the strangest part of the story," continued Jerome Sedley. Parr mouthed his cold cigar. Armiston plucked at his single white lock of hair. There was a tensity in this room, used to strange revelations, that one could feel. "Someone," he said in a curious tone, "so well acquainted with the old lady's eccentricities that she could give a perfect rendition of them—as we know—someone took up the thread of her life where she dropped it, contrived that the four servants taken abroad by my aunt were scattered and left penniless in Central Europe. Except for the accident of one of them working her way back to Paris, and having enough intelligence to seek out our Paris office, this amazing deception might have gone on indefinitely. As it was, it was more by luck than skill that the old lady was traced to her convent, and her identity determined from her effects. Meantime her passports had been visaed in Paris, and to all intents and purposes Miss Sedley sailed on the La France, bringing in four English servants, and a perfectly genuine Russian Serenity, with her gentleman, on the eighteenth of last month."

"How long have you known this?"

"Our Paris office has been working on it a month," he said. "Candidly, I gave it little credence—until this morning, when the confirming cable arrived. It seemed too grotesque, even for my father's sister. People in our position are constantly being held up by the weirdest of threats and alarms, as you know. Besides, I have been confronted almost daily by the sight of my aunt in her carriage. I have had detectives on the house. I had finally discharged them—the suspicion was too ridiculous. And now, not an hour ago, this cable comes confirming the whole fairy tale." He dropped a long cablegram translation on the desk. "By the way," he said, "singular, this morning—I happened to be passing, on my way downtown, when my aunt drove out. In fact I have made it a point to pass at that hour. She was very punctual in her habits. Well, she was always carried; her feet scarcely touched the absurd carpet they used. But this morning she lost her balance and put down one foot when she was getting into the brougham. I may not be a connoisseur, but it was certainly not the ankle of an old woman!"

"A young woman?" said Parr, his eyes meeting Oliver's, midway.

Parr's telephone rang. They all started nervously. Parr took up the receiver. A lieutenant on the other end was reporting that Pelts, who was still peddling milk, had for some unknown reason failed to keep his engagement with his horse and cart; and the poor trusting animal had been waiting patiently at the rendezvous in Second Avenue, since sunup. A policeman on post had just taken the horse in charge, for loitering.

"Eh?" snarled Parr. Now he was a man of action. In a moment the three were on their way uptown, as fast as special privilege permitted.

"Isn't it a fact," asked Jerome Sedley when they were under way, "that you police carefully file the methods of the famous criminals? Do they not leave not only their finger prints behind but their psychological taint as well?"

Parr nodded in assent. In his abstraction he did not even notice the official salutes that were accorded to his equipage at every street crossing.

"This is the work of a great artist," pursued the lawyer. "Can you identify the method in this case?"

"Yes," grunted Parr gruffly, and he relapsed into an impenetrable silence.

Some glimmer of the truth, locked in Parr's unconscious box, had been knocking at the door throughout Jerome Sedley's tale. It was one of those unpalatable revelations that the mind will, for a time, stubbornly refuse to receive. A moment before, the man-hunter had airily touched a button, and as if by the wave of his wand had drawn a cordon of police about the Sedley mansion. It had given him a little egotistical satisfaction to show the distinguished lawyer that he, Parr, was ever on the job, always ready, prepared for any emergency. And now his house of cards had crumbled! Now he had the consuming certainty that this was another of those nightmare dramas of real life, so artfully staged for his discomfiture, by the woman who had been his Nemesis. Sophie Lang! Finger prints? The story reeked of her.

(Continued on Page 91)

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*With The 25 Year Point*

(Continued from Page 88

It was another of those impossible coups of hers, mounting step by step to its climax—and then, under his very eyes the stage and the people on it suddenly vanishing, going out like a candle. The supreme climax of this play had not been the astounding news of the old woman's death in a far-off land. That news was three months old when it arrived. The curtain of this play came down on the supreme impertinence of that invitation to Oliver Armiston, Parr's confidant, written on Miss Sedley's stationery—to call at four this afternoon—for a private view of the remains! And, knowing Sophie, Parr doubted there would be anything to view but the remains.

Wrapped in gloom he rolled on, deigning no word to either of his companions, who seemed indeed to be as preoccupied as himself. Some excuses, some contrition and some blame moved him. He framed anathema to heap on the head of little Pelts the milkman, on Morel the handsome man, and on the soft-shoed window cleaner. His lip curled. These skilled operatives, who should have seen everything, had seen nothing. No, not even a well-turned ankle! It had taken a solemn-visaged lawyer—and a Presbyterian at that -to snatch that single tidbit.

But what had become of Pelts? There was a ray of hope here. Parr was actually smiling again when they rounded into the Avenue and drew up in front of the million-dollar back yard. There was no jam. Everything was suspiciously quiet. A glance showed him his defenses held taut. Morel was summoned.

"Did the old lady come back?" asked Parr out of one side of his mouth.

"No," said Morel. He asked naïvely, "Was she expected back? I thought she was away for the day."

Parr turned on Morel, stared at him; he wondered why he had never noticed the blank stupidity of this man's handsome countenance before.

"Did Pelts turn up?" he asked.

Morel shook his head. He was wholly in the dark. And Parr turned on his heel. The grille swung open. Oliver was explaining to old William that he had taken the liberty of fetching two friends. William, who had served generations of vanity and retained a high pride, was in doubt. His lady, he said, had turned over the house for the day to her guest, Her Serene Highness. The list of cards had been carefully restricted. In her absence it was difficult ——

"I am Miss Sedley's nephew," said Jerome Sedley. "Let me take the responsibility." And the three mounted the steps to the mezzanine floor.

Highness stood at the end of the drawing-room, giving heed, a pensive smile on her lips, to the suave Centimeri, the dealer. She was beautiful! She was all in black. Her heavy sorrow, which had ennobled not ravaged her, seemed to toll like a bell in the depths of her rich voice. Manifestly it was an ordeal for her to appear in public, even before a carefully chosen circle. There was Mrs. Windsor, who, it was said, was matching emeralds this year; there was old Ludwig Telfen, the great lapidary of his day; there was Billy Wentworth, recently ambassador to Peru -and some of the distinguished intelligentzia whose moneybags balanced their lore. The Chevalier Henri de Fressy was at his best in such a scene. Solicitous at every moment, of his royal mistress, he yet found time to deliver the high-sounding phrases of his voluminous connotations impartially among the enraptured guests. If these two were confederate, if any in the house knew, there was no evidence of it.

"My benefactress," Highness was saying unaffectedly, "has given me her own sitting room for the display of my jewels." She held up the key of that legendary room that old Araminta had so jealously guarded for the past twenty years. "Perhaps you, monsieur," she said to Centimeri, "appreciate better than anyone else how gracious it is on her part to give us the entrée this afternoon."

Yes, Centimeri knew; under his suavity there smoldered a conflagration. His brow clouded as, in turning, he caught sight of Sacarelli, a fellow dealer.

When the élite entered the sitting room two distinct scenes ensued, as one may see in some Chinese play, wholly unrelated. The princess with her entourage paused over her jewel caskets; there were seconds of pensive silence in which she seemed to be summoning courage to proceed.

Centimeri and Sacarelli went off on another tack. Centimeri discreetly, and Sacarelli, more elemental, with an eagerness he made no effort to conceal, were looking their fill. They pursued separate paths. Each in his own way made inventory of the careless stacks and piles, in swift looks of appraisal. A shade of annoyance passed over the august face of Centimeri. Once when he looked up with a puzzled expression, he found Sacarelli staring at him. Their eyes held each other. Sacarelli shrugged a shoulder, a scarcely perceptible gesture, and moved on. They met at the end of the room, heads together.

"The old witch has bilked us!" snarled Sacarelli. "There is nothing here but trash! Where are the Ming jades? The lost gods of the Eldorado? She has them. Why does she hide them?"

Centimeri did not reply. But his face showed his chagrin. It seemed impossible that any family, in a lifetime, could accumulate so much evidence of bad taste as was assembled here.

The princess touched the secret spring of the first casket. It was a tense moment. Those about her lifted themselves on tiptoe as they peered. Even Parr found himself breathing more quickly. Oliver, leaning against the mantel, was watching it all with his curious smile. With what must have been a supreme effort her trembling fingers lifted the casket lid, heavily incrusted with rare ornament. The lady who was matching emeralds burst into an ecstatic cry; a sigh of admiration escaped the others. It was a nest of radiant fire, that shot rays of every conceivable color, as the lid released and disclosed the treasure.

"They are there! She didn't get them! The jewels -she didn't take them!" Parr was rasping excitedly in Armiston's ear.

This was to have been the dénouement. The case was to have been looted! The gems were untouched. It was inconceivable.

It was a necklace, a gift of the empress. The princess lifted the string. The touch was fatal. Memories overcame her. With a dry sob she sank to her knees, clutching the gems to her bosom; burying her face in them she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping.

It was De Fressy who took charge. Whatever may have been the chevalier's shortcomings, somehow now he seemed equal to the situation. He bent over her with the utmost solicitude. He soothed her with whispered words. Gently he drew her to her feet; and as he beckoned her two maids he conducted her from the room. Shattered, broken, Princess Xenia, Altesse Serene, shut out her sorrow from stranger eyes. In the awkward hush that followed, these elegants, who had been invited here to be tempted, shrank away, ashamed, as if they had been caught in some unholy act. De Fressy had come back.

"Later, mesdames, messieurs, you will hear," he said in a sad voice. "She will convey to you her apologies and her decision. I am sure you will have a great charity."

The abashed assemblage retreated with what grace it might. Parr could hear the rumbling tones of De Fressy over the adieus. The flutter of motors at the curb told of the hasty flight from a scene where a princess had sought to sell her lifeblood and failed of courage for the task.

Centimeri had paused, in his discomfited search, to watch the pitiful scene. But not Sacarelli. He still delved hopefully. Now he tiptoed around to Parr and touched his arm. Sacarelli beckoned him with a strained finger. He led the way to a large Lombardy *garde-robe* hidden in a dark corner.

"Someone is hiding in there," he said in a tense whisper. He put his ear to the panel, staring back over his shoulder at the others. Parr turned sharply.

"Shut and bar that door!" he ordered. He tore off the old hasp of the *garde-robe;* and as its leaves fell open the body of a man, bound and gagged, tumbled out and fell in a ridiculous heap on the floor. A man in a milkman's coat and cap.

At first they thought Pelts was dead. But as they tore off his bonds and threw cold water into his face his eyelids fluttered. Morel, who was something of a physician, administered first aid. One arm was useless, as if it had been twisted in its socket. They put him on a couch. Gradually Pelts' senses came back to him, the reason for his being alive, wanting to live. His eyes were red, like a ferret's.

"Sophie Lang!" he gasped through his parched pained throat. "Sophie Lang! She looted this room! Little gold gods—everything! Oh!" His eyes blazed afresh. "I caught her—red-handed—in the act—this morning!" He relapsed. "She was filling a hamper with the stuff ——" he whispered faintly. He shook his head. "She—she was—too much—for me."

Centimeri was saying, as he shook his head, "Yes, some informed person seems to have helped herself!" He walked away, the ambition of a lifetime crumbled to ruin.

Just then, as if the final chapter of this miserable drama must come crowding in before it was time, there came a bellowing howl from the Avenue below:

"Wuxtra!" the newsboys were yelling. "Araminta Sedley dead! Million-dollar back yard —— Yo—ho—hoo! Wuxtra!"

The news had leaked out in Paris.

Late that afternoon, Highness, her poor Serenity swathed in her deepest mourning, was conveyed in a closed car with her precious caskets, to the hospitality, tactfully tendered, of Mrs. Jerome Sedley; and thus the unfortunate princess was rescued from a situation in which she had been wholly the dupe. The Avenue was ablaze with the story. She carried the cachet of true nobility. So much so that even a notorious thief, Sophie Lang, who had looted the Sedley treasures, had withheld her hand from these last remnants of a vanished greatness.

Parr and Oliver took Lonnie Bell between them, early in the evening, and started up the Avenue. They were deciding the future of the Chevalier Henri de Fressy, of which Parr was as yet uncertain. Possibly Lonnie should go to work as a door opener or a carriage starter. As they moved along through the crowd about the door, an elegant young man, in a mauve-colored hat and carrying a crushed newspaper in his hand, seized the startled Lonnie Bell by the arm, and thrust the accusing extra into his face, crying fiercely, "My money, if you please! The ten thousand with which I greased your royal palm yesterday. Else you will cool your royal heels in jail!"

It was a painful moment for Lonnie Bell, but somehow he arose to it.

"If you will recollect," he said with great dignity, "I acted as an agent—not as the principal—in the transaction. She has your ten thousand. You will apply to her!"

He turned his royal back on the annoyer, to indicate the audience was terminated.

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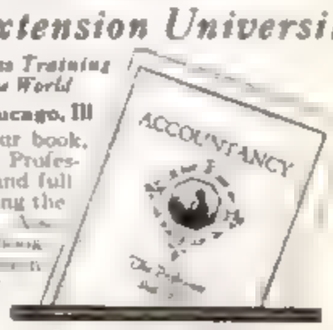


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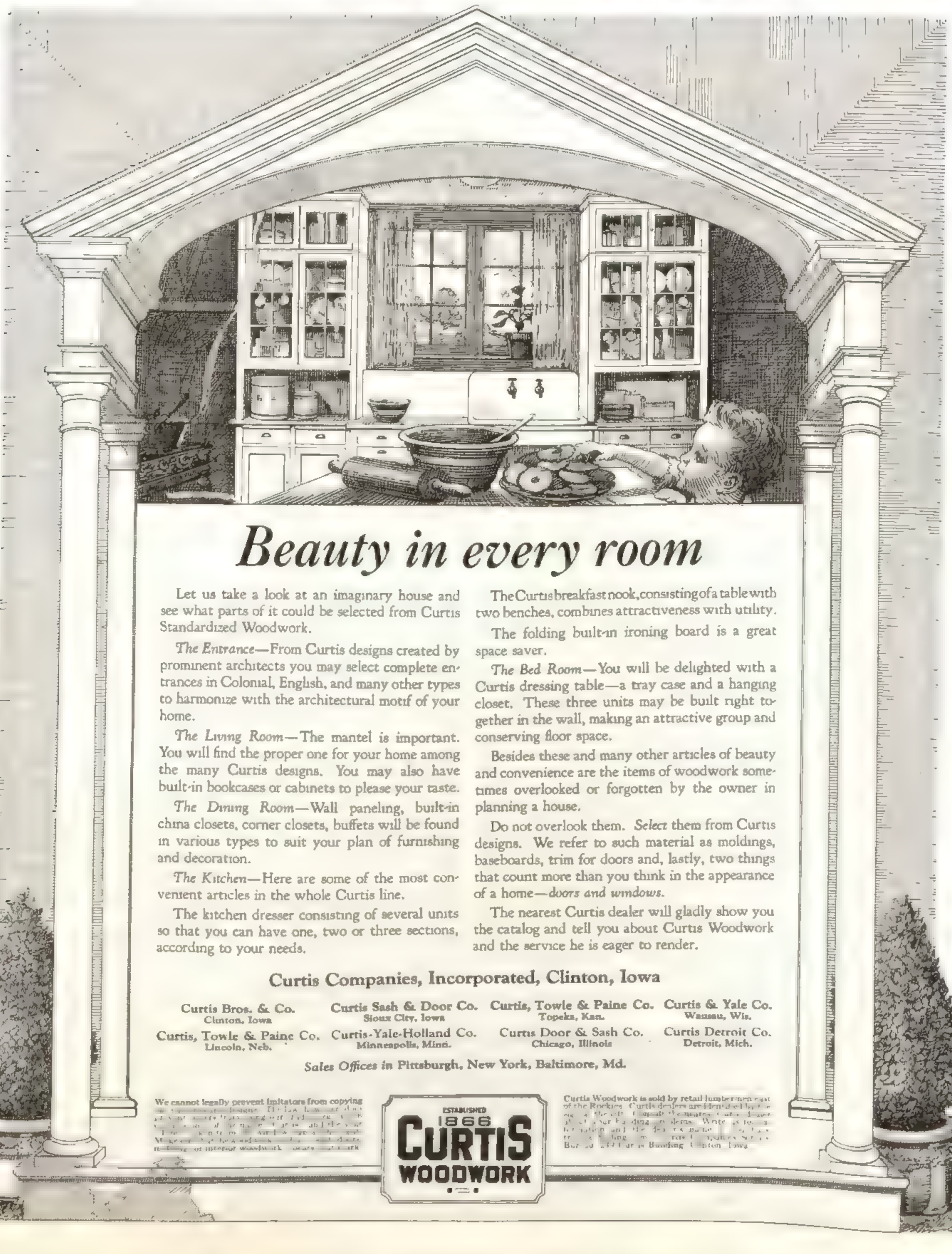

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# EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

"On the contrary, the Princess Virginia is exceedingly envious," she declared, all traces of confusion gone from her manner. She watched him restore the picture to his pocket. Then she abruptly turned the conversation back into its old channel.

"A royal courtship, Mr. Yorke, is invariably conducted by proxy," she announced. "The parents of the parties to said courtship put their heads together and say 'Well, if your son will marry my daughter, my daughter will marry your son,' and that's all there is to it. It's very simple. No trouble at all to either of the aforesaid parties meaning, of course, said son and daughter."

"It is simple," said he, a trifle ironically. "I suppose your father and Prince Hubert's father put their heads together and ——"

"Not at all. Prince Hubert's father, poor man, hasn't got any head, and my father isn't that sort of a prince anyhow. No; Hubert is merely a suitor on his own account. I dare say he thinks the safest and easiest way to get onto a throne is to marry me."

"From all I hear, the royal families of Graustark and Dawsbergen haven't paid much attention to tradition of late years. Prince Robin's mother married an American, and Prince Dantan, your father, also married one."

"Yes," she said, with a whimsical smile; "they took it upon themselves to put the necessary heads together."

"That's good!" he cried admiringly. "Awfully jolly!"

"You have been picking up things from the English, haven't you?" she chided.

He beamed.

"I had no idea we should get on so famously. I confess I was horribly afraid of you at first."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Hubert is still horribly afraid of me, and he has known me for years. So don't consider yourself out of danger yet."

"I say, I'm glad you're not going to marry Prince Hubert. I don't like his looks. I'm sure you wouldn't be happy with him. I admire the Princess Yetive enormously for having had the courage and the backbone to marry the man she loved, even though he was a—er—commoner."

"Well, for that matter, I once had the temerity to marry a man of humble origin," she countered lightly. "To be sure, I got rid of him before you could say Jack Robinson; but even so, he was an uncommonly nice husband while he lasted."

He lowered his voice.

"Does—Prince Hubert know about me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; everybody knows about you, Mr. Yorke."

"I mean, does he know about you and me?" he persisted.

"That's the funny part of it," she said, affecting a confidential air. "He's such a queer person. He believes our marriage was legal, but he doesn't believe the divorce was legal."

Yorke so far forgot himself as to exclaim, "The deuce you say!"

"Well, it seems he has heard or read of a sect in Europe and America whose members get married in pretty much the same way, and it's frightfully legal. But it's just as difficult for them to obtain divorces as it is for anybody else."

"I know of that religious sect. It's one of their doctrines. Nobody ever questions the validity of such marriages."

"That's just what Hubert says. He maintains that you and I were legally married in the sight of God. He insists that God leaves the matter of divorce entirely in the hands of man. And so he says I ought to go into a court and have the marriage dissolved or annulled or whatever they do in such cases. Then it would be legal in the sight of man. Isn't it ridiculous?"

He frowned.

"There is something to be said for his contention. And you've never done this? I mean, you haven't taken steps to obtain a legal ——"

"Certainly not! Good heavens!" she exclaimed, her eyes widening. "You can't possibly think there is anything in it, Mr. Yorke! You don't believe we are still married to each other, do you?"

"Of course not," he assured her. "That's preposterous. On the other hand, princess," he went on seriously, "the laws of Hungary in the days of Bela Kun were not recognized by other nations, you must remember. It is true that in some countries the mere declaration of two persons that they are man and wife has been held to constitute a lawful marriage. I don't believe, however, that divorce by declaration is valid in a single country in the world today."

"My goodness!" gasped the Princess Virginia, the picture of dismay.

"What does your father say about it?"

"Father? Oh, he regards the whole thing as a joke."

He pondered.

"If you don't mind my making a suggestion, I think I should consult some high legal authority on the question, princess."

"Dear me," she cried impatiently, "why do you put all the responsibility on me? Aren't you in just as bad a fix as I am—that is, assuming that we are not legally divorced?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," said he.

Suddenly her face brightened. She drew a deep breath of relief.

"But you didn't marry me at all!" she cried. "You married Rosa Schmitz, and there wasn't any such person as Rosa Schmitz. So, don't you see, the marriage itself couldn't possibly be legal? Therefore a divorce isn't necessary."

"The trouble with that argument, princess, is that marriage is not a union of names. It is the union of two human beings."

She dismissed the subject with a flaunt of her hand.

"Pooh! Let's not worry about it, Mr. Yorke. I'll ask father to get you out of the scrape. It will be quite simple."

"My innate gallantry revolts against the word 'scrape,'" said he, assuming an air of injured dignity. "Besides, I haven't said I wanted to be got out of it, have I?"

"I have no fault to find with your gallantry, Mr. Yorke," she said, so gently that he reddened with mortification. Noting his change of expression, she instantly sought to put him at his ease once more. "We must not make mountains out of molehills," she said, smiling. "In any case, I do not intend to go through the divorce mill just to please old Hubert. I'd much sooner remain an old maid all my life."

"If you stick to that decision, princess," said he gallantly, "I shall consider it a great privilege to remain a bachelor to the end of my days."

"Splendid!" she cried enthusiastically. "Married, though single! Wasn't there a book of that name?"

"A far greater book was called Paradise Lost," said he in the same spirit.

Presently, as the delectable feast—for he had feasted in more ways than one—drew near the end, she said to him:

"My little escapade is about over, Mr. Yorke. I see the duchess fidgeting. She's putting on her gloves for the second time, I'm sure. It has been delightful, seeing you again. I've been shockingly unconventional, frightfully self-willed and—and all that; but I am sure you will think none the less of me for being just myself for a little while tonight. You are to remain in Graustark for some weeks, I understand. Prince Robin has asked me to present his compliments and to assure you that he will do everything in his power to make your stay here an agreeable as well as a profitable one." Her manner had become distinctly formal. "Captain Sambo has been directed to assist you in every way possible. Every courtesy that Graustark can think of will be cheerfully and gladly extended to the representative of the great newspaper in whose interest you come."

He was not guilty of committing the obvious and fatuous error that might have been expected under the circumstances. He forbore asking whether he was to see her again and if so, when.

"Please thank his highness for me, princess, and say to him that I greatly appreciate his kindness to me."

She signaled to the waiter, who hovered outside the recess. To him she spoke briefly in the language of the country. The man glided away and a moment later Yorke saw him bowing obsequiously as he addressed himself to the Duchess of Halfont. Signs of departure followed almost instantly. Waiters dashed up to withdraw chairs; the maître d'hôtel appeared from nowhere, like a jack-in-the-box; the orchestra broke off in the middle of a lively tune, and after the briefest of intervals struck up a weird ringing air that thrilled Yorke to the bone.

"The Graustark Anthem," said the princess, as she arose from her chair.

He sprang to his feet, with shoulders thrown back, chin lifted, and turned to face the music. The few diners who were left in the restaurant at the time were standing.

The duchess' party were leaving their table. The princess, however, did not move. She remained standing, her gaze fixed on the musicians in their gallery at the far end of the long dining room. Yorke found himself wondering at the moment whether she intended to present him to the duchess and her companions. Or—and he felt the blood mounting to his face—were they there merely as spectators to watch a pretty little scene from a much-talked-of comedy? The good American blood in his veins was prepared to boil. Even as his choler rose, the princess smiled up into his eyes and said:

"I am sure the duchess approves of you. She is a very keen old lady. She nodded her head to me a little while ago as much as to say, 'Your American is all right, Virgie Lou!' So you must reconcile yourself to the inevitable, Mr. Yorke. She will ask you to dinner at Halfont Palace before long—and you will be bored stiff. She's a perfect dear; but, heavens, those dinners of hers! If Methuselah and Noah and old King Solomon were alive today, she'd have them to dinner as representatives of the younger set. I am a beast to be saying such things, Mr. Yorke, because I am devoted to her and I know she loves me; and, what is more to the point, she approves of what I've done tonight."

"Then I am for her first, last and all the time," said he, as they made their way past empty tables to the antechamber.

Her friends had already disappeared. He looked about the room in search of Captain Sambo and his fellow officers. They, too, had gone. He placed the luxurious chinchilla wrap about her shoulders, and was surprised when she thanked him. The thought flashed through his brain, "She's had a darned good bringing up for a princess, I'll say that for Virgie Lou's mother."

"Good night," she said, holding out her hand, not high, as Rosa Schmitz had done years before, but on a level to meet his own. Her handclasp was warm, firm, friendly.

"Good night, princess—and thank you," said he.

The mirrored frame swung open noiselessly, as if by magic, and a tall guardsman entered the room. He took two steps to the right, wheeled, stood at attention as she passed through the door, and then followed close behind her. The mirror swung noiselessly back into place—and it was all over. Like the Fairy Princess, she had vanished before his eyes!

There were perhaps half a dozen people in the lobby as he walked briskly through on his way to his room, and they appeared to be attachés of the hotel. Nothing there—absolutely nothing—to prove that it wasn't all a dream. But as he entered his sitting room he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement outside. He rushed to the window and witnessed the departure of a big automobile from what he decided was the entrance reserved for royalty, almost directly beneath his rooms. A small detachment of mounted guardsmen rode off in its wake.

"Rosa Schmitz!" he sighed, a smile on his lips.

He suddenly thought of the portmanteau. It was nowhere in sight, whisked away during his absence; but Sharpe was standing in the bedroom door. He stared at the valet rather blankly for a few moments before realizing why the fellow was there.

"Never mind, Sharpe. I am in the habit of undressing myself," he said, his lips tightening.

Now was the time to nip this sort of thing in the bud. Sharpe must not be permitted to get the upper hand of him. That would be fatal.

"Very good, sir," said Sharpe calmly. "What suit shall I have ready for you in ——"

Yorke broke in hastily, "And I am also capable of dressing myself in the morning, Sharpe."


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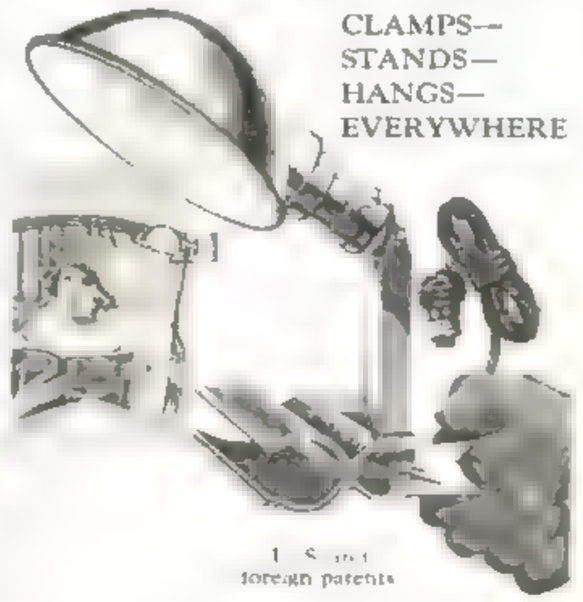

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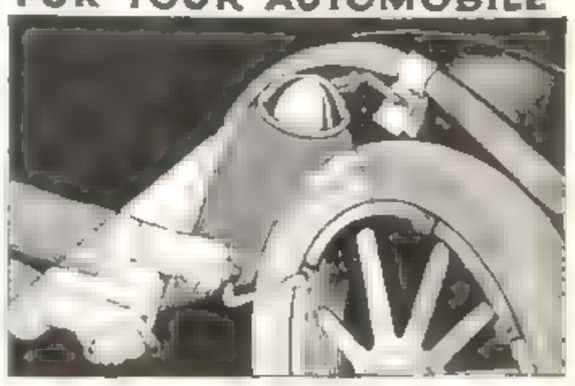

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"Quite so, sir. I understand, sir. But is it to be the gray tweed or the—ah—suit you were wearing when you arrived, sir?"

"The gray tweed, Sharpe."

"Very good, sir. Pardon me for having already thought so, sir. It has been laid out for you. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Sharpe."

*VII*

YORKE was sleeping soundly the next morning when Sharpe, after rapping lightly, unlocked the door and entered the apartment. Peeping into the inner chamber, the valet discovered that the occupant of the great bed was still asleep. He frowned, perhaps a little impatiently, certainly in open perplexity. Even a well-trained valet may frown when he is perplexed, particularly when he is sure that his lapse from serenity is not likely to be detected. There was righteous cause for Sharpe's concern—or, for that matter, his vexation. In the first place it was after ten o'clock, and in the second place he was the bearer of a verbal message from Captain Sambo, who had been cooling his heels downstairs for the better part of an hour.

At the same time there was excellent cause for Mr. Yorke's tardy awakening. He had not gone to sleep until nearly five o'clock and he was therefore entitled to the belated slumber he was now enjoying, notwithstanding the fact that all unbeknownst to him at least two cabinet ministers of Graustark were expecting a call from him during the forenoon.

That an American could sleep till ten o'clock was something no Graustarkian—least of all, Captain Sambo—was willing or prepared to believe. It was generally accepted as a fact in Graustark that all Americans were up and doing at sunrise or a little thereafter, and that they were in the habit of successfully accomplishing more by ten o'clock in the morning than any half dozen Europeans put together could have managed in a whole day. America was supposed to be wide awake while all the rest of the world was snoozing.

But here was an American who, far from being wide awake, was magnificently sound asleep fully two hours after the whole kingdom of Graustark was on the move. This was Sharpe's third visit to the apartment. Twice he had reported to Captain Sambo. On each of these previous occasions he had taken it for granted that Mr. Yorke was merely asleep. Now he listened intently, his hand to his ear. He was apprehensive. This singular inactivity on the part of an American suggested something sinister to the mind of the excellent Sharpe; the poor man must be dead! Auricular testimony convinced him, however, that this passing suspicion was groundless. And this, of course, increased his dilemma. Should he arouse Mr. Yorke or should he let him sleep? He was confronted by a most unexpected conflict in the matter of instructions. On the one hand there was Captain Sambo's command to notify Mr. Yorke that Captain Sambo was waiting below to escort him to the office of the Minister of War, while on the other hand were the positive, definite and imperative orders that Mr. Yorke's comfort was to be considered above everything else; and if sleeping till ten o'clock wasn't a comfort he'd like to know what you'd call it.

Sharpe first tried dropping a military hairbrush on the floor. No good. Then he permitted a window shade to fly to the top with a great clatter. No good. Slamming the bedroom door had the same effect. Slamming it twice in rapid succession was no better. He thought of the bathtub and proceeded to turn both faucets on full force. Sticking his nose around the corner of the door jamb, he looked to see what effect the roar of rushing water was having upon the sleeper. None whatever. Then his eyes brightened. He went out into the corridor and inaugurated a prolonged and violent assault upon the big brass door knocker. That, he was confident, would disturb anything short of death itself.

And it did, as a matter of fact, disturb Yorke. When Sharpe looked in to observe the result of his experiment, he found that Mr. Yorke had turned over in bed—but, alas, probably in his sleep. The situation called for something drastic. Never in all his career as a valet had Sharpe been forced to lay hands upon a sleeping master, but now it had come to that pass. So he walked over and shook Mr. Yorke gently by the shoulder. He shook him again, this time a little more vigorously. Mr. Yorke's shoulder was large and hard, but unresisting; it would stand a great deal of shaking. So Sharpe laid both hands upon the sleeper and shook with all his might. That did it. Mr. Yorke opened his eyes and blinked at Sharpe.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's time to get up, sir," said Sharpe, a strong note of exasperation in his voice.

"All right, all right," said Yorke cheerfully. "But say," he exclaimed, sitting up suddenly, "I'm going to dress myself, understand that, Sharpe!"

"Your bath is drawn, sir," said the imperturbable Sharpe, and bolted into the bathroom to prevent its being disastrously overdrawn.

Fifteen minutes later Yorke was on his way downstairs. He had vindicated all American manhood in the judgment of the temporarily doubting Sharpe. He had given an example of speed, proficiency and adroitness in dressing himself that fairly staggered the valet, who couldn't believe his eyes when the tall young man strode briskly into the sitting room, fully clad, when by all rights he should have been no farther along than the fourteenth or fifteenth yawn and the merest contemplation of a suit of still undisturbed underwear.

"My word, sir!" gasped Sharpe involuntarily.

"You say Captain Sambo is waiting for me?"

"He is, sir."

At the door Yorke turned, surprising the valet in a stare of astonishment.

"I can undress and get into bed in just half the time," he announced meaningly.

Now Yorke had spent the greater part of the sleepless night in pleasant cogitation. Chief among his thoughts was the highly satisfactory reflection that Princess Virginia of Dawsbergen, for all her royal antecedents, was just like any other girl—bright and merry, fun-loving and gay, not a bit uppish or formal; just a regular girl—like any other girl save in one particular, he qualified. She was prettier than any of the rest of them. He had rather hoped he might go on dreaming about her after he fell asleep, but no such luck. It rather disgusted him to think that he didn't dream about anything at all. Still, he had some wonderful dreams about her while he lay awake. He wondered if it were possible for them ever to come true.

Hardly. He had been in love with Rosa Schmitz for five years—and that's a long time to be in love with a girl you've seen only once—but it was a far cry from simple Rosa to imperial Virginia.

Captain Sambo was nervously pacing the lobby.

"Have you breakfasted?" he inquired as he greeted the delinquent Yorke. Yorke's reply caused him to throw up his hands in a gesture of despair. "Good heavens! We are due at Count Quinnox's in precisely thirty minutes."

"That doesn't stump me," said Yorke cheerfully. "Come and sit with me while I bolt a cup of coffee. That's all I need. How far is it to the count's?"

They were out of the hotel and entering the captain's automobile in less than fifteen minutes.

"You see what can be done when you put your mind to it," the American was saying. "I not only had toast and coffee but fried eggs as well, and we have eight minutes to spare."

"I wonder if there is anything that can stump you Americans," said the captain, shaking his head hopelessly.

The short drive to the War Office gave Yorke his first impression of the quaint old city. On every hand were signs of extreme antiquity; staunch old houses unlike anything he had ever seen before; rugged, age-polished and gray from the scourings of countless tempests and the bleachings of incalculable suns; queer, lopsided doors and windows and rusty multiangular roofs with shaggy stone chimneys; tiny balconies clinging like lichens to grim and battered façades, on the more pretentious buildings, turrets, with sinister-looking slits up and down their several sides. Here and there mosque-like domes lifted their oval splendor above the humble surroundings, revealing the presence of temples that had been built in an era when the city was dominated by Tartar, Semitic or even Mohammedan influence.

The stone-paved streets were narrow, barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass, and were bewilderingly erratic in their wanderings. They roved in angles, bends, twists and curlicues over an area that seemed as great as all New York, but which probably could have been set down in Central Park with room to spare—a tangle of walled-in lanes as baffling and as confusing as the paths of a goldfish in an aquarium.

The sidewalks in that part of Edelweiss through which Captain Sambo's car was weaving its way were a scant four feet in width, but they were absolutely clear of fixed obstacles. The windows in the shops could never have been called show windows in the accepted meaning of the term. They were intended for ventilation rather than for display. A few of the shops exhibited articles characteristic of the commerce carried on inside, but as a general thing signboards above or alongside the doors served as guides to the public. Pushcarts, mule carts and an occasional reminder of New World audacity in the shape of a flivver delivery wagon constituted what may be described as the transport system of the city of Edelweiss. Police regulations and a no doubt inherent regard for orderliness on the part of the people confined pedestrians to the narrow sidewalks.

Never in all his travels had Yorke found himself in a place so medieval as this, nor so superior to the ravages of decay. Egypt, the mysterious, the magic, with all its vanquished glories, its shattered antiquity, its crumbling testimonials to the magnificence of long-dead Pharaohs, could not—to quote the vastly interested American—hold a candle to Edelweiss when it came to visible, substantial evidence to support the fancy that he had been transported bodily back to the Middle Ages.

The people in the streets were not medieval in their physical aspect, however. Most of them were dressed after the fashion of Continental Europeans, both the men and the women. Occasionally one saw men, evidently peasants from the outlying districts, who still clung to the native costume as worn by their fathers and forefathers, but they were few and far between. There was, indeed, something surprisingly cosmopolitan about the throngs. Even in this busy, crowded district known as the Lower City, one might easily have been persuaded to believe that he was in Vienna or Paris or even New York, that great metropolis where foreign visages predominate. The true New Yorker, however, would have remarked this distinction: The faces of these people were clean, whereas cleanliness of person in the foreign districts of his home city is an almost totally unrecognizable virtue.

Captain Sambo explained that this part of Edelweiss was at least seven hundred years old. The Upper City, or the region bounded on the west by Castle Avenue, was quite modern; very few of the houses there were more than two hundred years old, some of them, indeed, having been built as recently as the early part of the nineteenth century. Of course, he went on to say rather apologetically, there were a number of so-called palaces in Edelweiss, put up by the nouveau riche since the beginning of the present century, parvenus being something that even the oldest of civilizations was powerless to suppress. And over beyond the Regengetz Circus, on which the hotel was situated, Mr. Yorke presently would see a few American-designed office buildings, to say nothing of the handsome structure formerly occupied by the American Club, but now used as an art museum.

What he dryly described as the American invasion had followed close upon the elevation of Mr. Grenfell Lorry to the exalted position of prince consort, some thirty-four or five years ago. With the outbreak of the Great War many of the Americans—the engineers, architects, builders and railway men who came over at the beginning of the century—left Edelweiss to return to their own country or to join the Foreign Legion in France. The invasion, he explained, was almost exclusively a young man's affair. These men never returned to Graustark, and so the club became a thing of the joyous past.

"There are very few Jews in Edelweiss," he said. "We have here a number of citizens who call themselves Jews, but we know their origin. In religion only are they Jews, Mr. Yorke. Centuries ago their forbears were Tartars—flat-nosed Tartars—who, being hunted and driven from one land to another by relentless foes, sought refuge with the true Hebrews, fastened themselves upon that devout and resourceful race and in course of time came to be known as Jews. Russia swarms with Jews of that type. They are not descended from the ancient Hebrews. They were outcasts, remnants of shattered tribes, barterers, traders, wandering merchants, poachers. And today they are called Hebrews the world over, God save the name! They multiply as no other branch of the human race multiplies and they have followed civilization only when the path leads to security. It is this element that we fear in Graustark. They preach communism and talk of the brotherhood of man with but one object in view—the overthrow of established order and the creation of a new chaos from which they, being shrewd traders in human emotions and human frailty, may arise with their hands clutching not the empty air but all the physical wealth of the world. . . . Ah, here we are, Mr. Yorke. The citadel confronts you."

The car, turning sharply out of what appeared to be a cul-de-sac, entered a wide, grass-covered square, or plaza, on the far side of which loomed the walls and towers of the ancient fortress of Edelweiss. The flag of Graustark floated from the central tower. Sentries paced to and fro before the huge iron-studded gates; obsolete cannon, posted along the base of the wall, pointed their ugly noses toward the peaceful city; a squad of mounted patrol guards, awaiting orders, formed a gaudy, picturesque group over against the farthermost corner of the gray mass of stone.

"Relics of the twelve-year war with Axphain back in the seventeenth century," said Captain Sambo, indicating the ridiculous old siege guns.

Being admitted without delay to the fortress, they were in a very few minutes ushered into the office of the commander in chief of the Graustark Army, the tall, white-haired Count Quinnox. Never had Yorke looked upon a finer specimen of soldier than the man who rose to greet them as they entered the room. He was seventy or more, yet as erect as a pine; his figure was young and vigorous and full of a supple grace; his scarred face was lean and bronzed and singularly handsome despite its disfigurements.

Count Quinnox shook hands warmly with the young American. His smile was friendly, his eyes searching in their scrutiny of his visitor's face.

"And if there is anything that I can do, Mr. Yorke," he was saying after the first few minutes of polite conversation, "anything at all that will be of help to you in your mission here, you may be assured of my readiness and willingness up to that point where military obstinacy intervenes on the side of discretion. Your father, I understand, was an officer in the United States Army a number of years ago."

"Yes; he was a colonel."

"Colonel Randolph Yorke, if my memory serves me faithfully. He died, I believe, when you were but a few weeks old."

Yorke was startled.

"You appear to have investigated me pretty thoroughly in a very short space of time," said he, smiling. "Ten days at the outside."

The count raised his hand in protest.

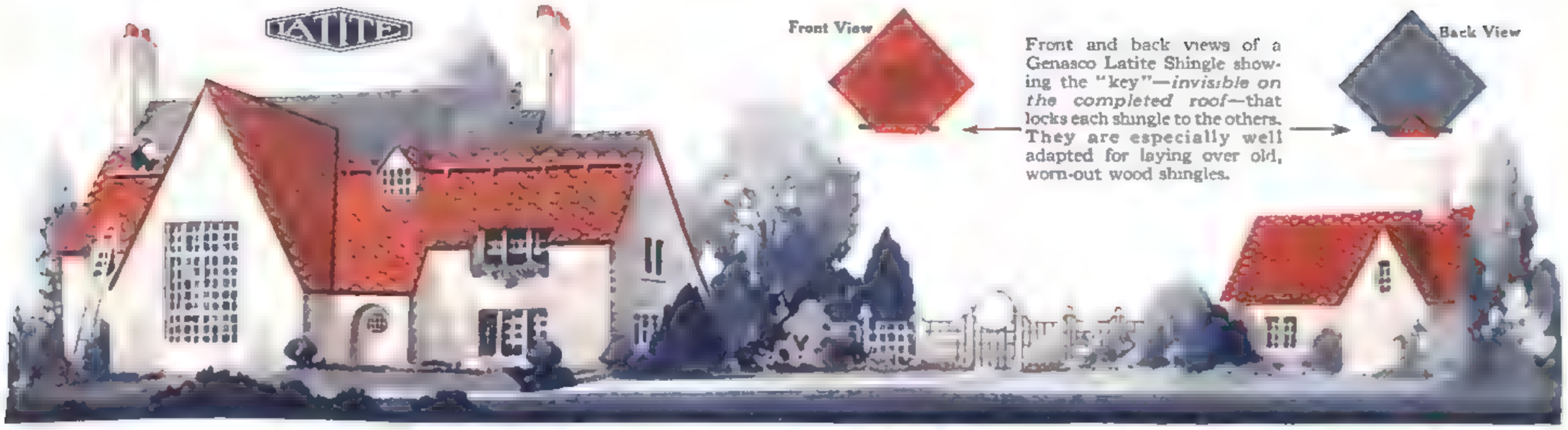
"You do our secret service more honor than it deserves, Mr. Yorke. In the first place, our knowledge of you is derived almost entirely from facts gleaned by our neighbor, Dawsbergen; and I may add for your edification that Prince Dantan began his inquiries at least five years ago."

"The deuce you say!" murmured Yorke rather blankly.

"It is to Dawsbergen that we are indebted for a fairly complete history of you and your forefathers," said the count, enjoying the young man's astonishment. "We know that your mother was Miss Emily Margaret Fortune, of Washington, second daughter of Mr. John K. Fortune, and a granddaughter of Judge Robert Fortune. Her brother is Mr. George Fortune, of Montana. We know your college, the year you were graduated, your athletic as well as your scholastic record. We know something of your habits, your work, your adventures and your record in the Navy. In short, Mr. Yorke, we know a great deal more about you than you know about us, although I trust you may become better acquainted with us before long. You see, my dear sir, Prince Dantan had an excellent reason for inquiring into the personal and private life of Mr. Pendennis Yorke."

Whereupon the speaker and Captain Sambo joined in a hearty laugh. Mr. Yorke perforce laughed also, but somewhat lamely.

Continued on Page 99







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(Continued from Page 94)

"I hope with all my soul that Prince Dantan found out nothing that would prejudice him against me, because, you see, I expect to go from here to Dawsbergen in the same capacity that brings me to Graustark. It would be extremely awkward if I got there only to have the door slammed in my face by an irate ruler who had found out a good many things about me that had somehow managed to escape the notice of a watchful college faculty."

"It may comfort you, my young friend, to know that Prince Dantan was once a college student," said the count most affably. "In fact he was thrice a college student. The records will show that he was sent down from Oxford in his second year and that he subsequently experienced grave difficulty in staying at both Heidelberg and the University of Vienna for any considerable length of time."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said Yorke, relieved. "He seems to be human, at any rate."

The count himself conducted his visitor over the fortress. The view from the battlements was magnificent. Situated on the brow of a rather pronounced eminence, the fortress looked down upon a wide bend of the river and far out across the lowlands to the snowcapped mountains that ringed the massive bowl. As far as the eye could reach were lofty mountains, peak above peak, until the farthermost crests were like sunlit, cone-shaped clouds resting immovable upon the deceptive mist created by vast distances.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Yorke.

"It would not last an hour against the fire of modern guns," said Count Quinnox, who was not thinking of the view.

Before taking his departure Yorke made an early appointment with the commander in chief of the army for an interview concerning the military affairs of the country.

"You do not let the grass grow under your feet, I perceive," said the count dryly.

"It's my early training, sir," explained Yorke. "I was what is known as a sprinter in college."

From the fortress Captain Sambo conducted his charge to the tower, where he was introduced to Baron Gourou, chief of police and commander of the tower, a thin-faced, keen-eyed man, who though courteous, was nevertheless wary. He was the successor to the famous Baron Jasto Dangloss, who for nearly half a century had held this position of trust and was known far and wide as head of one of the most efficient secret-service organizations in all Europe.

It was said of Gourou that he had eyes in the back of his head, ears that could hear through walls ten feet thick, a nose like a bloodhound's, and, greater than all these, the power to render himself invisible. To this astute gentleman Yorke frankly bared his intentions. He announced that it was not his plan to confine his study of conditions in Graustark to the upper classes alone.

"It is much simpler baron for the well-to-do, the powerful and the satisfied upper classes to put their best foot forward than it is for the lower and supposedly downtrodden classes. I have learned that there are usually two truths to every question, assuming that the truth is something that one tells when he is absolutely honest in his convictions. Well, if the rich believe one thing to be true and the poor believe another thing to be true, it stands to reason that there are two truths to be considered instead of one. I have been sent here to get the real story of Graustark for my paper. By putting together the truth as told by the bourgeoisie and that told by the so-named proletariat I have an idea I can weave them into the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that's what we are after, isn't it?"

"I dare say," replied Baron Gourou.

Captain Sambo seemed a trifle uneasy. He was asking himself the question: "Is this fellow Yorke, after all, one of those meddlesome literary fanatics who are turning the world upside down with their silly views?" Yorke's next remark cleared the atmosphere considerably.

"I shall pay no more heed to your unbalanced radicals than I would to their soap-box counterparts in New York or London, baron. I come from a free country, alas, we have entirely too much freedom. I have heard men spouting on street corners who ought to have been shot dead where they stood. All I ask, Baron Gourou, is the privilege of studying conditions here from all angles, and I would appreciate your coöperation. If at any time I should ignorantly overstep the bounds of discretion, in your opinion, I shall expect you to fetch me up with a jerk, and I promise you not to resent it."

Baron Gourou had not taken his eyes from the young man's face. Yorke had the feeling that his innermost thoughts were being read. Perhaps they were, for suddenly the commander of the tower smiled and held out his hand.

"It will give me great pleasure, Mr. Yorke, to assist you in every way. When in doubt, come to me. I understand you contemplate a month's stay in Graustark. I trust you will not take it amiss if I assure you that in two days' time, if you so desire, you could be in possession of all the data you need concerning our little country. You will find the task a simple one. Our problems are easy ones, our solutions prompt. The Minister of the Treasury will show you that our national debt is insignificant, that our people are prosperous and not overburdened by taxes, and that our credit, paradoxically, is much too good. That is an economic misfortune, strange as it may appear, Mr. Yorke. Our war records are available. We did our bit, as the English say, and we came out of the maelstrom right side up.

"We have our radical element, to be sure. I maintain that it is a necessary evil. It would be a very tiresome world if there were no screws loose in it. No country can survive universal contentment. Remember, there were angels cast out of heaven. Today the world is more restless than ever before. Restlessness is in the air. We in Graustark breathe the same air that keeps the rest of the world alive, and so we have traces here of the greatest of all plagues—unrest. Writers of sea tales speak of the cloud no larger than a man's hand appearing on the face of the calm blue sky, and they tell you that in an hour's time that same little cloud produces a tempest violent enough to convulse an entire ocean. The wise mariner does not despise the little cloud. He battens down his hatches, reefs his sails and waits. There is nothing else for him to do. He cannot turn the tempest aside with a wave of his feeble hand, nor can he evade it, so he makes ready to meet it when the time comes. So it is with us in Graustark, Mr. Yorke. We keep an eye on the little white cloud and wait. Come in and see me often. I may be able to add a little spice to your articles. Captain Sambo will tell you that I am a great chatterbox, an inveterate scandalmonger."

As they left the tower, Captain Sambo shrugged his shapely shoulders and said, "Mount Ganlook up there is a magpie compared to Baron Gourou. If you can get anything out of him, Yorke, you are truly a wizard. But I must say this: He has taken a fancy to you. And I suppose, after all, he is only a shade less human than the rest of us: He will not be in the least displeased at having his name and his exploits published in a great American newspaper."

They spent the remainder of the morning sight-seeing. Yorke was vastly impressed by the handsome houses and private parks of the nobility which lined the eastern side of Castle Avenue, a magnificent two-mile boulevard that had its beginning in Regengetz Circus and ended in a wide plaza before the enormous gates leading to the castle grounds. Above the tree tops in the foreground rose the weather-beaten, time-worn stone towers of the ancient castle, standing far back in the royal park, screened from intimate view by the high sinister walls that had guarded the home of all the princes and princesses of Graustark for centuries.

"Grim," was the single word uttered by Yorke as he gazed upon the forbidding walls, the massive gates and the distant gray towers.

"Grim without, but glorious within," said Captain Sambo rather curtly. "These walls, my friend, have withstood many an ancient siege, have turned back many a gallant foe. These towers have felt the touch of cannon balls, but never the scratch of spears. Valiant men have scaled these walls, sir, but not one has ever fought his way to the base of those historic towers. One day I will show you the moat guarding the northern side of the castle. You will then understand why innumerable attempts to force the castle from that direction ended in disaster for the enemy." He shrugged his shoulders again. "What was impossible in the olden days would, of course, be ridiculously easy today. Long-range guns in the hills across the valley would blow the castle to pieces in half an hour. But in those good old days, sir, when men fought hand to hand with battle-ax and spear and sent their own bodies against impregnable walls instead of hurling substitutes in the shape of shells from a distance of five leagues or more—ah, then the Castle of Graustark was as strong as Gibraltar."

"Those good old days," mused Yorke. "You speak feelingly, captain; as if you regret that we do not fight our battles now as they did in the good old days."

The captain stared at him in astonishment.

"What soldier doesn't regret it?" he exclaimed bitterly.

Later on, as the two men were having luncheon at Pingari's, a fashionable restaurant far up the steep slope of Mount Ganlook, Yorke brought up the subject of Prince Hubert.

"Is there any likelihood that he may some day succeed in regaining the throne of his ancestors? The princess informs me that he has made several attempts to bring about a counter-revolution, but always without getting anywhere."

Captain Sambo glanced over his shoulder before answering. When he spoke it was in a low, guarded tone.

"I beg of you to be careful, Mr. Yorke. The soviets in Axphain have spies scattered throughout Edelweiss, watching every move of Prince Hubert, catching every word they possibly can that might indicate activity on the part of the monarchists. Baron Gourou has reason to believe that several of the waiters in this café are Axphainian agents." Apparently satisfied that no one was listening, he went on: "Prince Hubert is not popular with his own party. The monarchists do not like him. Conditions are so bad in Axphain that I am convinced the people themselves would welcome the reestablishment of the monarchy. If a leader were to spring up in whom all parties had confidence, the coup would be simple."

"Is there no one?"

Sambo's eyes narrowed.

"Are you interviewing me, Mr. Yorke, for newspaper publication?"

"You have only to say that it is confidential, Captain Sambo, and it will go no further," replied Yorke stiffly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer promptly. "Since it is not for publication, I may tell you that there is but one man who can lead Axphain out of the morass. Hubert's half brother, the illegitimate offspring of the late prince and a certain noble lady of Axphain. There is no secret about it. Prince Hedrik long ago proclaimed this boy to be his son. Whereupon the people at once gave their hearts to the young man. He enjoyed a popularity that was never accorded the legal heirs to the throne. The people sympathized with him, they loved him and they would have rejoiced to see him, bastard though he is, succeed to the throne rather than the crown prince or his brother Hubert. He was what you might well call an idol; a besmirched idol, you will say, but still an idol."

"Where is he now?"

"He is with his mother in Italy. When the revolution came, they were permitted to leave Axphain without interference. Indeed, they were given a special escort and many favors. The lady of whom I speak is the Countess Valerie Yanzi, sister of a mighty and a well-beloved nobleman, the Duke of Mizrox, who died some years ago." He hesitated a moment before continuing: "She never married, Mr. Yorke. It has been said that one of her own servants, a faithful fellow, indeed, was the man who wielded the ax when Prince Hedrik was beheaded."

"Why don't the monarchists get hold of this young fellow and bring him back to lead the ——"

"I thought you would ask that question," interrupted the other. "The young fellow, as you call him, refuses to come back. He will not listen to their pleas, their blandishments, their promises. In short, he prefers to remain what he is—a beloved outcast rather than become the questionable ruler of Axphain. I rather admire his stand. He says it is Hubert's job, not his."

They were sitting at a table on the glass-inclosed terrace which looked down upon the city two thousand feet below. Over a winding zigzag course they had ascended the mountainside, passing scores of houses perched on the slope in such seemingly precarious fashion that Yorke wondered why they did not topple over and go rattling down like avalanches into the serenely

Continued on Page 101


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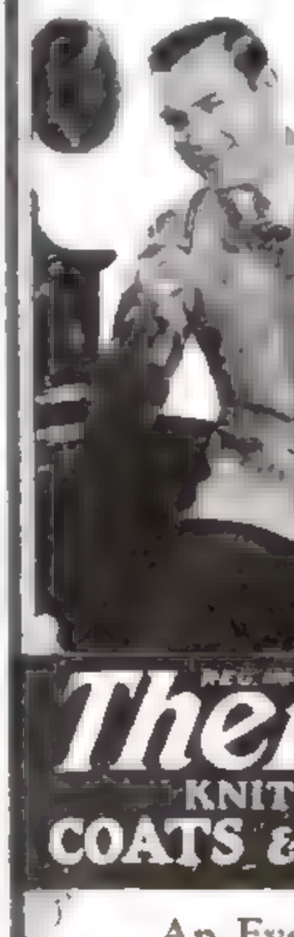

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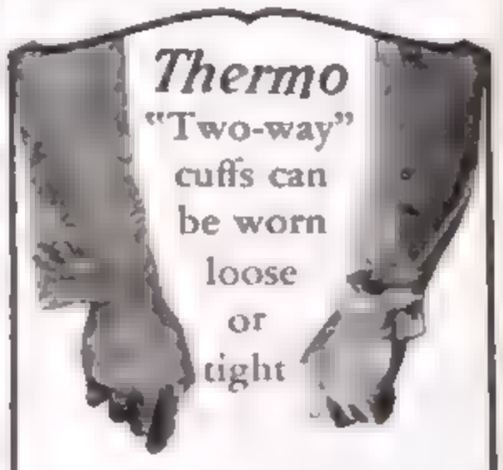


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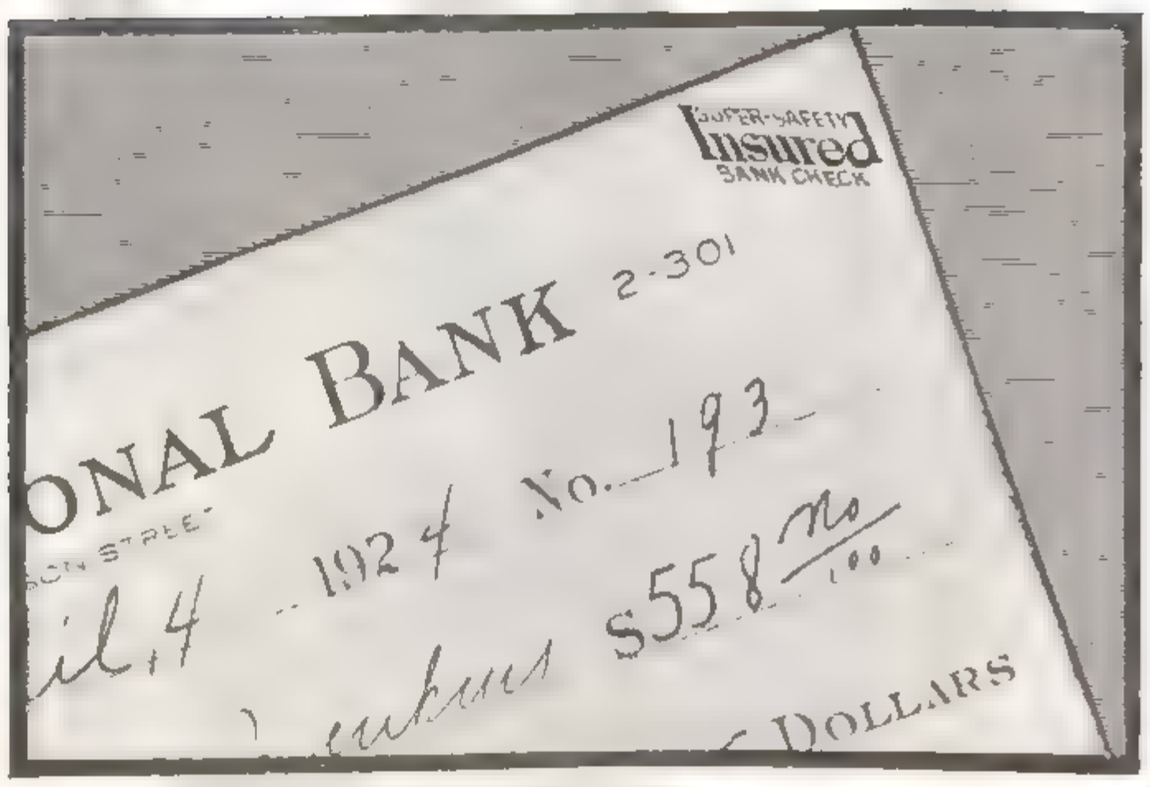


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(Continued from Page 99

indifferent heart of Edelweiss. There were times, too, when he shrank back from the window of the car, confident that the next turn of the wheels would plunge them over the low protecting wall that guarded the hair-raising curves. He was devoutly thankful when the car swung out upon the little plateau on which Pingari's was situated, and was soon lost in admiration of the wonderful picture to be seen from the café terrace. Now, after an excellent luncheon, he was wondering how they could possibly get down the steep mountain without disaster.

However, he did not mention his fears to the complacent officer who looked dreamily out over the rock-bound valley. He remembered Captain Sambo saying, as the car started to climb the slanting, serpentinous road, that very few people had ever motored up.

Only a high-powered car could make the grade. Fashionable Edelweiss preferred the slower, more leisurely means of travel they made the ascent in vehicles drawn by horse or donkey.

"But we will come down much faster than we go up," he had promised, and Yorke was now wondering if it would not turn out to be a prophecy rather than a promise. At three o'clock he was to appear with his credentials at the office of the Prime Minister, where certain formalities were necessary before permission could be granted him, as an alien, to remain in Graustark for a period longer than six days. "Don't be uneasy about the time," Sambo had said reassuringly. "I will have you at the Prime Minister's on the minute if I have to break my neck doing it."

Yorke sighed deeply as he recalled these words; in fact he had sighed repeatedly.

Now there had been a definite purpose in his mind when he broached the subject of Hubert. So as he relighted his cigar he inquired with commendable unconcern, "Wouldn't Prince Hubert solve a great many of his difficulties if he were to marry—someone like the Princess of Dawsbergen, for instance?"

The captain's smile was ironical.

"He would, indeed. He would much prefer to do that than to go out and fight for a throne."

Yorke hesitated a few seconds

"Do you think he has a chance?"

"Who knows? Is there a man in all this world so wise that he can guess what is in a woman's mind?"

"Does that mean, captain, that you wouldn't be surprised if—so to speak—if she accepted him?"

"She might," answered the officer with irritating calmness. "God knows that stranger things have happened."

"It would be terrible," announced Pendennis Yorke with sudden vehemence

The captain leaned forward.

"'Grewsome' is the better word, Yorke," he said, a hard note in his voice. "Thirty-odd years ago, in the Hotel Regengetz, Prince Hubert's uncle was assassinated in cold blood by Prince Gabriel, brother of Princess Virginia's father, the present ruler of Dawsbergen. Since that day Axphainian princes have thirsted for the royal blood of Dawsbergen. I shudder, sir, when I think of Princess Virginia married to a blood-hungry Prince of Axphain."

"There was a blood feud between the Montagues and the Capulets," Yorke reminded him, "and it was in a fair way to being wiped out by the loves of Romeo and Juliet."

"Ah, but there was the most beautiful love story ever conceived. Prince Hubert is not a Romeo, Mr. Yorke, nor is the daughter of Dantan a Juliet. Bless my soul, it is ten minutes of three!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "We must be off at once."

As Yorke entered the Regengetz shortly before six o'clock he was accosted by a man whose face was strangely familiar and who held out his hand in greeting. He was short, thin and bespectacled. His features were sharp, his complexion pallid, his eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses singularly large and alert. He was holding his hat in his hand, uncovering a thick, bushy mass of oily black hair. The lips, spread in a smile, were thin and red, the teeth white and even. He had a broad, low brow, from which the rest of his face tapered to a sharp chin.

"You don't remember me, Yorke," he said, and his smile was wistful

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Yorke, grasping the other's hand. "Rodkin! What the devil are you doing here?"

He had recognized the man as a classmate, one of the brightest men in college. Michael Rodkin!

"Forgive me for tackling you in this manner, Yorke," apologized the other. "But I couldn't resist coming to see you. It has been a long time since I've run across anyone from college, and I don't mind confessing I was hungry for the sight of you. What am I doing here? Ask that chap standing over there by the window. He isn't looking at us, but I fancy he sees us just the same. He is one of Gouron's smartest agents."

"By thunder, Michael, I remember now! You were the red-hottest little socialist going when you were in college. Don't tell me you're over here cooking up revolutions and all that sort of thing!"

Rodkin laughed

"You don't imagine I came around to ask you to be one of my pallbearers, do you? To be sure, I am a communist; I belong to the Internationale, and I am what is generally known as an agitator—a Red, if you like, Denny. And I make speeches on street corners occasionally, ripping the rich up the back; right under the old baron's nose too. But I am hardly what you'd call a revolutionary leader. I am simply an educator. I've never thrown a bomb in my life, but I've hurled bales of communistic literature in my time. Everybody knows me here. They all know I am a jolly little Red. I suppose I've got you in Dutch with the police by coming to see you as a friend. I heard you were here to write up Graustark for a New York paper, so I hurried around to shake hands with you before you found out too much about me. Don't you worry, old chap. I'll give you a clean bill if they come to me. They will believe me. I've never lied to them."

"Do you mean to tell me you are preaching Bolshevism openly here in Edelweiss, Rodkin?"

"Certainly. If I preached it secretly they'd hang me."

"But why the deuce do they allow it? Why don't they chase you out of the country?"

"My dear fellow, you must not forget that I am an American citizen," said Rodkin, a mocking light in his big black eyes. "I also am an American correspondent the same as you, if you please."

"The dickens you are!"

"I am the Edelweiss representative of the largest American news-service bureau in Moscow. We send reams of stuff to the U. S. A. every month. There must be a couple of hundred honest American citizens employed by our bureau up there in Moscow."

"What kind of Americans?" demanded Yorke

Rodkin did not take offense. He was used to being badgered.

"Intelligent Americans, old man—if you see what I mean."

"I'm hanged if I do, Michael! And why is it that I've never seen anything about Graustark in the stuff you are circulating over there in America?"

"I dare say it is because you don't read the language in which it is printed," replied Rodkin coolly. "I've shot hundreds of columns about Graustark to the United States in the last year or two, and here you are telling me you've never read a line of it! Come, old man, is that fair? I've read every line you've written since you took up the game."

"Yes, but, thank God, I write only in English."

"Let's not quarrel, Denny. You think one way, I think another. We're both honest. We both manage to get our stuff printed, and that's all there is to it. If I am willing to shake hands with an enemy, I don't see why you should object to shaking hands with a friend."

"By gad, Rodkin, you always did have a smart way of putting things," said Yorke, not without a trace of admiration in his voice. "You haven't lost any of your infernal cleverness, have you?"

Am I to consider that a compliment? Don't answer. I'll take it as such, Denny, for the sake of old times. But no more politics, if you please. . . . You don't seem a day older than when I saw you last in New York. That was seven years ago, wasn't it?"

"I think so. You have aged, Michael. Gad, it's no wonder I didn't recognize you at first! We're about the same age, aren't we?"

"My dear fellow, I am at least a hundred years older than you are. As a matter of fact, you aren't even born yet. Well, it's good to see you, Denny. I'd ask you to drop in and see me if I thought you'd care to take the risk. I am in lodgings down near the railway station. Any policeman can point out the place. If there is anything I can do to be of assistance to you, don't hesitate to call on me. You might even want to get an angle on our side of the great problem, you know."

He held out his hand again, and to save his life Yorke could not resist taking it. He had always liked the mild-mannered, brilliant Rodkin.

"I'll look in on you one day, Michael," he said. "They can't hang me for that, can they?"

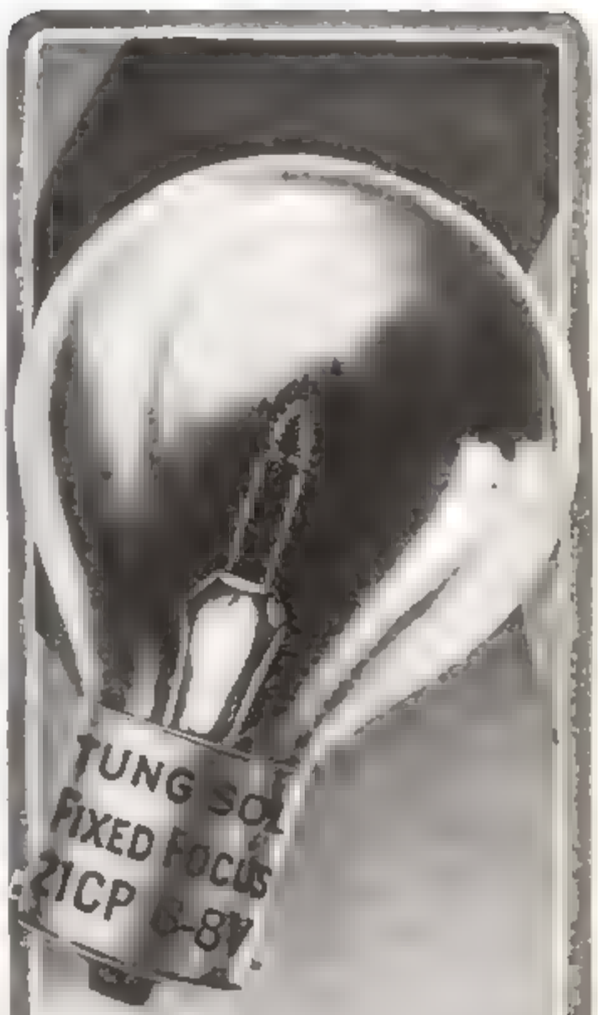
"They would have to hang me first," said Rodkin, a glitter in his eyes.

The man at the window had left his place and was passing by them on his way to the door. Rodkin spoke to him

"I say, Landos, I'll stroll along with you if you don't mind. I want to tell you something about my good friend Yorke."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Storm, Mt. Spokane Natural Park, Spokane, Washington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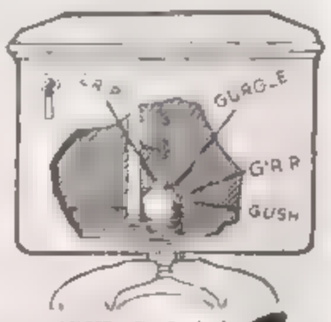


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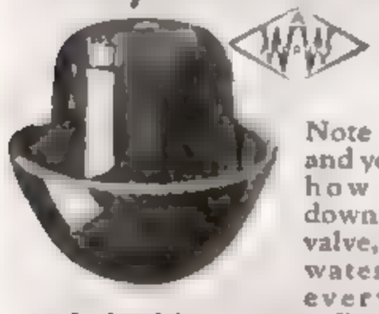

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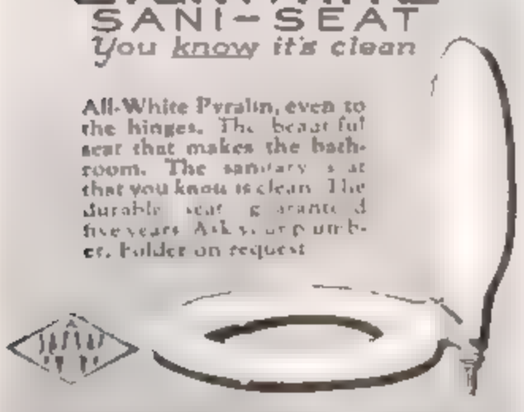

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# PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 27)

The evening closed somewhat more quietly than usual, however, as I felt in no mood for discourse. Mrs. Gale did endeavor to draw me out regarding the early history of Egypt, but the topic soon languished. With her final declaration, "I am certainly going to some day witness all those fine pieces of antiquity over there," we said good night and I retired to my tent, suffering odd little twinges of a feeling I did not at first identify. I supposed it to be caused by the painful scene to which I had been an unwilling witness, and yet in a curious manner it involved the person of the newly met Doctor Hemingway.

To my amazement I presently realized that my encounter with the good chap had left me with a distinct nostalgia. Forgetting, as we are so prone to do, the annoying realities of an environment long since escaped, I found myself picturing its more gracious details, the ordered life, the physical ease, the agreeable labor, and a certain—at least public—deference which a man of my position had never failed to command. I had even envied the good doctor his decent clothing, although the collar of his coat had been untidy with dandruff. "Homesick" seemed too strong a term, yet I was ill at ease. I reflected, too, that the unscrupulous Mrs. Gale would be but one of a numerous type. Others seething with the same red propaganda might even now be poisoning the domestic atmosphere of Fairwater. Nay, my own home might have suffered. Did I not know Mrs. Copplestone to be all too susceptible; to be as avid for the merely new as ever Saint Paul found the Athenians?

A night's sound rest, however, brought me out of this humiliating despondency, and I was restored to my native buoyance by the time I had partaken of breakfast.

Now I renewed my plan to visit the lively carnival, having in mind the rare anthropological specimen from the lowlands of Madagascar, but even more vividly that beautiful large woman, the Hamburger Queen, whose opulent personality had so arrested me on another day. Yet when I suggested to Mrs. Gale that I be permitted to go to town, making as an excuse that I had utterly and quite inexplicably forgotten her errands on my last trip, I found her firm to perform this service for herself. She was not unamiable, but she stated—indeed with some shadow of justice—that I had twice gone for her materials and twice returned without them, and she could not chance another fruitless trip. Saying I might go another time when things less urgent were needed, she drove off by herself, with a complacency, I thought, just a bit overdone—as if a woman might not, by sheer virtue of her sex, forget something now and again.

Left alone I tried to interest myself in one of the magazines of Mrs. Gale, which I humorously noted had been chosen with a fine inconsistency, for, excepting a few tales of the most improving fiction in which I could not discover that one character did anything criminal or even blameworthy, it was devoted to the management of children in health and in sickness, the preparation of food, the wardrobe of the housewife, the etiquette of social functions—The Home—which this woman was doing her utmost to wipe out. Beyond this anomaly, however—that such a woman should have found such a magazine anything but an irritation—I discovered little of interest in its columns, though it seemed to me that to home keepers as yet uncorrupted it might prove exhilarating.

Inevitably, then, I found myself reverting to the little drama of the night before. Though it had been painful at the time, morning had brought me a corrected perspective, and now I found it a little absurd; and especially absurd that I should have felt dismay over a possible public misconstruction of my own innocent part in it. That, I saw, would be preposterous. I regretted, however, that I had found no opportunity, or had lacked the presence of mind to insist that the husband himself should have been made to see the rank unreasonableness of his accusation against me. A few calm words, I doubted not, would have convinced him of his error and would have secured from him a handsome apology.

Idly I mused upon his violence of manner and his ill-chosen words. He had called me a parlor snake, and the term puzzled me. At present I could but blindly surmise. I had read that in India certain nonpoisonous snakes are kept about for their value in destroying other vermin, but this left me still perplexed, since such a reptile would be of service, and the enraged man had meant his term to be opprobrious. Some day, I resolved, I should learn the current meaning of the epithet—for such it must be—from Sooner Jackson, who specialized so brilliantly in the rural vulgate.

While I meditated thus Mrs. Gale drove in, and I observed even as she alighted from her car that she wore an expression of pleased vivacity. Hastening to the table where I sat, and flourishing a newspaper, she cried in delighted tones, "Well, I must say, Mr. Simms, that young writer last night has a wonderful command of language, and yet he seemed just a big boy. It's all here"—again she flourished the paper—"and you will be glad to know that my lady customer I'm working for had read it, and two of her lady friends that were there had read it, too, and both gave me orders for work. It just shows how publicity helps a woman when she's doing the best she can and everyone knows her husband was to blame."

"I am delighted," I said, "to know that the lad acquitted himself so well. True, he is but a stripling, yet I remarked his earnestness. He is trying to make good, as the saying is, and I for one rejoice to hear it; but perhaps you will let me read the effort of this journalistic tyro."

"Why, of course!" she smiled. "I knew you'd be interested."

Forthwith she spread the sheet before me and stood back while my eyes rapidly scanned a wide headline stretching across three of the columns. I may say now that I first read them in a curious daze, serenely oblivious that the awful words could concern my actual self. Not until a second, a third, a fourth bewildered perusal did I begin to shudder with a sense of their enormity.

"Addison Simms, Widely Known Rotarian, Goes out of His Home for Love—Injured Husband Threatens Heart-Balm Suit." Thus succinctly was the monstrous calumny summarized, and while the unaccountable Mrs. Gale stood by, rather elated and from time to time emitting a sort of hysterical giggle, I went on to the infamous libel that followed.

"At six o'clock last evening Judson M. Gale, a careworn farmer of middle age from Oregon, stood before his erring spouse at the free auto-camp grounds east of town, pleading in a sob-riven voice that she return to him and the cozy little home she had deserted on a certain August morning three years ago. Confronting this anguished figure, the woman—a warmly tinted blonde of striking beauty, clad in a simple gown of some soft, clinging stuff that set off her attractive physique—with unruffled demeanor calmly declared her intention of continuing in the way of life she had chosen—the 'Easiest Way,' one almost heard her mutter.

"Enter 'The Other Man'

"While the little drama of palpitating heart-throbs moved on with the relentlessness of fate itself, a car was heard to noisily approach, and on this striking scene appeared still another man, to the casual observer, of the Judson Gale type, but in reality far different. He is not the conventional roué as the silver screen depicts them, not a man of striking physique, charm of manner or that indefinable *je ne sais quoi* that has led many a true wife to forget the most sacred of all vows made at the altar. Beholding this second man the casual observer would exclaim, 'What did this gently bred woman of culture and refinement and a flowerlike beauty see in such a commonplace-looking roué that would lead her, as alleged, to forsake one solemnly sworn to cherish and protect her?'

"For the intruder, the serpent in that Eden, was none other than Addison Simms, widely known in our periodical press as a Rotarian and prosperous business man of the city of Seattle. This much the man admitted in an interview accorded a Gazette reporter. Then, though denying the charge of the alleged injured husband, he further admitted that he had for some weeks been the 'house guest' of the erring woman—'merely' a house guest, he explained with a cynical lightness of manner, adding with a mocking laugh that he had a wife and a family from which 'business' was now keeping him. Although roughly attired and evidently careless of his appearance Addison Simms yet betrays traces of a former refinement; but the pace has told, and one seeks in vain for even a hint of the sinister power over good women which, it is alleged, enabled him to lay desolate and in ruins the humble home of Judson Gale.

"At sight of his alleged betrayer the anguish of the stricken husband turned to gall, and after a dramatic denunciation of Simms which evoked a stinging denial only from the Rotarian's alleged love-mate, he turned despairingly and stumbled out into the silence of the night, there to be alone with his grief under the kindly stars. Later, to the Gazette man he disclosed his intention of seeking legal advice, though admitting that his limited means would doubtless hamper him in any contest with his now prosperous wife. Thus simply the curtain rang down on a drama of heart-throbs in which an alleged infatuated pair remained deaf to the appeal of a broken man who had seen the sanctity of his home violated. It was the old sordid story of man's perfidy and woman's alleged weakness.

"Will there be other acts to the drama? Will the injured husband find his way back to a bleak fireside while the alleged guilty pair continue to sustain their admitted relations of hostess and 'house guest'—or will the desperate man bring about in the wooded vales of our free auto-camp grounds one of those tragic scenes of vengeance we have so long been accustomed to in the daily press?

"Meantime, what did this woman of striking personal appearance and obvious refinement see attractive in plain, dull, elderly Addison Simms? And you, Mr. Addison Simms, outwardly so little the Don Juan, Gazette readers would like to know the precise nature of the 'business' which has banished you from your own wife and fireside and detained you so long in our fair city as 'merely' a house guest."

The lying sheet fell from my nerveless hands, which I could feel had grown damp as I read. "But this is infamous!" I cried, and looked up to find Mrs. Gale scanning her face in the mirror that hung on a tree. To my amazement she turned to me with an expression of pure delight.

"Did you see what he said about me?" she eagerly demanded. "About my physique and my striking beauty, and all that?" And she went back to the glass, rising to her tiptoes for a better survey of her person.

"But did you see what he says about me?" I hotly cried. The woman's indifference to my plight had become insufferable.

"He was kind of pernickety about you," she conceded, shifting her head so that the face might be observed from varying angles.

"'Pernickety!'" I sneered, recalling the odious phrases which this double-tongued reprobate had so willfully penned.

I doubt if the woman heard me, as she now turned about and, in a posing attitude with her eyes cast down, asked, "Do you think I am demure, Mr. Simms? A certain gentleman once told me so, but I thought he was just trying to create agreeable conversation. And now this writer says my beauty is flowerlike and I have obvious refinement. Of course it may be only newspaper talk. Anyway, I have always made friends easily. I think I have cultivated my personality since I didn't have to perform so many farm chores—butchering and milking and fence building, and all like that."

I saw that I must speak firmly if I would break the spell which had been put upon this amazing creature. "Madam," I said in a tone of sternness that at last roused her from the doting analysis of her own charms, "are you aware that this scandalmonger has placed me in an impossible position? What, tell me, am I to do to escape this undeserved odium?"

The woman lightly shrugged her shoulders, a gesture fairly blooming with indifference to all but her own unenviable eminence. "But you, Mr. Simms, are a public character. I never guessed you were the famous Addison Simms because Doctor Jackson addressed you as Al. And of course, being a public man, you are a target for this sort of notice. I shouldn't wonder if that writer for the paper will be back here

(Continued on Page 105)

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# Silks – Silk and Wools –Wools

## *The Year 'Round Standard of Well Dressed Men*

WELL DRESSED. The type of men who buy Allen A hosiery usually select this article of their apparel as carefully as they scrutinize the cut of a coat or the color of a cravat.

For Allen A is not ordinary hosiery. It is made to an unusual standard. A standard set, not by us, but by those men who instinctively desire hidden details to be as perfect as outward appearances.

Silks, Silk and Wools, Wools; ribbed, clocked or plain —in every Allen A sock this standard is maintained.*

Allen A hosiery is a year 'round habit among well dressed men. And it is a safe habit. For if you like Allen A silk socks for summer, you'll like Allen A silk and wools or wools for fall and winter just as well. Golf hose too. Made on imported machines for ankle-clinging fit. It's the same high standard through all.

Most of the better shops carry Allen A hosiery.

If your store cannot supply you, we shall be glad to give you the name of one that can. Just send us a card.

*The Allen A sock is generously long from cuff to heel. It is free from hanging threads. It is fast-colored with only the best non-poisonous dyes. Specially reinforced at points of strain. Shaped for ankle fit without stretching or wrinkles. The quality that shows in the good looks of Allen A hosiery is also responsible for its long wear.

# Allen A

Hosiery
For men, women and children

Underwear
For men and boys only

Allen A
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

*Portrait by Howard Chandler Christy of Mrs. [illegible] of Quincy, Mass., and her daughter. Another portrait by the same artist of Mrs. [illegible] of Penn. The portraits will be given to the subjects of Mrs. Gandy*

## Mrs. Gandy, *says:*

"Lifebuoy is so gentle and soothing and yet so invigorating that any woman with delicate skin could hardly fail to become fond of it after a few days' use

"I like it for children because it cleans so wonderfully and removes from the skin the germs and impurities children are so apt to pick up in play or from playmates. Lives are too precious to trust to soaps that do not protect."

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# *America's Loveliest*

## Announcing the Health-Beauty Awards of the Lifebuoy Mother and Children $10,000 Prize Contest

THE distinguished judges of the $10,000 Lifebuoy Mother and Children Prize Contest—Mrs. Oliver Harriman, U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland and Howard Chandler Christy—have selected the winners from thousands of exquisite photographs.

This contest was held for two reasons—to emphasize the value of Lifebuoy Health Soap to family health and beauty of skin; and to pay tribute to the millions of mothers whose appreciation has made Lifebuoy the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

It is with deep pleasure and pride that we announce these prize winning Lifebuoy families:

*First National Prize—$2500 in Cash*
also a portrait in oils by Howard Chandler Christy and a visit to New York for the sittings
MRS. ARTHUR C. GANDY, Richmond, Ind.

*Second National Prize—$1000 in Cash*
also a portrait in oils by Walter Seaton and a visit to New York for the sittings
MRS. VIRGINIA LEE BOYER, Newtonville, Mass.

*Third National Prize—$500 in Cash*
also a portrait in oils by Howard Chandler Christy and a visit to New York for the sittings
MRS. HARRY R. SPARLING, St. Louis, Mo.

*Six National Prizes of $200 Each*

MRS. REUBEN NOEL PERLEY, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas
MRS. BERTHA NEISE, [illegible]
MRS. H. K. BRAGDON, Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
MRS. HERBERT V. LINDSAY, Kennett Square, Pa.
MRS. H. A. KIELMAN, Atlantic, Ia.
MRS. E. S. COWGILL, Des Moines, Iowa

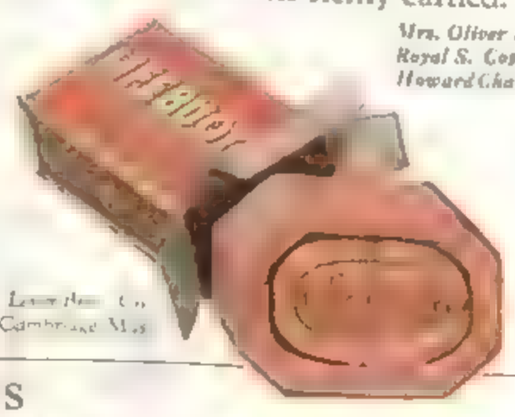
*Winners of the 49 State Prizes of $100 each are given below*

### *A Message from the Judges*

Those to whom prizes have been awarded may well be proud of the distinction, yet in justice to those who did not win, we confess that with every prize the decision wavered between many contestants.

Had there been ten times as many prizes, all would have been richly earned.

*Mrs. Oliver Harriman*
*Royal S. Copeland*
*Howard Chandler Christy*




Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*The Judges*

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
*Famous Portrait Painter*

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN
*National President, Camp Fire Girls*

U. S. Senator
ROYAL S. COPELAND
*Publicist and Health Authority*

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## STATE PRIZE WINNERS

Mrs. J. D. Dabney, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. R. T. Evans, Scottsdale, Ariz.
Mrs. [illegible] Lyford, Helena, Ark.
Mrs. [illegible] McClintock, Santa Paula, Cal.
Mrs. S. I. Bausman, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. A. D. Guion, Trumbull, Conn.
Mrs. Lolita Wallier, Wilmington, Del.
Mrs. John B. Coulter, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Esther Selling, Orlando, Fla.
Mrs. Morton Campbell, East Lake, Ga.
Mrs. S. L. Baird, American Falls, Idaho
Mrs. Hal. M. Stone, Bloomington, Ill.
Mrs. F. J. Zahrn, Michigan City, Ind.
Mrs. O. F. Rohwedder, Dubuque, Iowa
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Arthur, Osawatomie, Kan.
Mrs. K. R. Moreland, [illegible], Ky.
Mrs. John M. Walton, New Orleans, La.
Mrs. Lawrence G. Ludwig, Houlton, Me.
Mrs. Michael M. Molloy, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Lucia Thayer, Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs. Seth S. Bean, Jackson, Mich.
Mrs. M. H. Anderson, Duluth, Minn.
Mrs. Edmund O. Marlowe, Hattiesburg, Miss.
Mrs. L. C. Kelly, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. [illegible] N. Blackford, Billings, Mont.
Mrs. George [illegible] Howell, Omaha, Nebr.
Mrs. [illegible] E. Lester, Reno, Nevada
Mrs. Howard J. Piper, Lacona, N. H.
Mrs. R. G. Paine, Cranford, N. J.
Mrs. W. R. Hurt, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
Mrs. George G. Bogert, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. [illegible] E. Adams, [illegible], N. C.
Mrs. Ray Hayes, Fargo, N. Dak.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Ohio
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Okla.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Ore.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Pa.
Mrs. W. A. [illegible], Warren, R. I.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], S. C.
Mrs. [illegible] Hayes, Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Mrs. [illegible] Herron, [illegible], Tenn.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Texas
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Utah
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Vt.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Va.
Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Wash.
Mrs. L. rt. Long, Morgantown, W. Va.
Mrs. Erma Fellers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Mrs. [illegible] Cooper, Wyo.

(Continued from Page 102)

after your photograph. And that reminds me! I must open up the trunk and get out one of mine. I've got a good one in a party gown, looking down at a bunch of lilies. As for that mean old Judson Gale, if he comes here again I'll put a bee on him. It won't be refined, but I'm just hurting to do it."

While the creature rattled on I suddenly saw that I must confide the truth to her. "Mrs. Gale," I said, holding her wandering regard with a raised hand, "I am not Addison Simms at all, and this adds to my embarrassment. I was led to assume the name by a series of inadvertences and misunderstandings. And what, I ask you, will the real Mr. Simms think when he learns, as he probably will, that one falsely pretending to be himself has brought public odium upon the name? I suppose there are legal proceedings he could take against me."

I had at last, I was glad to see, secured the woman's attention and brought her to some fitting consideration of my plight.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed in a pleasantly excited manner. "So you have been leading a double life? And what is your right name?" She hung waiting for my response, and I was obliged to think quickly.

"Hector Montague," I said; adding to myself, "A character in fiction, better known to the police of two continents as The Fox." And a true fox I would be, I resolved, from now on, not only with this woman but with others who might seek to complicate my peaceful life.

"Hector Montague!" she repeated. "There, isn't that a nice-sounding name? And so romantic! Do you know, I always thought you must have had a romance in your dull life."

"Nothing I care to speak of," I said.

"Oh, I can realize that—though of course any little thing you ever did want to tell me, Mr. Montague, would be sacredly guarded. I can seal my lips if advisable."

"I am certain of that," I said, "but in relation to my own private life there will be no occasion for restraint."

"Oh, very well," she replied, tartly, I thought. But she warmed almost at once, saying, "And I haven't told you the best thing of all. When I took that lady that lives in the yellow brick house's dress to her this morning I met she and her husband and these other two ladies dropped in and were all interested in my romantic life story and wanted to know some more details and I got these other two orders, and I'm going back at once and meet some of these parties' other friends because I suggested that I would like to give a scramble supper here this evening just to a few ladies, thinking I'd have a chance to make myself better known; and they accepted."

"A scramble supper?" I demanded. "Do you mean you would dare venture on a social affair with this atrocious scandal still a stench in the public nostrils?"

"Pooh!" said the woman. "Mr. Montague, that isn't the most refined possible way to speak of this notice I had in the paper either. When I got the idea this morning I said to myself, 'Pooh! they will be glad to come!' and so they were. But don't suppose that I forgot about you. That was one of the reasons—wanted a few of these thinking clubwomen to meet you, so they could see I had lived my past life like a lady."

Shocked as I was at these words I did not forget that Hector Montague had been known as The Fox. "I hardly see," I objected, "how I could clear your reputation of the foul aspersion put upon it by that young degenerate of last night."

"Why, Mr. Montague," she glibly explained. "Of course it's kind of a delicate thing to bring out in conversation, but whatever you may have been in the dear, dead past, you cannot be said now to have a magnetic personality. That's why I invited these ladies to a scramble supper to meet you. 'Pooh!' I says to myself, 'the moment these ladies see him they will know there could never have been anything of a light or scandalous nature between him and I.' And of course when they hear you talking about historical facts, and Egypt, and so forth, they will see your mind is above such frivolity anyway, being on the bigger and better things of life like it ought to be when one reaches your age. No one in their right mind would be very likely to think of you as a lovemate."

This speech, in the most execrably bad taste, had made me feel all wriggly inside I can find no other word for it—but I knew I must not betray irritation. "I am certain," I said, "that your reasoning is sound." But I reflected that I, too, could say "Pooh!" to myself, and I at once indulged in this novel thought device, knowing full well that I positively would not attend this detestable scramble supper.

Mrs. Gale completed her preparations for another trip to the town, and as she did so my plan was formed. Once again I would be missed from a social affair I had been expected to grace. When all was ready I remarked causally that I believed I would accompany my hostess as far as the tented city of the carnival, and entered the car with her. It was only now that she bethought herself of a letter for me which she had put in her shopping bag. I saw it to be from Sooner, and placed it in a pocket for future reading.

Before the gay row of canvas at the town's edge I was set down, the besotted woman remarking that she would pick me up on her return. "I mustn't forget the olives and the doilies," was her last silly speech.

How little she suspected that long ere her frightful business was finished I should be well on my way, unhampered at last, to view the famed Rocky Mountains!

### XIV

A MOMENT later I gazed on the spirited portrait of the wild man. Inside, a bass drum was being rapidly beaten, and I listened to the announcer tell without variation the dramatic tale of the capture, pausing expectantly, as before, at its conclusion with hand to ear, while the drum ceased its stirring measure and there came sounds of ferocious growling with the ominous rattle of chains. All at once I wondered if this outbreak were opportune or merely a prearranged device to assist the selling talk. At any rate I might view the monstrosity for myself, since the expense was trifling.

"Only ten cents, good people," the chap was saying. "And remember, ten cents, a dime, the tenth part of a dollar, will neither make, nor break, nor set a man up in business." He made it seem so reasonable that I hesitated no longer but gave him the bill I had procured from Mrs. Gale the day before, receiving a vast quantity of silver in return, and passed within the inclosure.

The wild man was, at first sight, indeed a fearsome object, heavily haired and with loathsome features, his naturally dark skin being painted with gaudy designs in color. He growled again as I entered with others and, brandishing a knotted club, engaged in a war dance on the raised platform which he occupied, accompanying this by a series of grunting noises in rhythm not wholly unlike my own medicine song of the Ugwalallas. I saw, too, that the creature had been chained to one of the tent supports, though released for the dance, probably by the young man who performed upon the bass drum and who now left his instrument as the dance was concluded, saying, "Here you are, people, regard him closely; Moowoo, the wild man from the lowlands of Madagascar. Step forward, though do not annoy him, as when annoyed his rage is uncontrollable. I believe he has a few of his photographs which he will part with for a dime if properly approached."

Upon this the speaker went back to his drum, which he began beating with gusto while those who had entered with me crowded about the wild man and some of them purchased his photograph, of which he had a row standing in front of the folding chair he occupied. I observed that, although he spoke in an unknown and fiercely explosive tongue, he made change accurately in disposing of his portraits. I detected further that, when sitting, he was not of the gigantic stature shown on the banner outside. He was not huge, nor especially muscular, as was revealed by the skin-tight brown suit that covered him; a closer scrutiny convinced me that his eyes were the Nordic blue and that his features were, basically, not of a terrifying aspect, this effect being achieved by a cunning use of the paints that bedizened him. Frankly, I could not imagine him ever to have gnawed a human thigh bone, no matter what his captors, a band of our jolly jack tars, might have said. His jaw was not prognathous, his forehead did not retreat, and his nose was of a mild Caucasian pattern.

Rather impatient with myself for having wasted time and money here, I passed out, stopping to remark to the announcer, who bent down to me from his rostrum, "I very much doubt that fellow's being dangerously wild."

He must have misunderstood me, however, for he straightened up and in a clear, ringing voice, shouted, "That's what they all say—the best show on the lot!"

I did not trouble to correct him, but walked on, being sure that the anatomical paradox in the next inclosure would prove equally disappointing.

Presently then I came before the booth of the Hamburger Queen and rejoiced that here, at least, one could profitably pause. The woman was as lovely as I had first thought her, a vast Hebe, her noble contours superbly modeled, and I was newly struck with her serenity, her lifted aloofness from the sordid routine that engaged her. Calm-eyed, deliberate, unruffled by the clamor of patrons who devoured her wares at the counter, she ministered to their wants with an unhurried deftness that made me delight in her movements.

Determined to study this entrancing creature more nearly, I took a place at the board. Without once regarding me she yet, as she put her food before me, conveyed an impression of the finest courtesy. She moved with automatic sureness, her eyes ever along the line of her patrons to forestall their needs. The eyes, I saw, were gray as I had supposed, yet there was a faintly warming hint of blue in the color, and they were shaded by the blackest and longest of lashes.

She was all in white, with a white cap at a jaunty angle that left much of her fair hair revealed.

I ate her hamburger steak slowly, to prolong my opportunity of observing the woman. I even demanded onions and mustard extra, though I care for neither. Many of her patrons departed presently, after receiving her cheerful thank you for their payments, and I had an opportunity to study her in repose. With regal detached calm she surveyed the crowd as it passed or loitered before adjacent booths.

"They make me laugh," she murmured. "What's it all for?"

I saw she had not consciously addressed the words to me or to anyone. She was beholding humans distantly and tolerantly, as might a goddess; she communicated with herself. A group of giggling school misses passed, all in the mode of bobbed hair, as it is called. Her eyes lingered on them.

"Funny fuzz-headed bussies!" she exclaimed. "Shaving the backs of their necks." A moment later she was regarding two women of mature years with pale gold hair, lavishly dressed, and with faces, even to my eye, heavily overlaid and opaque with tinted cosmetics. "Funny," she again muttered. "Funny, funny! So many ladies look like they ain't."

Her placid gaze then rested upon a man and wife, each leading a child by the hand and carrying on a violent dispute of some domestic character, whereupon she called, though softly, "That's right, sister keep the home fights burning!" Presently she repeated her first comment—"Funny, funny! What's it all for?" But then, when I would have relished more of her quaint speech, she was called to take the money of a man who had eaten. I watched her receive a bill and go to her till on a rear shelf, then turn back with a faintly shadowed frown clouding her noble brow.

"The smallest you've got?" she demanded of her patron, a farm youth.

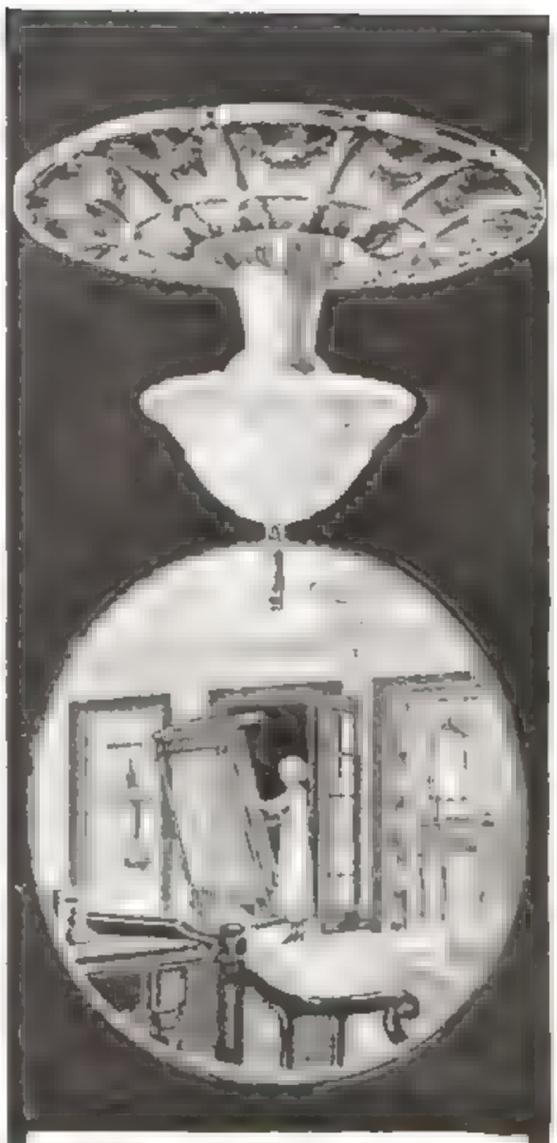
"It's all I got," replied he. Her frown deepened. Almost she had become human.

I thought quickly. "I have a large wad of dough in small silver, madam," I said. "if I can be of service."

"Change a five?" she asked, and delightedly I counted out the change. "I secured it," I explained, "when I visited Moowoo, the Madagascar wild man two doors away, though I doubt if he is as wild now as when his portrait was painted."

"I've seen 'em wilder," she absently admitted as she took the change and completed the business with her patron. Then, I being the sole person remaining at her counter, she returned to me, the marble of her brow again creased to a frown as she glanced at a watch that appeared tiny indeed on the splendid pale expanse of her wrist.

"An hour and a half! What do you think of that? I sent that chore boy with a ten-spot to get small silver an hour and a half ago. And it's taken me all this time to get wise. I've been gypped [made impatient] in broad daylight. Well, well, well! And me a wise old owl!" She shrugged her great shoulders and added more cheerfully, "Well, even a monkey falls out of a tree now and then."

Dainty Maze-Lite

Just created by the designers of the famous Brascolite, especially to harmonize with the cozy decorations of boudoirs, apartments, sun parlors, hotel bedrooms, tea rooms, clubs.

Floods the room with a soft, mellow light, without glare or shadows to destroy the beauty of wall and ceiling decorations—a restful light to read by.

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MAZE-LITE
made by the makers of Brascolite

# Brighten your home with Laminex French doors

*WATER TEST—in 24 hours soaking, Laminex doors absorbed 5 lbs., 2-oz. of water. Maximum expansion, 0.03 inch. Complete absence of warping. Waterproof cement entirely unaffected by water*

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French doors are rapidly growing in favor for inside use, for front doors, for side entrances which give a vista of garden and lawn.

Laminex-type construction is ideal for French doors because *it will not shrink, swell or warp.* Scientific tests were made by Prof. B. L. Grondal in the Forest Products Laboratories, University of Washington. Soaked in water 24 hours; subjected to a heat of 185° Fahr. for 24 hours. *Not a Laminex door warped!*

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We build the Laminex in standard designs, of Douglas fir, with vertical grain stiles and rails—also all-flat grain. Every Laminex door is *trade-marked* and bears our gold label replacement *guarantee.*

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*Manufacturers of "Woco" Douglas Fir Doors and Fir Sash*

# LAMINEX DOORS

*Will not shrink, swell or warp*


"I am afraid I do not quite understand," I ventured, whereupon the woman patiently made it clear to me that the employe she had sent with the bank note to be changed must have been untrustworthy, since it was plain he had decamped with her money.

"The scamp!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"It was certainly soft sugar for that buttercup," she returned. "Wouldn't I like to swing once at him [overtake him]. He'd light like an egg. Him and his petty-larceny sketch! But he's put me on the other end of the laugh this time, me here without help and a flock of hungry eggs [bums] likely to come along any minute."

I now finished my simple meal and said, "If I can be of the slightest help in your predicament, madam, pray command me. I am not pressed for time and any service I can render will be a real pleasure to me as well."

The woman regarded me closely, I think for the first time. "Why, hello, Jasper! When did you oozle in? Are you a trouper?"

"I am not," I replied. "I have never done military service. My name is Montague, Hector Montague, and I am merely on my way to view the famed Rocky Mountains. I have long wished to behold them, but always until now something has intervened."

She fastened her look of calm appraisal upon me and I saw a clear light of understanding in her beautiful eyes. "You have a wonderful string of chatter," she said. "At first I thought you were some swell kidder [a fashionable hick] but I see you're not. Hector Montague, eh? You don't quite put that over—you ain't up in the lines yet; you're still winging the part—but you're on the level, Jasper, and you certainly are the surprise hit of the show to me. Did you mean that about helping me out here—just till one of the boys gets off duty?"

"I can only repeat," I said, "that it will give me great pleasure to serve you, though I ought to confess that I have never been thought a practical sort. Perhaps, though, your work will not be too involved."

"Well, if you aren't the words and music!" she exclaimed.

"I am only a poor sap," I continued, "but if a really bone-headed sincerity in wishing to rescue you from your present difficulty will be of any help ——"

A slight bewilderment seemed to film the clear gaze, but her manner became brisk. "Listen, then: Go round back and you'll find a pail. It ain't at all involved, and straight across the lot you'll find a hydrant. Bring me a pail of water and see if you can beat the time that ornery defaulter made. He was always slow; any time he started for water a couple of snails would tear by him. Quick now—here comes a sailor!"

A patron had indeed halted at the other end of the counter and was calling for food, though I could observe nothing in his dress or manner to indicate that he followed the sea for a livelihood. But I remembered the injunction to hurry, and lost no time in finding the pail, which I filled with water as directed. The Hamburger Queen, again preoccupied with her tasks, merely nodded her approval when I returned, and presently in a sort of kitchen inclosure at the back of the booth she directed me to other simple works which I had no difficulty in managing. Among these were the slicing of bread—she had now, after cautioning me to wash my hands thoroughly, attired me in a spotless white apron—the placing of cubes of butter on tiny plates, the replenishing of the extra mustard and onions, and the fetching to her of molded hamburger cakes, of which she kept a supply sizzling on the griddled top of her oilstove at the front, and the fragrance of which must have enticed many a patron to her counter.

Once, also, to my delight, I was permitted to fill the magazine of her stove with a supply of oil, after telling her that I well knew the mechanism of these contrivances. Needless to say, I did the work without mishap, this being a modern stove of simple construction. Had the Leffingwells, I reflected, not been content with an absurdly outmoded kitchen equipment, it would have been far better for them. Undoubtedly in these matters it is true economy not to play the niggard.

While I busied myself at these simple occupations the afternoon wore to its close. Nor was I at a loss for opportunities to fraternize with the remarkable woman whom I now found it my pleasure to help. Her Olympian aloofness, no less than her unconsciousness of an overwhelming worth as a mere spectacle, never failed to charm me, while the things she would dryly say in fun, as if to herself, were constantly refreshing, even if I could not always appraise their precise significance. Once, for a specimen, when I took her a huge platter of what she called the gurried meat, she brought her gaze back from the far distance and briefly recognized me with the baffling words, "Now, who ever sold you down the river?"

I knew that some laughing response would be fit, so I quickly said, "But jesting apart, do you not find that Iowa skins superbly?"

I doubt, however, if she heard me, for almost at once her gaze was again distinctly fixed, and presently she demanded, "On the level, boy, am I as fleshy as that towner out there?"

I saw her to indicate an extremely stout woman who had paused before the wild man's banner, and was able to reassure her. "You are not," I earnestly declared. "That poor woman is unsightly while you would delight the eye of a sculptor."

At this she regarded me with a shrewd smile and demanded, "Where's Max?" adding, before I could answer that I knew no one of this name, "At that, I was getting by with art poses not so long since—oh, not so long!" And with a rather conscious movement she raised one beautiful hand aloft to secure a vagrant strand of hair beneath the cap she wore.

"I am sure you must have got very far by them," I replied warmly.

"Where's Max?" she again demanded with a sharp look at me, and again before I could say that this person was unknown to me, she, with a characteristic swift change of manner, disclosed that she was dog-tired and would like to hit the good old hay [sit down a moment]. "Work," she added, "is an outrage that there can be such a thing as a plenty of."

"You really have a gift for laconic apothegm," I applauded.

She studied me sharply again, then declared, "I wouldn't take that from anyone but you, Jasper. It sounds like something a young girl shouldn't know." I saw that she considered me to have been indiscreet, and was hastening to assure her of the innocence of my words, but observing that patrons approached she shut me off with "Ramp on, ramp on, you sheik! Here comes a flock of eggs [sailors]."

It will be seen that the Hamburger Queen must have been at times incomprehensible even to one who had gained no mean mastery of the underworld argot.

I had not forgotten the threat of Mrs. Gale to pick me up on her return from town, and from this moment I took care to show myself at the front of the booth as seldom as possible, for it was still my fixed resolve not to attend the unspeakable scramble supper. In pursuance of this design I remained closely within the kitchen apartment at the rear of the booth, finding one task or another that might plausibly keep me there, or even sitting quietly on one of the folding chairs, my mind at ease amid the loud disharmonies from without—the strident voices of announcers, the beating of drums, an almost incessant fusillade from a near-by shooting gallery, the strains of a hurdy-gurdy, the constant squawks of penny wind instruments carried by children—a multitudinous cacophony, always discordant and yet somehow thrilling.

As I floated in pleasant abstraction on this surging tide, my eyes shut, my body relaxed, I became suddenly aware of another presence and was alarmed to see well within the inclosure none other than Moo-woo, the wild man from the Madagascar lowlands. My first thought was that the fellow had broken his manacles and been drawn to this spot by the scent of raw meat, of which an immense mass was on a stand at my back and I resolved that, whatever his prowess, I would to my utmost protect the property of my employer. There were sharp, long-bladed knives at hand! But then the Hamburger Queen appeared from the front of the booth, and I was amazed to hear the creature address her.

"Hello, momma! My neuritis has been getting me something fierce," he said in excellent English, or at least without a trace of his native barbaric accent.

Instantly the woman was all sympathy. "Poor poppa!" she murmured; adding, "That tent gets like an oven and overheats you, then you cool off too quick, and no wonder the old pain stings you. How about a cup of tea and a good hot feed?"

(Continued on Page 108)

# ONE DAY WITH MURPHY DA-COTE

HOUSEHOLD things may be down, but they're never out. With the help of Da-cote Enamel they can be restored to grace in a surprisingly short time. Why don't you take a day off—next Saturday, say—and make some of the "old" things about the house look as good as they really are?

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¶ *Send for new illustrated folder,* "Doing Things with Da-cote." FREE—*to be sure.*

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## *Its price is moderate and its beauty lasts for years and years*

YOUR rug is one of the most important considerations in the furnishing of your room. It is the foundation of all room beauty; therefore it must be beautiful. Certainly it gets the most wear; therefore it must be durable. And it should be reasonable in price, too—that's the third important consideration. How are you going to find all this?

### *Look for these points*

Next time you go rug-hunting, ask to see the Sanford Beauvais Rug—there's the answer. The beauty of its patterns, the clarity of its colorings, are immediately apparent. The luxurious feel of the rug is just as apparent, as soon as you put your foot on it. Feel how it gives under the tread. See how the pile springs back into place immediately. Its wear the salesman will assure you of.

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Sometimes the Sanford Beauvais wears for twenty-five years. Its close, deep, pure wool pile is one of the reasons. The fact that it is seamless is another—for seams are where the wear begins. Its closely woven back is just one more reason—and the reason, too, why it hugs the floor so firmly and won't wrinkle in the least. As for its price, it's surprisingly moderate. Is it astonishing that more Sanford's Beauvais Rugs are sold or that more dealers carry them than any other kind of rug on the market? Dollar for dollar, they give maximum rug value, and any rug man will tell you so if you ask him. Sanford's Beauvais Rugs have been on the market for thirty years and have never failed anybody yet.

### *Wide range of styles*

Sanford's Beauvais Rugs offer the widest selection of patterns and sizes on the market. Their colors will give cheer to any room. They come from 12 ft. by 15 ft. down to scatter rugs—the 9 ft. by 12 ft. size being the most popular. They come in hall runners. All may be had in matching patterns. All are seamless. The name Beauvais is stamped on the back. Look for it.

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*This is a Beauvais Rug—one among 55 styles*

Pattern No. 396

# SANFORD'S *Beauvais Rugs*

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

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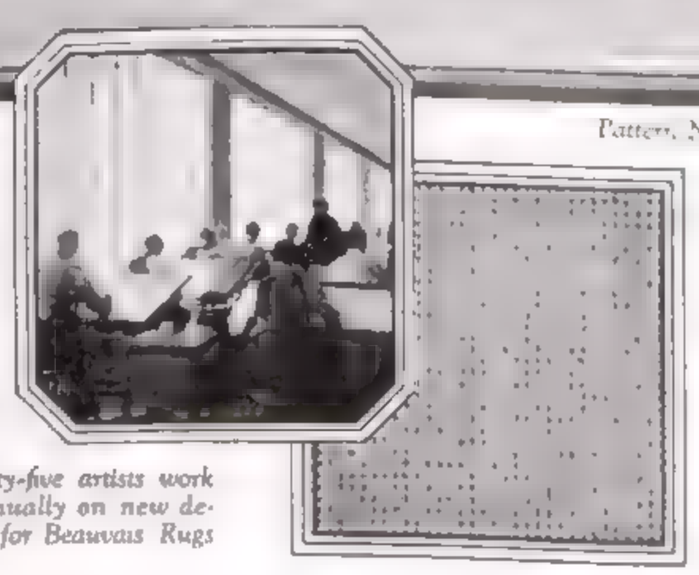

*Twenty-five artists work continually on new designs for Beauvais Rugs*

*An actual reproduction of the back of a Beauvais Rug. Note the close weave*

Continued from Page 106

The fellow nodded a consent, and she quickly lighted another small stove and placed a teakettle over the blaze. "But no heavy food," he objected. "No tea. Just half a slice of dry toast and the white of one egg in some milk."

I had risen and stood back at the beginning of the colloquy. The Hamburger Queen, now observing me, said, "Meet the husband, Jas"; and to the wild man, who had dropped into my chair, "Stanley, this is a very nice old gentleman that happened along and helped me out this afternoon. I don't know what I'd have done without him. Wait till I tell you."

"Pleased to meet you," said the wild man, not rising, and I bowed in some embarrassment.

"Wait till I tell you, poppa," she continued. "That new chore boy has been out of the program since eleven o'clock this A.M. Do you know what—I give him a ten-spot to get me some small change, and he flew the coop with it. And only last night he got his week's pay!"

"Maybe he was stuck up for it by some strongarm," suggested the wild man. "There's plenty of the lads about, sticking up [accosting] folks right and left. I wouldn't like to go out myself if it was dark, not with any sized roll."

"But this was broad daylight, and he could have got his change at any concession within a hundred yards of here. No; your little old Irene was the one stuck-up. Wouldn't I like to have one wallop at the cheap crook!" She sighed tremendously and added, "So many things should be that ain't."

We were now joined by the youth who had performed on the bass drum in the wild man's tent, and the Hamburger Queen addressed him. "Roswell, you'll have to go tend shop while I fix Stanley up and get a bite for myself. There's some gurry already cooking."

He left without a word and after pouring hot water into a teapot she prepared the white of an egg for her incredible husband. That is, I found him incredible as a wild man, sensitive to drafts, afflicted with neuritis, equal to but the white of one egg as food, and timorous about venturing out at night. Of course I was by this time convinced that he merely masqueraded in the part. He seemed a mild-mannered chap, worthy, I did not doubt, yet I wondered how this stupendous and epic creature had come to choose him for a mate.

They were presently at table with their food, the woman accompanying her tea with toast, and she now invited me to sit at the simple meal, which I did. Immediately she began to praise me to her husband.

"Stan, I want you to get this boy. He's a big-time single turn [a capable assistant] if I ever saw one."

"You doing a Rube act?" demanded the fellow of me.

"That remains for your good wife to say," I replied. "I believe I have rendered her real assistance, however, by fetching water as required and performing certain minor but not unimportant tasks incident to her business enterprise."

"What did I tell you?" demanded the woman of her plainly startled husband. "Stick around and catch his act," she urged. "He has a line of sure-fire chatter. Say! He's old Daniel Q. Webster himself in a Tad make-up. He wrote his book and still has a million words left over. Just put him before an art drop in one and let him ad-lib with maybe a pigeon finish, or a flag finish. Why, he'd take the house with a rush at any spot on the bill, mark my words. He's a Class-A press agent for me too. You ought to get some of the three-sheets he's been putting up. I ain't had to hear a pan about myself since he's been on the lot. I'll program his name any old time, believe me!"

I had become somewhat embarrassed by this tirade, which I detected to be a sort of scoffing and yet with a genuine heartiness at bottom. Undeniably I had impressed this majestic creature.

"Don't let her have your goat," her husband now cordially urged. "She thinks she's old Mr. Kidder's only child."

"I dare say we understand each other," I replied. "I haven't studied the ways of the underworld for nothing. I may not always be an acute egg, but I am sap enough to know when I meet another sap such as your wife is."

"Bingo!" cried the woman at this, and with her clenched fist smote herself just beneath one ear. Then, to her husband, "Didn't I tell you he ought to be getting top money?"

"The biter bit," he returned, laughing loudly, "and serves her right!"

Hereupon the woman became her serious, worthy self. "All the same," she said, "the old boy looks like he'd been picking losers all this season, so if he wants to stick on and help me with the work, I'll sign him up. How about it, Jas? Fifteen berries a week and cakes?"

"Maybe it was drink put him bad," interposed the husband before I could reply.

"Ain't that like men!" retorted his wife "That's the first thing they think of. Well, it wasn't drink and it wasn't dope, I can tell you that much," she stoutly affirmed in my defense. "And whatever it was, it wasn't anything he'd have cause to be ashamed of. I may be a poor working girl, but I am also some nut candler if anyone should ask you, Mr. Stanley G. Wisenheimer. This is a lovely old gentleman of good habits and no prison record. So how about it, Jas?" she concluded to me.

"As I explained to you before," I said, "I have formed the intention of viewing the famed Rocky Mountains and was on my way even when I loitered at your place. However, the mountains will be there for many years to come, and I confess I am attracted by your offer, with its wholesome diet of fruit and cakes. My only fear is that you may find me incompetent. I have had little training in work of this sort and I do not doubt I should require almost constant supervision."

"Almost constantly you will get that same," replied the woman cordially, "so now we bill ourselves as a refined comedy duo and go out after the laughs with our neat hokum skit consisting of fried gurry, mustard and onions extra. What ho! Old teammate, I bet we stand them up."

"The surest thing you may know, Mrs. Wisenheimer," I agreed; whereat her husband laughed aloud and she herself cried "Police! Police!" in shrill accents, though I saw her alarm to be feigned.

"Serves me right," she remarked. "I was overplaying my encore. Now you, poppa, you go make a strip change into something warm. Roswell has simply got to do your stuff tonight. I am not going to pay any more doctor's bills for that lame wing of yours."

With these firm words, accompanied by a tender patting of the fellow's shoulder, who meekly arose at her bidding, she returned to her difficult work at the front of the booth, saying half to herself as she went, "Exit limping!"

Stanley G. Wisenheimer divested of his alarming embellishments, as I beheld him half an hour later, proved to be wholly unimpressive and I wondered why it should have been thought he could play so important a rôle. He was not only slight of build but with an unassuming manner and a kindly, rather intelligent face lacking any boldness of feature. The youth, Roswell, who, I learned, was a brother of the Hamburger Queen and who presently appeared in the wild man's scanty attire, savage-appearing wig and paint embellishments, was much his superior in potential ferocity.

This chap, eating a simple meal in our kitchen, was joined by our announcer, Jim, or James, who, to my surprise, proved to be a second brother of the lady. And yet the husband had distinctly told me that Mrs. Wisenheimer, née Kidder, believed herself to be an only child. The puzzle did not long engage me, however, for the evening trade was on and I found abundant occupation under the kindly superintendence of my new employer.

Throughout the evening I was aware of being stimulated at my tasks by the almost constant beating of the big drum. It is an instrument I have always highly regarded, and indeed at times in my former life I had even been conscious of a longing to perform on one. This, to be sure, would not have been a seemly diversion for one in my then position. The longing, however, now came again upon me. It was presumptuous, I thought, and yet I wondered if by strict attention to my present simple tasks I might not win the confidence of these good people and perhaps be intrusted with more difficult work. Intuitively I felt that I could, as well as another, arouse the virile resonance of this noble instrument. But of course I must not expect an immediate promotion. I must prove my merit in humbler capacities

Not until a later hour of the evening did I learn that we were to go on without delay to our next town. This delighted me, for I would then be removed from an embarrassing proximity to the impossible Mrs. Gale, and I fell to with a will when word was given by Stanley to dismantle our juice joint and the tent of Moowoo. James the barker—who was indeed somewhat doggish in his dress—Roswell, Stanley, and Irene herself assisted in this labor, storing the equipment in two great motor vans at the rear.

One of these was a truly fascinating vehicle, its sides gayly lettered with The Hamburger Queen and its interior arranged something after the fashion of the Pullman palace sleeping car in which I had made my journey to New York City, having berths on either side and a delightful series of household devices. The other van was bare inside and used for the transportation of the canvas and kitchen gear.

My assistance was acceptably rendered except for one fleeting inadvertence. Standing back idle, I noticed the bass drum and determined to use my brief leisure in testing out my skill on it. Retiring with the drum and its beater to a little distance where my practice would not annoy, I began very softly to attempt a combination of rhythms, and rejoiced to feel that I had guessed rightly. With a bit of application I made sure that my drumming could not be told from that of Roswell's or even from Stanley's, who had for that evening exchanged rôles with the boy.

While thus engaged I heard my name loudly called and rushed back to the work, meaning to snatch another few moments for the majestic instrument after a while. Our stuff was now mostly packed in the vans and I was shown in the larger one a nook between two heaps of canvas where I might make myself a comfortable couch if I chose, sleeping on my journey as do the Pullman travelers. While I examined the place and arranged the blankets pointed out to me by Roswell, I heard James inquire in an impatient tone, "Where in Goshen is that bass drum? Who's seen the big noise?"

"I had it but a moment ago," I quickly answered. "I took it and its beater out there a little distance to ascertain if by chance I might not have a natural talent for the instrument."

"All right, all right! But out where?" demanded the still impatient fellow.

Then to my embarrassment I saw that I was at a loss. The darkness all around was made confusing by reason of the moving headlights of other motors and I had, quite excusably, lost my sense of direction. It might, I thought, have happened even to James himself. "I can only remember," I said, "that I left the large noise close by another van."

But while I stood thus trying to recall the scene, James saw fit to acquaint the others with my plight.

"Step up, step up, good people!" he called in his rather flowery oratorical manner, and as Stanley, Roswell and Irene, as well as half a dozen other too easily amused bums from neighboring concessions, gathered about us, he continued, "I present to your notice free and without price, the only man on God's green earth that ever lost a bass drum in the level state of Iowa. It is true," he went on in this florid coarseness, "one John J. Glue, a Chinese juggler, did temporarily mislay a bass drum in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in the fall of 1874, but he was blindfolded at the time, and this living marvel before you ——"

"Quit the rough stuff, Jim," cried my friend Irene. "He didn't eat it, did you, Jas?"

"Indeed I did not," I answered, relieved from my embarrassment by this laughable suggestion, "and well your brother, Mr. James G. Kidder, knows I didn't."

"Take that, you black rascal!" cried Irene to the fellow, "and look around. It can't be far." So we all searched the outlying ground and, surely enough, the thing was presently discovered by James himself, which, I thought, served him right for his ill-timed chaffing.

Now we were soon aboard, and rather than sleep away the journey I chose to sit by Stanley as he drove the car containing my employer and Roswell, James following alone with the larger van.

I was again off, on my own, yet capably caring for myself, despite Sooner's dismal predictions. Stanley proved an agreeable companion, talking at length and intelligently about the heavenly bodies, of which he had made a study.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


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# NORTHEASTER

Continued from Page 7

Andy Wattles was sorting the mail at Will's elbow; he had seemed to pay no attention to this conversation, but he said now, "Lee might take him in."

The storekeeper nodded, and he looked toward the rear of the store and called Lee Motley, who was still in talk with Saladine. Motley approached, and Bissell performed an introduction.

"Meet Mr. DeBemm," he said to Motley; and to the painter explained, "He can maybe take care of you."

Saladine was able to recall this scene very vividly. DeBemm, with his laughing, faintly insolent countenance illumined by the oil lamp; Motley listening with head a little bowed in thought; Bissell watching them from a little distance, where he had gone to put up an order of groceries for one of the men. The painter and Motley evidently came to some agreement, for they turned at last toward the door. DeBemm went to fetch his burdens, and Motley awkwardly relieved him of the bag and they went out to where the farmer's car stood in the rain. Motley reentered the store a moment later to get his mail, and he was met with questions.

He said slowly, "Yuh, he's going to board at my place. Going to paint pictures, he says." And he went out into the rain again.

There had been some discussion of the newcomer after his departure that night, and more during the succeeding weeks. DeBemm, comfortably established at Lee Motley's, threw himself at once into the work for which he had come. He made daily excursions about the countryside, either afoot or, if the distance were too great, in a hired car. Saladine remembered that it was said he had climbed Frye Mountain and spent two nights atop that eminence in order to paint sunrise and sunset from the vantage it offered. He had been discovered by a fisherman near one of the lovely pools on the Ring Brook. Sometimes he set up his easel near the village; but the result was always to draw a silent little audience who clustered at his back, and, although the man was sufficiently good-natured under such circumstances, it was obvious that he was annoyed. After a while he sought more remote spots. He borrowed a boat and spent days up the pond, rowing idly around the shores, or landing here and there to make sketches of a prospect which pleased him.

His industry and the fact that he did not hesitate to walk four or five miles and back again, if the objective warranted the exertion, won him some measure of respect; but there was a general feeling, not infrequently expressed, that a man his size might better occupy his time. He was nevertheless a vigorous and an interesting figure; he had a surface friendliness and he was looked upon not unkindly.

Saladine, searching back in his memory, found only two incidents to justify the distaste which he now felt sure the man had from the first inspired in him. Most people in Fraternity were old; the proportion of children was not so large as it might well have been, for these remote farmers are apt to marry late and the stock is dwindling. Nevertheless, there were boys in town, and girls, and some of these girls had by strange avenues and from curious sources got an inkling of that reckless spirit which was sweeping the country. One bobbed her hair; another made for herself from an old red flannel petticoat of her mother's a pair of bloomers, awkward and ill designed, profoundly disturbing to the conservative eye. A third rode her father's gaunt old plow horse, thumping the beast to a lumbering gallop with her thudding small heels. Saladine had observed these manifestations with a wise tolerance; had been inclined to smile at the criticism they evoked from some of his neighbors.

But he remembered tonight that he had once or twice seen DeBemm, in the long, warm, summer evenings, standing with one or more of these young girls upon the iron bridge below the store, talking together, the laughter of the girls sounding high and shrill in the quiet dusk.

He had thought the girls foolish, thought it unseemly in DeBemm to jest with them. But the painter was a friendly man; the boys in the village liked him, there was, after all, no reason why he should not be equally popular with children of the other sex.

The other incident was less tangible, yet might be more significant. Will Belter, that man whose curiosity about the affairs of others was so insatiable, and who took such relish in relating all his discoveries, had drawn Jim aside one night in the store to tell him that Lee Motley's daughter was gone away for a visit with her uncle in Freedom.

"Left yest'day morning," said Belter, with that avid eagerness so characteristic of the man.

Saladine nodded, not particularly interested.

"Did she?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Belter, with great emphasis. "Yes, sir, she did. Lee drove her to East Harbor so't she could take the train. I saw them start off. It didn't look to me she wanted to go so very bad."

"Dan Motley's got a good farm up there, right near town," Saladine commented. "She'll have a good time."

Belter nudged him.

"There ain't no painter up there," he explained; and Saladine, a little ashamed of himself for having listened, made an abrupt movement and turned away.

But the thing stayed in his mind. Lee Motley came to the store a little later. He was a substantial man, and he and Saladine were friends and liked to talk together, so Saladine was not surprised when Motley confided in him.

"I did hear't she'd gone," Saladine confessed.

"Dan had been wanting her; his girls had," Motley explained. "And I thought she might's well go before school commences."

"Nice change for her," the other agreed.

"Well, we thought she'd better go," Motley told him, evidently anxious to confide in Jim. "You see, this here painter is in the house, and that crowds us some. It'll be more convenient, her gone."

(Continued on Page 115)



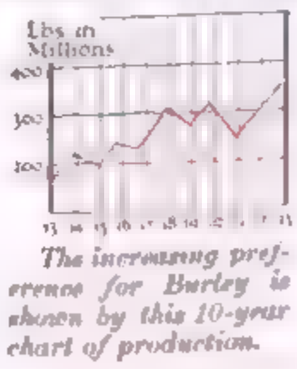
She Had Not Moved From Where He Laid Her; and He Lifted Her, Resting Her Shoulders Along His Arm

# The same pipe—the same tobacco —yet it tastes entirely different

## *The surprising change in character of Burley leaf tobacco after having been "aged in wood"*

DID you ever see Burley tobacco as it comes from the farmer's curing barn—a big leaf, dark green-brown in color, "new", unripe? Chew a bit of this leaf, and you'll find it rank, bitter, and unpalatable; smoke it, and you'll get only a hot stinging harshness.

Then open a tin of Velvet, test this same Burley after it has been "aged in wood", and notice the pronounced difference. The green has turned to rich brown, the bitterness has become mellow "body", the bite and harshness have utterly disappeared. What is left is Burley tobacco at its appetizing best—ripe, mild, seasoned, and just right for smoking.




*The increasing preference for Burley is shown by this 10-year chart of production.*

Here, then, are two extremes, green leaf and "aged in wood" tobacco. To make one from the other requires acreage of plant, equipment, and huge sums tied up in tobacco for long unproductive periods—for "ageing in wood" is a tedious and costly process. Countless experiments have therefore been made in the search for a faster, cheaper method of ripening—experiments ranging from greenhouse "forcing" to bacteriological colonizing; and some of these have been part way successful. But even at their best, the "hurry-up" methods fall somewhere in that intermediate ground between green leaf and ripeness, and far short of the mellow perfection gained by ageing in wood. In all our half century as tobacco manufacturers, we have found nothing that equals ageing in wood to ripen and sweeten tobacco for smoking.

*Tobacco varies even on the same stalk. It takes expert buying to secure uniform high quality.*

Velvet, therefore, is made entirely of tobacco that has been truly aged—aged in wood. It is made of the highest grade of Kentucky Burley that money can buy, and every ounce of it goes through this mellowing process—nor can you get such mildness, such cool satisfying goodness, in any other way.

Put Velvet in your favorite pipe, and see for yourself what ageing in wood does for tobacco.

**Velvet**

**—the aged in wood tobacco**

# No wonder dealers sell

## Go to the Hotpoint dealer for real help with the ironing

*The Hotpoint Feature*—the *point* even hotter than the rest of the iron.

*Strength-Saving Cantilever Handle with thumb rest*—saving exertion all through your body.

*Attached Heel Rest*—no iron stand—no lifting.

*Hinged Cord Plug with Ball Joint*—gives the cord extra flexibility, and prevents it from snarling, breaking and fraying.

*All-way-through Handle Bolt*—no more cracked or jiggly handles.

*Heavy Duty Plug Receptacle*—less risk of breakage if the iron falls.

*Everlasting Steel Cord Bushing and New Floating Contact*—two features that add materially to the service life.

IT'S the neighborly feeling that makes a woman tell her friends about the Hotpoint Iron.

Such *comfort*, such *perfect ironing*, are too good to keep to herself.

And so the word spreads. From one end of the country to the other, women are buying *the* modern Iron—a real *Hotpoint Servant*.

Dealers are selling more Hotpoint Irons today than any other make of electric iron.

Any one of five million women can tell you that here is an iron *designed to her needs*.

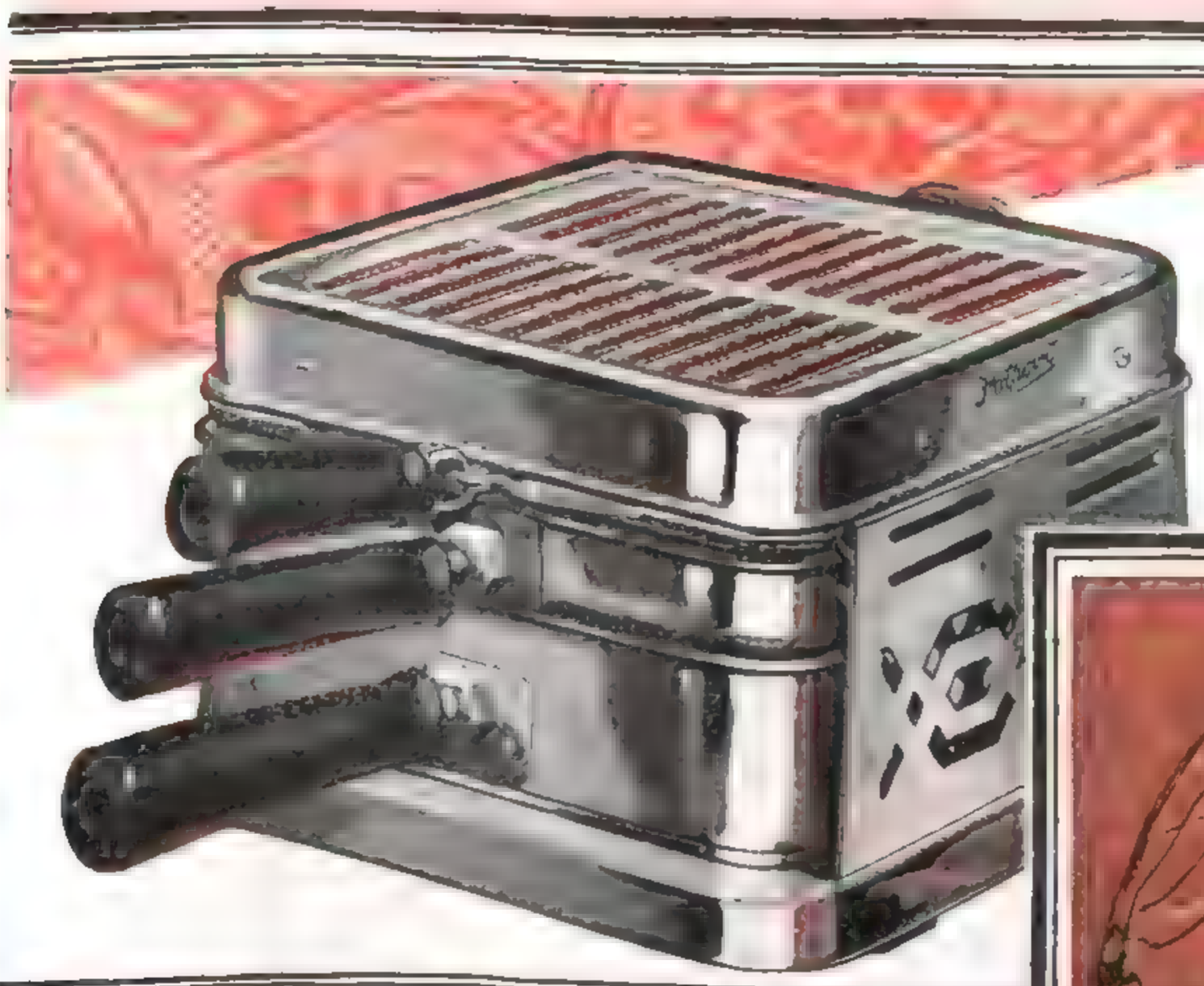
The Hotpoint people *studied* ironing. They found out what makes ironing so tiresome and distasteful.

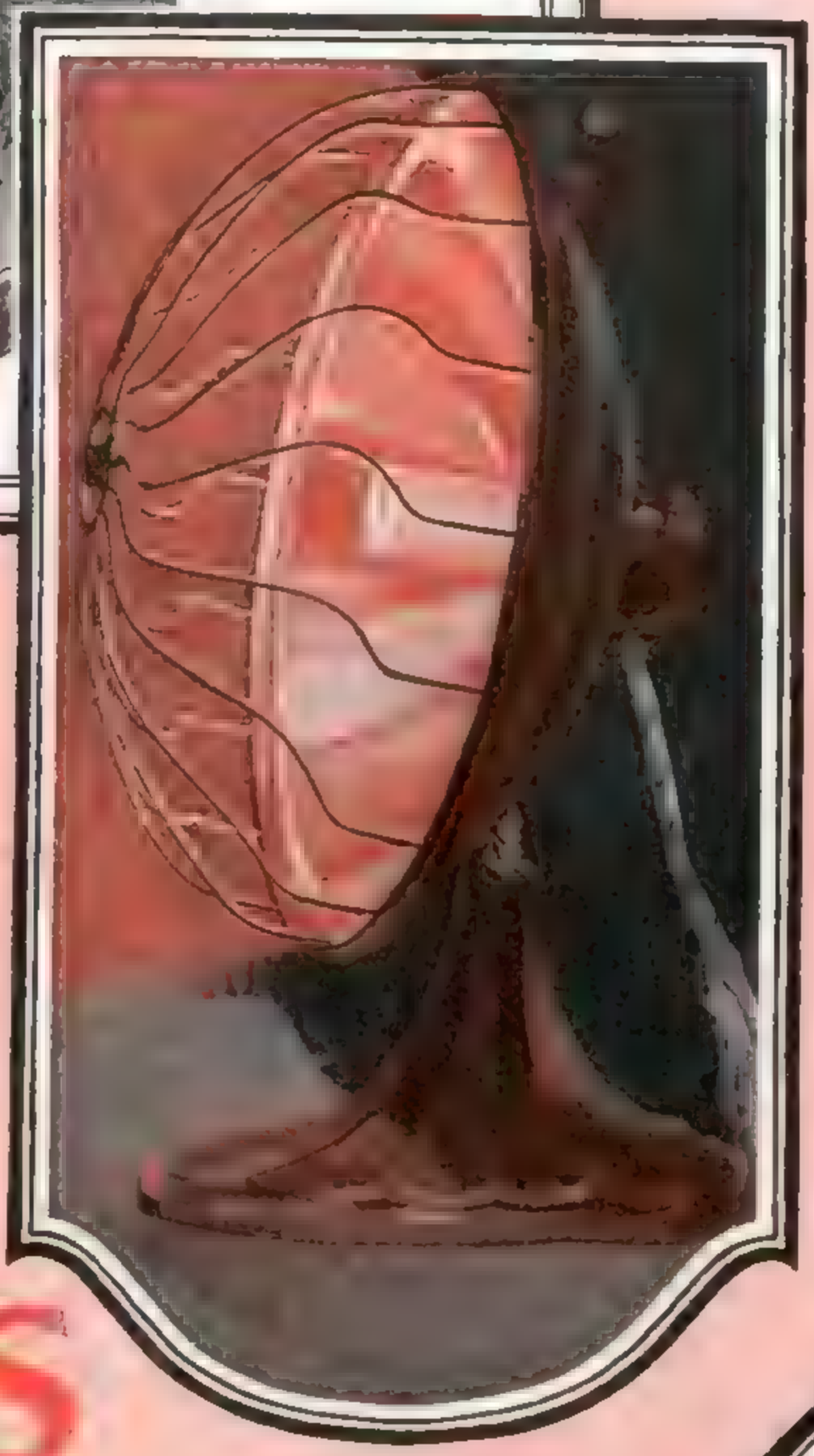
Then they built *the* electric iron that does away for all time with all the bother and a good bit of the work of ironing day.

Buy a Hotpoint Iron—and you get more real *comfort* and *help* with your ironing than you ever thought possible.

Hotpoint

# so many Hotpoint Servants





*Hotpoint now meets another real housekeeping need—with the Hotpoint Single Heat Grill*

Here is a distinct achievement—a grill with a single heating unit that does *real cooking*.

It boils, it broils, it toasts, it fries—just the way you like to have it done

The Hotpoint Single Heat Grill is right because Hotpoint knows how to *make* it right. It contains all the Hotpoint experience and authority.

There is more than your money's worth in the Hotpoint Single Heat Grill.

*The Comfort of the Hotpoint Hedlite Heater*

This country has no climate in which the Hotpoint Hedlite Heater will not be welcome many times during the year.

It is portable—it is efficient. A true Hotpoint Servant. The highest development in reflected heat—by the greatest authority.

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SERVANTS

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NATURALLY, Peerless pre-eminence is based to some extent on obvious beauty and luxury. It is clearly established, too, by the mechanical advantages that are so essentially Peerless. But above all, it is superior performance—superior riding qualities—the sum total of superior service rendered that have given Peerless its enviable reputation. And now you can have an Eight or a Six—both Peerless

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ CLEVELAND · OHIO

(Continued from Page 110)

"He staying much longer?" Saladine had asked.

"Why, he ain't said," Motley replied. "He come by the week, you might say. Said he was aiming to stay a month or so. But he don't say anything about going. 'Course he pays us good; but I'd as lief he'd go."

"Trouble for your wife, I expect."

"Well, it ain't that so much."

Saladine perceived the other's state of mind and made it easier for him.

"He didn't bother your girl any, did he?" he asked.

Motley shook his head.

"No, no; no, it wan't that. He was all right." He added apologetically, "But of course she wasn't used to men like him. She was kind of foolish about him, struck me. She took on, and didn't want to go."

The scene came back to Saladine, as he sat beside his own lamp tonight, with extraordinary vividness. Motley's distress had been so transparent. Yet even Motley, Saladine remembered, had said nothing against DeBemm.

He could not in fact remember that anyone had said anything tangible against DeBemm. There had inevitably been a great deal of talk about the man and his movements; but that was natural and to be expected. Saladine knew his neighbors well enough not to be surprised that they should talk.

He had heard a good deal of this talk; yet he was quite sure that the name of the Aclund girl had never been linked with that of the painter. Their acquaintance might be recent; certainly it was thus far a secret from the town, and the very fact that it was secret made it seem to Saladine more dangerous.

This man was not much inclined to unnecessary meddling in the affairs of those about him. If his services were invited, he gave them; but he seldom intruded himself into other lives. He had, however, before he slept this night, an increasing feeling that he might well take a hand in the situation which chance had that day revealed to him; and when he woke in the morning his mind at once reverted to the matter.

He found himself, by daylight, remembering more vividly the figure of the girl, forgetting DeBemm save as an ominous shadow in the background. He remembered her as she had stood on the lip of the cellar hole, across from him, with emptiness at her back. She had been so straight and fine, affright in her eyes, the wind adjusting her garments this way and that as a sculptor's thumb experiments with his clay, and behind and below her the dark tops of the cedars in the swamp, and beyond them the colorful flanks of the distant hills, rising to the blue sky. A figure clothed in beauty, yet shadowed by the jovial and vigorous presence of DeBemm.

He felt by and by a deep and tender pity for her; her life had been so drab and dull until DeBemm's coming. Yet if he read her eyes aright life was drab and dull for her no longer now. Beauty had come into it; a beauty which filled her and at the same time clothed her. She was, he thought, passing through a period of tormenting rapture; and when DeBemm should depart she would perhaps have golden memories. She was hardly to be blamed for seizing upon this hour of glory; certainly Saladine had in his heart no blame for her.

But he had, more and more, a sense of pity for her; and he had a sense of her danger, a consciousness that she might be blasted and burned, like one who looks too long and too ardently into the eye of the sun.

He wondered if it could be true that she had encountered DeBemm yesterday for the first time; and that night at the store he asked Lee Motley a question or two, directed to discover whether this might be the case.

"I see your boarder's still here," he said casually.

Motley nodded.

"He don't say anything about going either," he replied.

Saladine's tone was almost indifferent. "Where's he working nowadays?" he asked.

"I dunno," Motley said. "Somewhere over on the flat back of the swamp. He took a drive over that way Sunday week to look around, and since then he's been going over every day. Says he's found the most beautiful things in town."

"What's that?" Saladine asked.

Motley shook his head.

"He ain't said," he replied. "Some hill or other where he can get a view, I figure. The man's crazy about views."

They were still talking together when DeBemm himself came in. The painter stopped for his mail, discovered Saladine and came smilingly toward them. He accosted Jim as an old friend, but there was on his jocose tone that edge of insolence which it always seemed to wear.

"How's the critic tonight?" he asked; and explained to Motley, "Saladine did me the favor to criticize one of my things the other day."

Motley made no comment, and Saladine asked slowly, "Have you finished it yet?"

DeBemm shook his head.

"By no means," he replied; and he met the other's eye with a look of intelligence. "You will understand," he suggested, "that with some tasks, and in some surroundings, it is pleasant to go slowly." He perceived the faint hardening of Saladine's glance and turned to Motley. "Your friend and I have something in common," he explained. "He chanced to come upon me in a retreat I have found; but I have his promise not to betray the spot. The native interest in art is sometimes an embarrassment."

Motley spat upon the floor and moved away without replying. Glibness in another is apt to make a habitually taciturn man feel ashamed and ill at ease.

But Saladine did not retreat, and DeBemm, after another glance at him, said tactfully, "I appreciate your discretion, my friend. You might do an unkindness—or a harm. You understand that my interest is fixed upon the countryside rather than its inhabitants."

"That's the way I take it," Saladine replied.

"I encountered the girl wholly by accident," DeBemm explained; and his eyes lighted a little. "You must have known her. She was apparently just lifeless clay. It has been a strange and delightful thing to discover beauty within the clay."

Saladine looked at him straightforwardly. "Is she safe with you, DeBemm?" he asked quietly.

The other man colored, and then he laughed and held out his hand.

"I like you better for that," he said steadily. "And to answer your question—yes, I am one of those who can get pleasure out of a beautiful thing without handling and mauling it."

Their eyes met in a long glance, and it was Saladine who turned his eyes away. DeBemm must have thought he had convinced the other man, for he laughed again, and this time there was in his laughter a low note as of triumph, suggesting the sudden reaction of relief when a danger has been escaped. This laughter hung tauntingly in Saladine's ears when by and by he went slowly up the hill toward his farm.

On the shoulder of the ridge he paused for a moment, observing that the wind was shifting toward the northeast, while the stars were here and there obscured. The signs were, to his accustomed eye, plain and unmistakable.

"Storm coming," he told himself, and went slowly on toward his home and his bed.

III

NEXT morning, rising, as he usually did, a little after daylight, Saladine found himself remembering the way DeBemm had laughed the night before. His thoughts thus occupied, he devoted himself to the necessary routine which began all his days; and when his tasks were done went out of doors to observe the weather. The clouds were not yet sufficiently thick to obscure the sun; there was even here and there a field of blue. But the wind was northeasterly, and in the air itself hung something like a threat, confirming his opinion of the night before. He nodded, convinced that presently it would prepare to rain.

Saladine was not an imaginative man, and ordinarily he paid little heed to the weather. If it were wet, he clothed himself accordingly; if it were cold, he wore warmer garments. But whatever the weather, there was always work to be done about the farm, and Saladine always did it, taking hot and cold, wet and dry, as they chose to come. Today, however, he found himself curiously oppressed by the threatenings of storm which were to his mind so clear in sky and wind. His usual philosophic habit of mind were disturbed, he was uneasy, faintly unhappy for no reason he could define, conscious of a vague but definite alarm. Seeking to analyze his own sensations, he reminded himself that if it rained DeBemm would be unlikely to go abroad; that bad weather would prevent any further contact between him and the Aclund girl. So the prospect of a storm should have been reassuring; but this was not the case. Once or twice Saladine caught himself listening as though he expected a summons; once or twice he found himself at a standstill, so engrossed in his own thoughts that even his well-habituated hands forgot to perform their tasks. His increasing uneasiness became so oppressive that he could no longer endure inaction; and without any conscious decision he presently found his feet carrying him at random toward the pasture which, behind the barn, extended down the westward slope of the ridge.

He had by no means made up his mind to go to seek the Aclund girl. His thoughts concerned themselves with her and with DeBemm; the threat of storm in the air jangled his nerves and shattered his usual calm habits of mind; but he was far from having formed any resolution. There was no pretext for his going to see her; he had nothing to say to her—or rather he had too much to say. But there was no definite task to keep him at the farm; he was itching to be about, to move about; and so he took an ax from the shed and put some staples in the pocket of his coat and told himself he would inspect his pasture fences, repair them to guard against the possible wandering of one of his cows.

Saladine's pasture was extensive. This is usually the case with the farms about Fraternity, where the land is divided between meadows, garden patch and pasture. The pasture ordinarily includes whatever stand of lumber or cordwood the farm may produce, and it was so with Saladine's. From the lane behind the barn his cows could graze across a shoulder of the ridge broken up by bowlders and where the soil was so shallow above the ledges that water could not easily escape, so that even here on the very hilltop there was something like a bog, in which the cattle liked to move to and fro with plopping hoofs.

Beyond, a better-drained slope ran down to the edge of the woods; and a brook rose in an alder run at one side and trickled among the trees.

This pasture was enclosed in a more careful fashion than is usual in the neighborhood. Most farmers hereabout are content with a stone wall, repaired as need arises, with perhaps a single strand of wire nailed to convenient trees or to rotting posts and running along the top or against the flank of the wall. The cows, lacking in enterprise, accept these flimsy barriers with surprising complacence. But Saladine's pasture was more carefully fenced just as his whole farm was more thriftily tended than were those of most of his neighbors. He had, with Bert's help, half a dozen years before set posts around the entire circumference and affixed three strands of wire. This wire was rusting thin in some places, it had been cut here and there by some unscrupulous gunner unwilling to risk his garments; and it had suffered the accidents natural to its condition, so that it required more or less constant attention and repair.

Saladine followed the fence—there was a stone wall just outside the wire—down the hill into the woods. Here and there he made a small and casual repair, and once he replaced a post, cutting a fresh one from the cedar growth near by. He found no break that offered an escape; but it occurred to him by and by that if a cow should pass the fence, the beast would probably work downhill toward the stream which flowed through the swamp in the valley below. None of his cows had strayed; but if one did it must go in that direction, and he would have to follow and seek it. He stopped still to consider this thought, finding in it an answer to a half-felt need, and at last, with a smile at his own folly, he crawled under the lowest strand of wire and climbed the wall and struck at an angle along the wooded slope toward the road that would lead him to the Aclund place. He walked at a good pace, like a man easy in his mind, but now and then, as though becoming conscious of the darker tone in the sky and fearful that the storm would break, he hurried his steps a little, going more swiftly on.

So, at mid-forenoon, he came along the road in sight of Joe Aclund's stand of buildings, on their bare knoll to the left of the road. He had left his ax by the roadside, to be recovered on the homeward way; but

(Continued on Page 117)


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Black radium dial $1.25 extra.

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YOU CANNOT exactly measure the value of the old home—too many immeasurable items are in the credit column. The echoes of tiny feet, now big and treading distant places; the memories of golden hours, of ancient friendships, cannot be transplanted like a seedling. They are rooted firmly in the old home and there will stay.

But perhaps the old home was not built of permanent materials. Perhaps there is a continual battle to protect against wear and weather, with constantly the spectre, Fire, in the background. And despite this constant effort the old home may be growing shabby; while you love it, you may feel apologetic for its appearance.

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(Continued from Page 115)

before doing so, in order to lend verisimilitude to the errand he meant to pretend, he had cut a stout brad from a thicket beside the road.

Old Aclund was, when Saladine came in sight, in the open shed, doddering about the task of splitting a little wood for the kitchen stove. Saladine perceived him and went toward the shed instead of toward the house; but a sidelong glance toward the kitchen caught some movement at a window there so that he knew the girl was at home. The old man did not hear his approach, and Saladine remembered that he was deaf. So when he came within two paces of the other, who manipulated an uncertain ax above the chopping block, he spoke in a loud tone.

"Morning," he called.

Aclund wheeled around with the stiff and painful movements of a poorly made machine. He was a small and wizened man; his teeth were long since gone, so that his chin pushed upward against his nose, and his straggly beard jutted straight forward in a manner weakly defiant, wagging when he talked.

He peered at Saladine with nearsighted eyes and exclaimed in a cracked voice, "What's the sense of sneaking up on a body, eh?"

"I didn't go to surprise you," Saladine told him.

"Eh?" The question came with an explosive effect. "Eh? What you say?"

"I didn't mean to scare you," the other repeated in a louder tone.

"Scared? Who's scared?" The accusation angered the old man; he waved an uncertain hand. "What's there to be scared of anyway? What do you want around here?" He looked querulously toward the kitchen door. "Where's that dratted dog? If he can't bark, what good is he anyhow? No dummed good, I always say."

Saladine said gravely, "Maybe he's off self-hunting."

"Eh? Eh?"

"Self-hunting," Saladine repeated. "Any dog's apt to go off if he gets a chance. Down in the swamp somewheres."

This was naked flattery, since Aclund's old setter was long since so feeble that his legs were almost useless. But it pleased the old man; he nodded resentfully.

"That's prob'ly it," he agreed. "Never could break him of that. Best dog I ever did see to hunt. Do anything you asked him. But he always would run away. Well, there's an out in the best of them." He looked at Saladine with a critical, peering glance. "Yes, sir, I never see a dog yet didn't have some out about him." He added, with a little cackle of a laugh, "I'm kind of hard of hearing, but I can hear him bark, most generally, when anyone comes in the yard."

"I'm looking for one of my cows," Saladine explained.

"Eh?"

"A cow," he repeated. "Got out the pasture sometime yesterday. I bought her over Liberty way, and I thought maybe she'd took out for home—past here."

"A cow?"

Saladine nodded vigorously.

"Yes. Did she pass here?"

"I ain't got any to sell," Aclund told him.

The other shook his head.

"One of mine got out," he said again, raising his voice still higher. "I thought you'd maybe seen her go past here."

His ears caught a movement behind him and he turned. The girl had come out through the door from the kitchen into the shed. She was looking at him; and her glance was as dull and stolid, her bearing as wearily submissive as it had always been. There was no light in her; she wore the aspect of the humblest drudge. Saladine, without analyzing his expectations, had nevertheless supposed that the beauty which he had once seen in her could never die again; yet it was dead as a dead fire. Here were only gray ashes, sodden as the ashes of a camp fire after rain. He had a poignant sense of sudden and irreparable loss; he was sick with the sorrow of it; and he sought to see into the deeps of her eyes as though he might find her hidden beauty there.

But her eyes were surface and without depth; they wore the pale sheen of the eyes of a fish; and Saladine began to think he must have imagined that which he had seen a day or two before.

She spoke to him. He could not remember that he had ever heard her speak before. Her voice was rusty as though from disuse; hoarse and low.

"'Tain't no use to holler at him," she said wearily. "He's deef as a post."

Old Aclund perceived the new direction of Saladine's glance, and barked at him, "Eh?" Then his eyes followed those of the other man and he discovered his daughter. "Oh! 'Bout time you come," he said to her. To Saladine: "I dunno. You ask Lou. She can tell you."

He fumbled together an armful of wood and went past her into the kitchen. Saladine found himself unable to speak, he listened, and heard the clatter of the wood into the box, and then heard the closing of a door. Evidently the old man did not intend to return.

"One of my cows got out," Saladine said uncertainly. "I thought she might have gone past here. Sometime yesterday."

The girl shook her head.

"Not as I saw," she replied.

Her head was bare, and Saladine found himself looking at her hair. It seemed incredible that he could ever have found it beautiful. It was massed upon her head now in ugly disorder; its surfaces failed to catch the play of light and shadow; there was no suggestion of depth to its drab color. He was bewildered and uncertain, but after a little while the effect of this discovery that she was as she had always been was to restore the world to its familiar order and serenity. His belief that she was beautiful had lent unreality to the whole situation; his perception now that she was no more than a dull country wench with whom the unscrupulous DeBemm stooped to dally made it easy for Saladine to do what would otherwise have been difficult if not impossible for him. He was ordinarily a man of dignity and poise, sure of himself and full of pith and sense; and there was no awkwardness in his manner when he now spoke to her.

"I'm glad you came out," he said slowly. "I kind of wanted to talk to you."

Her eyes had drooped before his scrutiny; they rested now upon the litter of chips at her feet, in which one shabby toe stirred aimlessly.

"Did you?" she muttered.

Saladine drew nearer her.

"Why, yes," he assured her pleasantly; "yes, I did. I've been wanting to talk to you ever since Sunday."

This drew from her one quick glance of swift affright; he thought her cheeks wore a sudden pallor.

"You don't need to be afraid of me," he said.

Astonishingly, she sighed. He heard no sound, but he saw her bosom rise to the deep inhalation, saw it sink again as breath escaped from her body. There seemed to him to be an astonishing significance in this sigh; he thought it betrayed that spirit within her which her outward mien would otherwise have concealed.

But she did not speak to him. Only sighed that weary sigh.

He said quietly, "I remembered your father was deaf. You can't very well talk to him, I expect. But I thought maybe you'd want to talk to someone." He added, a faint whimsicality in his tone, "I'm a good one to listen."

She seemed to consider this, then said in shabby resignation, "I expect you're thinking hard of me."

"I'm not, nor don't aim to," he assured her. "I'm thinking maybe you'd like to talk to somebody, that's all." She did not reply, only stirred the chips with her toe. "I know him," he added. "I see him right along down at the store." He saw faint color in her cheeks. "You don't see men like him around here very much."

"He come here for a drink of water with his lunch," she explained, her husky tones tinged with shy wonder. "I pumped for him at the well."

Saladine felt sudden shame, as though he had violated a sanctuary; he would have spoken, but before he could do so she looked at him and he saw that she meant to speak, and he guessed in her the need of words and so held his own peace and waited, without looking at her.

"I fetched him a glass from the kitchen and pumped for him, and he ate his dinner, setting there and talking to me." She hesitated, then added almost furtively, "I don't get many to talk to."

The man looked at her again; her tones, full of shy wonder at this thing which had happened to her, were so astonishingly out of keeping with her mean exterior. She was like the sky before dawn, dull gray and lifeless; yet in her voice there were rays and splashes of color like those shafts of light


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which against the morning sky announce the coming of the sun.

"He said the well water was good," she explained, and met Saladine's eye with a faint movement of her hands as though he must understand. "He said he liked the water. That's why he came the next day." And, after a moment—"I hadn't figured he'd ever come again. I never looked to see him any more."

She was silent so long that Saladine felt compelled to speak:

"I guess he was painting a picture around here."

"He told me about that," she agreed. She was abruptly drenched with color and he saw that she trembled. "I took him up a jug of water next day," she confessed.

"Up to the Darny place?"

"Up there, yes. He'd told me he was working there. So I thought I'd save him coming down. He let me watch him a spell."

"I expect he's about through with that picture," Saladine suggested.

He had begun to perceive that it was not merely a narrative she unfolded; that it was rather a long apology, like a confession and a pleading all in one. In her voice and in her halting words he caught now and again a hint of that which two days before his eyes had seen; but outwardly, standing two paces from him by the kitchen door, she was as she had always been.

This riddle perplexed him and made him uncomfortable; he was afraid of what in this sudden luxury of confession she might be led to say; and so, even at cost of giving a wound, he broke in upon what she would have said.

"I expect he'll be going—going away pretty soon," he reminded her.

He saw her eyes leaping to meet his, and he averted his as though to avoid a blow. But in that instant's meeting of their glances he had seen more than he could ever forget; seen a fiery spirit about to break its bonds; and he waited, shuddering and flinching like a man expecting the lash, for her to speak. But the wait grew long and longer and still she was silent; and when he could not endure silence he added a further word.

"He'll be going back to his folks," he said.

Since still she did not speak, he managed at last the courage to look at her. Her head had fallen again; the fire in her eyes had died; her garments sagged about her body, which seemed to sag within them.

"I'd let him carry his own water," he suggested in a low tone. "I would, at that, if he comes any more."

From somewhere within the house there came to them the shrill voice of the old man:

"Lou! Lou! It's time for my victuals."

The summons seemed to drag at her; she yielded like a captive, turning on slow feet.

As she stepped into the door, he spoke to her again; he said steadily, "Any time you want to talk to someone, I'd be glad to help any ways I can."

She seemed not to hear; went dumbly forward to become again her father's miserable drudge. When she was out of sight Saladine moved slowly toward the road. His brows were furrowed and his eyes obscured by thought. Forgetful of his pretended search for a strayed cow, he took the homeward way.

### IV

THE walk through the valley and up the hill to his own farm seemed long to Saladine. It was toward noon, and the sky was by this time obscured, clouds of a dingy gray scurrying out of the northeast and driving past overhead. Now and then, fitfully, the sun broke through; but these glimpses of light were brief and they had a curiously irritating quality. The air was heavy and dull and cold, full of sea damp blown across the dozen miles of intervening hills and valleys. Saladine, speculating upon the weather, felt sure it would rain before nightfall, probably toward mid-afternoon. More or less unconsciously he hurried his steps, as though anxious to get under shelter ahead of the storm. He forgot his ax, left beside the road, and had to return half a mile or so to get it before continuing on his way.

He was perplexed by his conversation with the Aclund girl. She puzzled and bewildered him; and his thoughts cast back over what she had said, and he considered his replies to her and found himself trying to read into her words some suggestion of that quality which—when he saw her by the cellar hole on the old Darny place—had been so lavishly revealed to him. He was able to guess what a wonder DeBemm had brought into her life. One of her phrases, intoned in pitiful humility, recurred to him. "I never looked to see him any more," she had said. Simple enough in the saying; yet her tone had been as eloquent as though she had burst into rapturous exclamations. Saladine perceived that she must have been overwhelmed with happiness because she did see DeBemm again, and again; he thought this happiness must have been like a shaft of light across the drab skies of her accustomed existence. And a moment later he remembered how her eyes had leaped to his when he suggested that DeBemm would presently go away. An astonishing thing, this blaze of fury from so dull a creature. Yet Saladine had more than once had occasion to observe the fact that a meek man may be driven only so far; that the humblest have somewhere their fighting point.

He left the road, turning aside through a growth of poplar and young hemlocks, picking his way toward his own pasture; and he crossed the wall and the fence at almost the exact spot where he had crossed it that morning, and went on up the hill toward the house. He began to be hungry, with that mild appetite which he usually felt at midday; and, without troubling himself to cook anything, ate two or three doughnuts and a bit of cheese and drank a glass of milk. There were some chores to be done in the barn and he attended to them automatically. The sky, he observed, was growing darker hour by hour; there could be no question that its promise of storm would be fulfilled.

The man, usually so completely indifferent to the weather, found himself astonishingly disturbed by the prospect of this imminent storm. Some quality in the air perhaps reacted on his nerves, disturbing their accustomed serenity. He found himself more than ordinarily alert; his eyes turned this way and that as though he were expecting a surprise. Something like terror now and then touched him, made him for a moment physically cold. The wind which still blew held its course for the most part through the heavens; only its fringes brushed the earth, and quietly, like the soft brooms of silent men preparing the way for some awe-inspiring ceremonial. He observed that the chickens had entered their house and were resting on their perches, not roosting, not sleeping, but with heads and bodies still, beady eyes alert and watchful. The cows had come up the hill from the pasture and were standing by the bars at the end of the lane; they did not low, did not betray impatience; but they looked toward the house as though expecting him to come and permit them to enter the shelter of the tie-up. He yielded to their humbly silent entreaty, lowering the bars and securing each beast in its accustomed stand. The red-and-white cow, the oldest of them all, did not as usual fall to feeding on the hay he put before her, but stood very quietly, her neck between the staves, not even chewing her cud. When he emerged from the barn he saw the yellow-and-black tomcat walking toward the house from the road. The animal came slowly and deliberately, tail held low and straight behind; and now and then it paused to look over its shoulder, very still, as though listening. While Saladine watched, the cat walked gravely through a hole in the brickwork and went under the house. The man had at this particular period no dog of his own; when he hunted in the fall it was usually with Bert and Bert's setter. He decided he must get a dog; a dog was company. He felt the need of company.

Overhead, the clouds raced past. Saladine had once, working to stop the progress of a fire in the Pendleton woods, seen wild things go past him at top speed, their senses all turned back instead of forward, their attention concentrated on the peril behind them. Watching these scurrying clouds, he was reminded of that experience; thought with a faint smile that the clouds seemed also to be looking over their shoulders.

He got a heavy coat that would protect him against bad weather and walked down to the road and along the ridge toward the Castle, thinking to have a word with Bert and his wife, and perhaps to see the baby there. He was in no mood to be alone.

He found Bert, his brother, in the shed; and Bert said the baby was asleep and that Margaret, too, was lying down. Bert was splitting wood for the stove, working with that apparent ease characteristic of the skillful man who knows his business.

*Continued on Page 121*

# This new pen has writing ease

Progress has its way with every useful article. A betterment appears here, an improvement there—details, perhaps, but their sum at the end of ten years may represent a startling advance.

Sometimes a manufacturer is fortunate enough to gain a decade of progress in a single step.

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Early models of the fountain pen contained the ink in the pen barrel. So it was necessary to make them of hard rubber or other material proof against corrosion by ink acids. But the modern self-filler carries its ink in a soft rubber sac within the barrel Hard rubber is therefore no longer essential.

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Federal RADIO

# Federal

## Standard RADIO Products

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(Continued from Page 118)

"I've got to fall some birch pretty soon," he told Jim. "But there's no hurry about it. Looked to me it might rain any time today."

Jim nodded. "A regular northeaster," he commented.

Thereafter he smoked in silence for a while, sitting on the sill of the shed door, his back to his brother, his eyes ranging down the steep hillside below the Castle to the pond which lay in the valley there. It was, beneath the mantle of the clouds, a deep and malignant purple; their gray hue was thus reflected from its mirror surface. After a moment he decided to tell Bert what he had discovered with relation to DeBemm and the Aclund girl, and he did so without preamble. Bert was interested, came to stand beside him while he listened. This younger man was always more impetuous than his brother, more easily made angry.

His first hot comment was, "Why didn't you take a-holt of him?"

"It weren't my concern," Saladine mildly replied.

"Him—dandling around with a girl that don't know any better."

Bert knew the Aclund girl by sight; his impression of her had been the same as Jim's. Jim now sought awkwardly enough to explain that she had seemed to be beautiful.

"You couldn't put a name on it," he said. "She was just the same. Same clothes and everything. But there was something about her." He groped for a word. "You know well as I do, Bert, that, seeing her, you'd never stop to think whether she was a girl or an old woman or a man or what. But that day there, nobody could see her without feeling that she was a woman, and no question about it. There was woman all over her—in her eyes and her hair and the way her clothes set on her."

Bert was not amused by his brother's perplexity, nor greatly moved by what Jim said.

"I guess she's a nice-looking girl if she wants to be," he suggested. "But what makes me mad is a man like him."

Jim said slowly, "I know. I saw him at the store last night. He's kind of a friendly sort. We talked about it. I asked him, Bert—asked him right out if she was safe with him."

Bert looked sharply at the other.

"What'd he say?"

"He said she was," Jim assured him. "He said—it kind of stuck in my mind—that he could get pleasure out of beauty without handling it."

"Think he meant it?" Bert asked.

"Yes," said Saladine. "Yes, I did think so. I didn't like the way he laughed; but he's got a kind of ugly laugh anyway; like he was laughing at you somehow."

"I never did like him," Bert declared.

There was a little silence; then Jim said quietly, "I went down there this morning—down to Aclund's. Pretended like I was looking after one of my cows. And she said this DeBemm stopped there for a drink of water. That's how she come to know him. She's been carrying water up to him while he's worked on that picture of his."

"She oughtn't to do that. Old Joe oughtn't to let her."

"He's deef," Jim reminded the other; "and an old fool too. But I told her she oughtn't to."

"What'd she say?"

"Her paw yelled to her to come get his dinner," Saladine explained. "It was queer, talking to her, too," he added. "She looked just the way she usually does; but some things she said made me feel kind of funny."

He found a certain satisfaction in recounting the experience, in seeking to put his impressions into words. Also it was pleasant to be with Bert, for the day became more and more oppressive. The rain still held off, and their continuous expectation that it would momentarily begin to fall became wearisome.

"I wish it would start and be done with it," Jim remarked once; and Bert agreed with him.

Before going home he went into the house to see Margaret and the baby. He did not talk with Margaret about his perplexities. His brother's wife, with the attitude toward bachelors characteristic of most women who are happily married, had often told him he ought to find a wife for himself; she would, he felt, take this view of his present problem; she would imagine he felt some sentimental interest in the Aclund girl. He preferred to avoid such a suggestion; he was quite sure of himself—quite sure that he was only solicitous for the girl's own sake. So he started home at last, confident that Margaret had not guessed that he was disturbed. As soon as he was out of the house she of course made Bert tell her what was worrying his brother; but Jim did not know this, and his mind was all at ease.

He did his evening chores, got supper and ate it, washed the dishes and looked out of doors to discover with a feeling approaching irritation that not even as night fell had the rain begun. It was so imminent that the very air seemed to be saturated with moisture; the early evening was damp and cold, and there was a chilling and unhealthy breath on the lightly stirring wind. Since it was not yet raining, he decided he might as well go to the village as usual; but instead of walking he harnessed his horse and drove along the ridge and down the hill. He took the top buggy so that he would be protected from the weather on his homeward way.

In the store he found the usual gathering of his neighbors. Will Bissell and Andy were busy wrapping groceries, or carrying up bags of feed from the cellar. Bubier, from up the pond, was there; and old man Varney; and Chet McAusland, with a report that he had found three flocks of partridges in the wooded slopes toward the river that afternoon; and Gay Hunt; and Zeke Pitkin, that fearful man, sitting in his accustomed chair with lowered, furtive eyes. Saladine looked for Lee Motley, curious for word of the movements of DeBemm, but Motley was not yet come to the store.

Talk fell upon the weather, and it was agreed that unless the wind changed they were in for a long rain. They discussed the subject to the point of exhaustion. Saladine leaned against the desk where Bissell kept his accounts, and now and then exchanged a word with the storekeeper; but for the rest, he took no part in the conversation. Motley was usually here before this time; and the fact that he had not yet come assumed, as the minutes passed, more and more significance in Saladine's eyes. He began to grow restless, conscious of a curious premonition of disaster. Luke Hills came in with water dripping from his cap and said the rain had begun at last; a little spit from the northeast, wind-borne.

"Settling down to a steady one," he declared.

The stage arrived with the mail, and two or three of the men took their newspapers and went home.

Saladine, increasingly impatient, at last asked Bissell, "Lee been in tonight?"

Will shook his head.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Late, ain't he?"

"He's generally here 'fore this," the storekeeper agreed.

As the occasional newcomer opened the door, Saladine's eyes turned that way more and more anxiously. He could discover no tangible reason for his increasing anxiety and concern; nevertheless, he wished Motley would come. The waiting, at first scarce conscious, became a strain, then an ordeal. The fact that the others did not feel as he felt seemed to him to prove their lack of understanding, their innate stupidity. He had a moment of irritation at Gay Hunt because the other was talking in his usual loud tones, embroidering some insignificant narrative in the fanciful way that was his habit.

When Motley appeared in the doorway at last, his garments damp and almost steaming, Saladine felt a leap of relief; he went toward the other man, unable to restrain himself; but he managed a tone sufficiently casual as he said, "Kind of late, Lee."

Motley nodded in some irritation.

"Yuh. We waited supper for that DeBemm."

"Late, was he?" Saladine asked, and felt his throat go dry.

"He hadn't come at all when I left the house," Motley replied.

Saladine gave ground a step or two and resumed his place by the desk, his eyes upon the floor; he was fighting to hide the shocking consternation into which Motley's words had thrown him. The fact that DeBemm was late in coming home was not apparently so vitally important; yet to Saladine's attuned senses, the circumstance seemed full of a grim and terrible significance.

He had, for no particular reason, a sudden mental vision of the cellar hole on the old Darny place. Rain must be forming a little pool in the bottom of that lonely pit by now.

MOTLEY'S announcement that the painter DeBemm had not come home for supper was made in a tone perfectly audible to everyone in the store. The farmer was obviously in a mood of considerable irritation; it was not difficult to guess that he had perhaps objected to waiting supper; that that preprandial hunger common to most men had fretted his temper; that if DeBemm had come home he might have heard a word or two calculated to disturb his usual good-natured smile.

"He hadn't come at all when I left the house," he had said loudly; then added in a lower tone, turning toward the storekeeper, "I was afraid Will'd be blowing out the lamps so I had to come along."

Bissell smiled the faint and controlled smile habitual to him.

"Ate your supper, didn't you, before you come?" he asked.

Motley nodded vehemently.

"You bet you. He can have cold, or what he gets."

"Where was he to today?" Will Belter asked, edging along the counter; Belter the talebearer, always avid after a tale to bear.

"I dunno," Motley replied; and Saladine listened with sudden attention. "Wife says he hung around the house all morning. Said the light weren't good enough for him to paint. But after dinner he went out somewheres."

"Dunno where?" Belter insisted.

"He never took his painting traps," Motley replied. "Just went off walking. Quite a hand to walk, he is."

The storekeeper, putting an extra wrapper about a parcel of sugar to protect it from the weather, said, "He probably put up somewhere when it come on to rain."

"I told him it was going to rain, fur as that goes," Motley retorted.

"I'll bet he's fixed and comfortable all right," Will Belter declared. "He's the kind can make friends around. Funny nobody saw which way he went though."

Saladine, listening, felt a curious satisfaction in perceiving that even the talebearer was thus baffled. If Will Belter did not know that DeBemm had been seeing the Aclund girl, then no one knew it. He was grateful because she was left this measure of security. The momentary interest in DeBemm was forgotten and talk turned into new channels. Everyone seemed quite ready to believe that he had found lodging at some farm for the night and would turn up in the morning. Against the rear windows of the store they could hear the rain slashing now with increasing vehemence. No sort of night for a pedestrian to be abroad; and DeBemm—someone remembered this and remarked it—was as finicky as a cat about wet weather.

But Saladine's attention was not so easily diverted. While he stayed in the store, he tried by all the force of logic and common sense to persuade himself that these others were right; that DeBemm had done the reasonable and proper thing when it began to rain. But he could not help remembering that the rain had held off till dark, and DeBemm should have been home before that hour. When by and by Will Bissell turned down the big oil lamps as a signal that it was time to go home, Saladine went out to his buggy with slow steps. He was of half a mind to take, even at that hour, the circuitous route toward Liberty and through the flat lands beyond the Whicher Swamp in order that he might stop at the Darny place that night. If DeBemm were hurt there, in the rain —— While he took the blanket off the horse he debated the matter, dreading the long drive and the half-mile walk up that old lane, yet feeling at the same time the propulsion of a certain duty.

His decision was made for him, however, for Will Belter came out of the store and discovered him and said, "Alone, ain't you, Jim?" Jim nodded.

"Yeah. Bert didn't come down tonight."

"I'll ride along up with you," Belter announced. "The old horse was kind of lame, so I rested her up tonight."

If Belter rode with him it was obvious that he could not go to look for DeBemm, and he accepted this fact with faint relief. After all, his premonitions were ridiculous enough. DeBemm was a strong man, used to the country, and he knew his way around. Nothing could have happened to him, and it was a bad night for a wild-goose chase.

Belter was as talkative as usual; and, while the horse climbed the long grade and the wind-driven rain gusted and spattered against the hood of the buggy, he recited all that he knew and all that he guessed and all that he had heard about everything. His tongue touched lightly upon DeBemm, for the painter's stay in the village was inevitably a matter of the first interest, evoking much curious conjecture. Saladine, listening, felt again that faint and reassuring satisfaction in the discovery of how little Belter really knew about DeBemm, and how completely he was ignorant of the connection between the painter and the Aclund girl.

He dropped Belter at last at his own dooryard and drove on, his quiet lips bent in a smile.

This mood of satisfaction carried him through the routine of unhitching and stabling the horse and wiping the creature as dry as possible with an old short sack. He went into the house and prepared for bed; found himself surprisingly weary and realized for the first time that he had been all day under a mental and nervous strain. Now that the rain had begun to fall that feeling of tense expectancy which had filled the air was gone; the ominous approach of the storm had been disturbing; the rain and wind now let loose purged and soothed him. Almost at once he slept—slept soundly the night through and woke to find rain still falling, the ground saturated, the roads channels of mud with little muddy streams flowing along the wheel tracks, and pools forming in every depression.

While he was wiping dishes after breakfast, Bert drove into the yard and called him to the door.

"Going down to the village," he told Jim. "I thought maybe you wanted something."

Jim shook his head, polishing the plate in his hand.

"Guess not," he replied. Then his eyes became thoughtful and he added, "You might find out if that DeBemm got home. He didn't get to Motley's for supper last night. I'm kind of wondering."

Bert looked at his brother with sharp eyes.

"What do you think?" he demanded.

"Why, I figure he stopped somewhere when it come on to rain," he replied. "But he ought to be back by now. Or he might wait till it stops, at that."

Bert hesitated, then he clucked to the horse.

"Well, I'll ask," he promised, and drove out to the road and along the ridge toward town.

Jim, still thoughtfully polishing the plate, went back into the house. There were many things he could do indoors; small tasks which he had saved for a rainy day. The stove needed blacking, and he worked at this for a while with an assiduity worthy of the most careful housewife. There was a loose hinge on the pantry door and he repaired it, fitting in a longer screw to take a new bite at the ancient wood. After a while he split some firewood, working slowly and easily, his thoughts elsewhere. He was almost surprised when Bert reappeared. The younger man had been sufficiently interested to drive on beyond the village to Motley's house to make his inquiries. DeBemm had not returned, he said, nor had any word come from him.

"Looks like he'd have telephoned, now don't it?" Jim suggested.

"Sure does," Bert agreed, watching his brother.

"Well," said Jim casually, "it ain't our affair anyways."

"They're getting some worried at the village," Bert told him. "I wouldn't wonder if they went to looking around for him this afternoon."

"I wouldn't wonder at all," Jim assented; and after a moment's silence Bert lifted the reins.

"Well, I got to get home," he explained. "See you tonight prob'ly."

"Expect so," Saladine agreed, and watched his brother out of sight behind a dip in the road toward the Castle.

He had not moved until the disappearance of the vehicle released his eyes; but as soon as this occurred, as though a spell had been lifted, he went into the barn and began to harness the horse. When the buggy was ready, he put on his boots and an old yellow slicker and a sou'wester hat, and got into the seat and drove away. He had decided to go down to the old Darny place. The vision of that lonely cellar hole, filling with

(Continued on Page 125)

# Kelly-Springfield announces a revolutionary improvement in tire construction

***An entirely new method, used only by Kelly, makes it possible to build the bead as an integral part of the tire, doing away with bead separation and permitting a far stronger and more flexible construction.***

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, after exhaustive experiments, has adopted a new and radically different process of building tires.

This method is explained and pictured on the following page. Its advantages are obvious.

In the balloon and semi-balloon tires, with their large cross-section, their comparatively thin sidewalls and their low air pressure, a terrific strain is thrown on the tire just above the point where the bead is fastened in. Particularly is this true when the car is rounding corners or turning a curve, since at such times the weight of the car is not centered above the tread of the tire.

The new and greatly improved process of tire building adopted by the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company makes it possible to build the bead as an integral part of the carcass, thus fortifying a heretofore vulnerable spot.

The wires which form the bead are absolutely anchored in place; they *cannot* separate or pull out.

Aside from this great advantage, there is the added advantage that the cords are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer.

This means that instead of some 6,000 or 7,000 *short* cords, each cut off at the bead, the new Kelly construction uses only about 460 *long* cords, making a far stronger yet more flexible construction. The process by which the new Kelly Cords are built makes buckling and wrinkling of the layers of cord impossible; the tension of the cords is absolutely uniform.

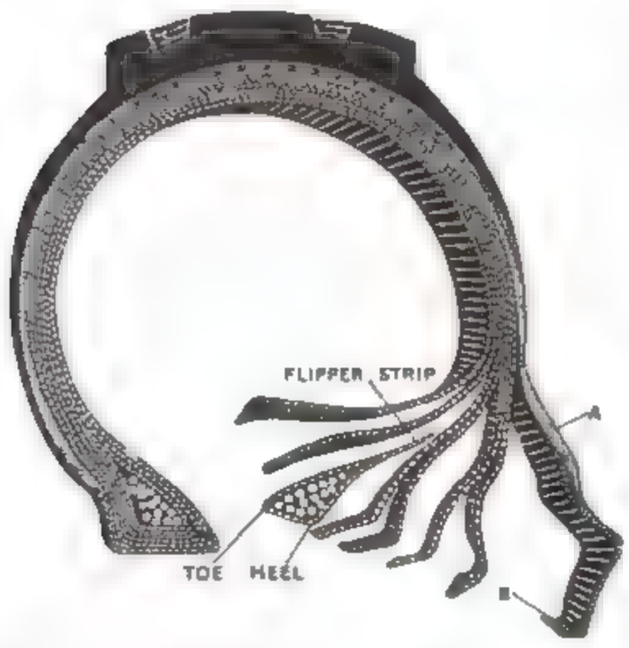
Important as this great advance in tire building is to the user of high pressure tires, it is even more important to the car-owner who uses balloon tires, since it does away with one of the most common sources of possible trouble in the balloon tire made by the ordinary method.

Study the pictures on the next page. They will show you why this new construction, used only by Kelly, is the most genuinely valuable improvement since the advent of the cord tire.

## Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

**250 West 57th Street - New York, N. Y.**

# The ordinary way




In all tires made by the ordinary method, the bead, composed of strands of braided wire insulated in rubber, is built as a separate unit in the form of a ring and partly cured. It is then fastened into the tire by the plies of cord fabric which partially enclose it. These plies are not wrapped entirely around the bead, but are cut off—at the "toe" or at the side by some makers and at the "heel" by others—so that some plies extend along one side of the bead and some along two sides, but none around all three. The loose ends of the plies are then covered by the "chafer strip," which extends from the point marked "A" to the point marked "B" in the drawing.

Most makers also use what is called a "flipper strip," which passes around the bead and extends an inch or two upward between two of the layers of cord. This flipper strip helps to hold in the bead, but it also has the effect of stiffening the lower part of the sidewall so that the point at which it ends forms a sort of hinge where the flexing of the sidewall, particularly in the low pressure tire, is localized, making an acute angle of bend.

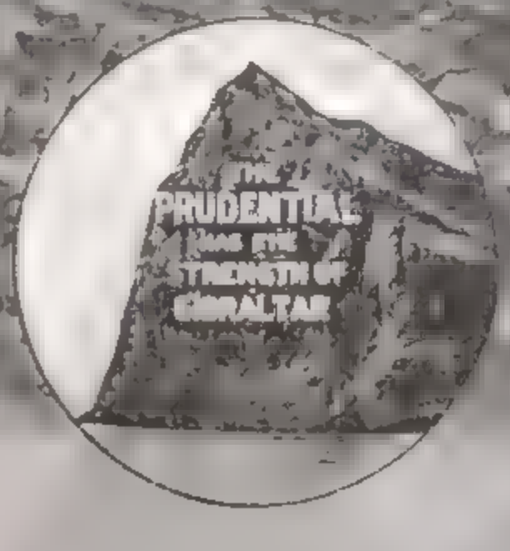
One of the great advantages of the new Kelly construction is the fact that the flipper strip is eliminated.

# The new KELLY way

By the use of an entirely new and radically different process of manufacture, used only by Kelly, the bead is formed by enclosing strips of insulated braided wire in the loops formed by the cords, which, instead of extending merely from bead to bead as in the ordinary construction, are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer. Thus the bead is actually a *part* of the tire from the first, instead of being set into it later and held in by adhesion.

With the new Kelly construction no flipper strip is necessary, and as the cords are not cut off at the beads, but are continuous and are built in at an absolutely uniform tension the tire naturally has more "give" and flexibility. The bead *cannot* break out or separate, and since there is no flipper strip to cause a stiffening of that part of the sidewall nearest the rim, a source of possible trouble is removed.

***We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that this new construction is not a mere "selling point," but is a real advance in tire building that means a definite and tangible value to the tire user.***




# "Mike K . . . . . k (Certificate No. 1395) Is Totally Disabled"

Writes the Secretary-Treasurer of a large Pennsylvania company whose employees are insured against death or disability under a group policy. The doctor ordered Mike to stop work, and he goes back to his home and family a liability. Mike didn't die. Mike wasn't injured in an accident. But Mike is permanently disabled, and The Prudential pays the full amount of life insurance under the total disability clause. Thus group life insurance is reaching out and helping people while they are alive. Let the Prudential Home Office or a local representative tell you about this and other valuable features.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Edward D. Duffield, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 121)

a pool of water as the rain continued, persisted in returning to his eyes.

He had, when he started out, no actual intention of stopping to see the Aclund girl; but when he had crossed the bridge at the foot of the long grade, and came in sight of her father's farm, he abruptly made up his mind that he must see her. He did not know what he expected to find; it did not occur to him that DeBemm, if he took shelter anywhere, might well have chosen to come here where he might fairly have counted upon a welcome. He turned into the farmyard more from impulse than reasoned plan and alighted from his buggy and went to the kitchen door. The girl opened it to him.

He had a vague impression that she wore a different dress, a little more faded than the other had been, patched and old. For the rest, her aspect was as he remembered it had always been—that is to say, she was merely a dull country girl, with sagging garments, sagging shoulders, sagging hands. She met his eyes with blank and uninterested glance and stood holding the door open without inviting him in. Beyond her, Saladine saw her father sitting in a chair by the stove, a red flannel shawl over his shoulders and his feet in the door of the oven.

He watched Saladine with the belligerent alertness of a hostile dog.

Saladine, grateful that the father could not hear what he said, spoke to the girl.

"Mr. DeBemm ain't here, is he?" he asked.

She betrayed no surprise, no particular interest.

"Huh-uh."

"Have you seen him?"

She shook her head.

"I mean, was he here yest'day?"

"He come in the afternoon," she replied.

"He did?"

"For a drink of water," she explained. "I give it to him. He went on away."

"Which way did he go?"

She pointed—"That way."

Old Aclund cackled a question from his chair, demanding to know what Saladine wanted; but they paid him no attention.

Saladine said slowly, "He didn't get back to Motley's last night, nor this morning. I was wondering if anything had happened to him."

"I dunno," she replied without interest.

"I was kind of worried."

Her eyes met his glassily, and he had a momentary impression that she was pale. The rain slatted against his back, blew in her face as she drew back a little into the kitchen.

"I'm getting you wet," he said apologetically.

"I'm all right," she replied, something curiously hopeless in her tones, as though she knew the folly of what she said.

He said impulsively, "Ain't anything I can do for you, is there?" His own question released a sudden flood of sympathy within him, and he found himself saying, astonishingly, "I can't help seeing you're worried. I'd like to—to do something. You can figure I'm ready to, any time."

He had a fleeting impression that her eyes changed color; for a moment thought he had a glimpse of that mysterious and baffling beauty which she once had worn. Then she shook her head, lowering her glance again.

"There ain't a thing anybody can do for me," she said stolidly.

He could not be sure whether this was meant to be an assertion that she needed nothing, or a confession of the hopelessness of her position. She was—and this had not occurred to him before—little more than a girl. Perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old. To her he must seem almost an old man; and this realization made him suddenly lonely and tired. He drew back, away from her. Old Aclund was vociferating his demands that they include him in their conversation; he was full of loud interrogations.

Saladine, two or three steps removed from the doorsill, his big figure cloaked in sheets of rain, said to the girl, "I can see things, guess things." He remembered her name, and used it awkwardly, yet with a strange pleasure. "Louise," he said. She was so used to being called Lou that this drew her eyes to his and held them, fascinated and attentive. "I just happened to come into this," he told her gently. "But I can't put it out of my mind. There may be trouble out of it—or something. I can feel things I can't put a finger on or a word to. I just only want you should know that you can call on me."

She asked surprisedly, "Why?"

He could find no answer, was silenced by her question.

"Well, you can," he repeated, and backed away.

He climbed into the buggy, and he was astonished to find himself trembling and shaken. Something emanated from the girl, some force, some wave of sensation or emotion, which was strangely poignant; he had again that sense of guilt, as though he were accused. He swung the horse with sudden vehemence, clucking the beast into a run, its hoofs splotting in the mud. But as he turned into the road he looked back toward the house and saw her watching from the window—watching him take the way that would lead to the old Darny place. It seemed to him there had been in her posture something suggestive of an overpowering emotion. Anger? Or grief? Or fear?

VI

THIS was one of those days when it is impossible to believe that the sun will ever shine again. From the east and the northeast scuds of mist and low cloud came rolling over the hills, spilling their burden of rain in spiteful gusts, in steady drenching torrents, or in spitting drops so fine they were almost impalpable. The crests of even the lower hills were hidden in the hurrying banks of gray cloud, so that to Saladine, in the lowlands, it was as though he were in the bottom of a cup, the gray mists pressing down smotheringly. The wind came raggedly, its pressure increasing, then dying away again; and it was fitful and uncertain where it wished to go, thrusting now west, now southwest, now southerly. But upon its wings it bore a relentless army of saturated clouds, from which drenching rain spilled as though it would never be done. It was impossible to discover any paler spot in the cloud canopy that might have revealed the location of the sun; the heavens were all one vast, gray sieve.

Saladine sat a little hunched forward in his seat, the heavy woolen horse blanket across his knees, the hood of the buggy protecting his back and shoulders. He did not hurry the horse; he was not particularly impatient. The beast plodded on, and as he put down his large hoofs mud and water splashed in a circular pattern from the impact. The wheel tracks were full of water, which flowed this way or that according to the particular inclination of the ground; and the beaten footway between the wheel tracks was also submerged, a succession of little pools. When the horse lifted a hoof for each new step, water dripped from it as water drips from the end of a lifted oar, making a pattern like that of an arrow without barbs upon the surface of the standing water before the hoof's descent splattered the yellow muck in every direction again.

At the crossroads a little way beyond Aclund's, Saladine turned toward the village; and since the rain now came more in his face, he pulled the horse blanket higher about his body and tugged at the peak of his cap to keep the water out of his eyes. The gusty wind drove it into his face, washing along his cheeks and chin and down his neck, and he grew wetter and wetter. This road was narrow, bushes growing close along its sides, and now and then a slatting branch deposited its load of moisture in his lap and the water ran in little trickling streams down the folds of the blanket or soaked slowly through to wet his knees. It was a relief presently to come to the lane that led to the old Darny place, and he turned the horse into it, thinking he might drive some way toward the spot where the farmhouse once stood. The tall wet grass entangled itself about the creature's legs; the first steep grade wearied it; bowlders in the ancient wheel ruts tilted the buggy capriciously this way and that; and the wild-cherry trees and the sapling poplars and birches, crowding in upon the borders of the lane, brushed the flanks of the horse and were crushed by the wheels of the buggy as they crowded through.

Saladine did not hurry. There was, after all, no need of haste. There was, he told himself in faint scorn, no need of his going in to the Darny place at all. He would find nothing there. DeBemm was probably safe beside the kitchen stove in some farmhouse between here and the village, waiting for the rain to stop. Once or twice he thought of turning back, but this was intolerable. Something still drove him on, some instinct deeper than reason. He knew he could not rest until he had seen for himself that his vague and scarce-admitted fears were groundless. He knew how preposterous they were; yet they persisted.

He humored the horse as much as he could, allowing the creature to stop for breath after each more arduous effort. From the main road the lane climbed for a considerable distance, then flattened out again, and the way widened, offering a surface of springy turf cropped close by pasturing stock. Once he got out to open the wire-hung gate and lead the horse through and close it after him. The trees opened out and he saw the small slough hole, grown now to a pond of considerable proportions and overflowing the road itself. The horse splashed through the shallow water stolidly. Their coming startled a rabbit—its soft fur glued to its body by the rain—which bounded away ahead of them with uncertain movements, looking startlingly unlike a rabbit with its slender proportions thus revealed. A partridge which had been sheltering under a hemlock beside the lane clucked and twitted and ran away through the undergrowth, unwilling to take wing. The woods on either side were still except for the slither and spatter of the rain; he knew that all the smaller birds must be huddled with ruffled feathers, enduring the downpour as best they might. That rabbit should have been in some dry shelter; he thought it probable that a self-hunting dog or perhaps a weasel had routed it from its security and driven it through the drenching grasses of the marshy lands around the slough hole until its fur was heavy with water.

He came at last to where a strand or two of wire had been strung across the lane. This forced him to abandon the horse and buggy and go forward on foot. The horse, normally a bay, was black with wetness now. Saladine turned the beast under a spruce which offered some shelter, and put the heavy blanket across its back and left the creature there with drooping head and one hind leg relaxed, submissively accepting the downpour. He was by this time himself so wet that rain no longer mattered. There was a chill in the wind, and the exertion of walking brought an agreeable warmth back to his limbs. He crawled under the wire, down on hands and knees where water stood spongily among the grass roots; and as he went on, water splashed about his feet. He ceased to try to pick his way, accepted the fact that he was wet, and found an easier mind in this acceptance.

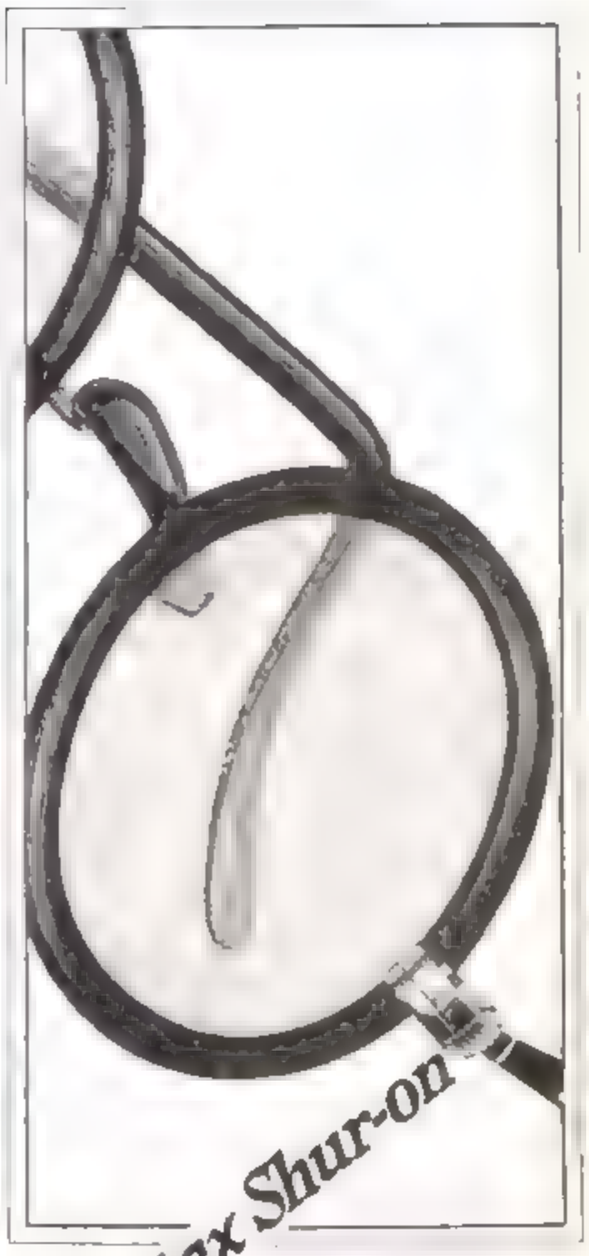
After a few paces he emerged from the trees and saw ahead of him and at the top of a short, steep ascent the clover-clad terraces and the flat-crested eminence where the Darny house had stood. There was the end of his course, the goal of this somewhat ridiculous excursion which he had undertaken. He smiled at himself and at his own persistence. Well, another two or three minutes would settle it. Climb the last fence, breast the stiff slope of the terrace, look down into the cellar hole, and then—the abrupt contrast amused him—go home and get into dry clothes and eat dinner.

As his head rose above the crest and he saw no easel standing where it had stood on Sunday, he nodded as though this confirmed his expectations. But in the next moment he remembered that Motley had said DeBemm took no painting materials with him on his departure the afternoon before, and this remembrance prepared him for the discovery he made a moment later.

For when he came to the lip of the pit that had been the old cellar hole, he saw something like a heap of garments lying half submerged in the water which had collected in the bottom of the ancient excavation. That this was not merely a heap of garments he knew without a second glance. It seemed strangely flat and without character, yet there a hand appeared, and a foot protruded at a curious angle, and upon the pale whiteness of a face beat down the pitiless rain, washing it bloodless as the face of a marble man.

DeBemm!

Saladine, who had been troubled and uncertain, stood for a moment on the brink of the cellar hole, looking down; and in the presence of this very definite and tragic discovery his accustomed poise and assurance returned to him and his perplexities were all resolved. It was in some vague way a relief to know that the worst had come to pass; here was at least something tangible with which he might grapple. There was a question to be answered. The current of

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life had been disturbed; the disturbance must be ironed out and a smooth and orderly surface created or restored. He nodded, lifting his head a little and straightening his shoulders as though formally accepting this responsibility; and having done so he went around the lip of the pit, watching his footsteps, until he came to the other side where the wall was somewhat crumbled and he could easily descend into the bottom of the hole. Having done so he crossed to where DeBemm lay, and made, without moving from his tracks, a long and careful inspection of the position of the body, its situation and the conformation of its surroundings.

DeBemm lay in the very deepest part of the old cellar. He was at the foot of a section of the wall which had escaped the disintegrating effect of frost, of rain, of the years. This intact part of the wall was perhaps eight feet high. Elsewhere the old stones, laid without cement or mortar to bind them, had sagged inward or actually fallen; grass had taken root upon them; berry bushes had found a hold. Where a bulkhead must once have been, you might have pushed a wheelbarrow from the cellar up to level ground, so gradual was the ascent. From every other side, the pit sloped down to the spot where DeBemm lay; and here the rain had collected, forming a little pool. Saladine remembered there had been a little water here even on Sunday; he thought it probable that this deep corner of the cellar was never wholly dry. Water collecting here was probably slow to drain away.

DeBemm, he saw, had fallen into the cellar from the level at the top of the wall. This was not a long fall; it need not have been fatal. Yet the man must have struck on his head, probably broken his neck. He was certainly quite dead; and Saladine, examining his posture, thought DeBemm had not moved at all after falling here. He must have been standing almost on the spot where, the Sunday before, his easel had been set. What was it that had overbalanced him? What was it that had precipitated his fall?

Seeking an answer to these questions Saladine climbed out of the cellar again, without touching the body, and went around the outside to the spot where DeBemm must have been standing. Clover grew thickly here; red clover, matted and heavy. It was, Saladine found, well trodden down; for DeBemm had set his easel in this spot on more than one day. There were little holes in the sod, which Saladine discovered with his fingers, where the points of the tripod had been pushed in. There were other marks, deeper, showing where the legs of the folding stool had been placed. It was impossible to discover any individual footprints, the clover was all matted down. But through the heavy stuff there were faint trails leading this way and that, and showing where DeBemm or Louise Aclund—had moved about during their hours together here. Fifty yards away a massive old stone wall offered an additional elevation from which a broader panorama might be seen; and to this wall there was something like a path, as though the two had often gone that way.

But there was nothing to indicate how it had happened that DeBemm had tripped and tumbled into the pit; and when Saladine was convinced of this he climbed down into the cellar again and knelt beside the body. He decided to lift it and carry it to his buggy and take it to the village; and with this intent in mind he picked it up from the pool and bore it in his arms up to the level and laid it there, his movements very gentle.

Having done so, and rising for a moment to his full height, he saw what he had missed before. In one of DeBemm's half-open hands, caught about the fingers, there was a piece of cloth.

This bit of cloth, sodden and muddy, nevertheless was to Saladine a blazing revelation. He took it very gently in his hands and spread it out upon his palm, examining it intently. Obscured though its pattern was by rain and by mud, he could not be mistaken. This was a bit of calico, faded and worn, marked with a simple design. He had seen such a pattern before, could not be mistaken in this. It was a fragment of the calico dress Louise Aclund had been used to wear; and Saladine remembered with abrupt enlightenment that he had noticed, an hour or two ago, she was differently clad.

This piece seemed to have been torn from the front of the dress, near the collar. There was a double hem along one side of it, and making an angle with this was an edge which had formed one member of a seam. The piece of calico was triangular; the third side was torn in a straight line, save where at the hem the stouter resistance of the doubled cloth had somewhat diverted the strain.

Saladine found this his discovery singularly eloquent; the fragment of Louise Aclund's dress seemed to him to cry out with many voices, telling him what had happened. He was abruptly filled with a fierce and surging tide of anger so vehement that he trembled and shuddered, and for a little time he knew no other emotion than this. He must have stood for some little time; and when his senses cleared it was to find that he held the telltale thing between his hands, as though to protect it against the slattering rain which lashed and laved him—to protect it. The significance of this was clear to him; he understood himself, recognized his own powerful determination. There could be no remedying that which had been done; but it was possible, must be possible, to avoid any extension of the tragedy, to prevent its encroaching upon other lives. The opportunity to protect Louise Aclund he found extraordinarily sweet; his heart warmed at the prospect; and after a little while his usual calm and reasoning mind addressed itself to this task.

It was with this purpose that he returned again to the bottom of the cellar hole and crossed to the spot where DeBemm had lain. Standing here at the base of the wall, he examined it, toward the top, and at once found what he sought. There was one large slab of stone, perhaps two or three feet long and six inches thick, which formed, as it were, a parapet and had once been the support of the sill of the old house. From beneath this stone, with some care, Saladine began to pry the smaller fragments which supported it. He worked them out with his fingers and let them drop where they would, as though, dislodged by ancient frosts, they had fallen naturally. If there had been turf at the bottom of the wall, this must have revealed the fact that they had fallen only recently; but here had been that little stagnant pool of water; there was mud at the bottom; and Saladine pressed some of these rocks into the mud with his feet and roiled the water so that as the silt settled it would deposit mud upon them, making them seem to have lain here for a long time. He was a skillful woodsman, used to following dim trails; and he worked persistently at this task until he had achieved the effect he desired. He continued until the slab of stone which formed the top of the wall was almost ready to fall of its own weight. Sure of this, he climbed out of the cellar again and went around to the spot from which DeBemm had fallen and threw the weight of one foot upon the weakened stone. After a second or third impact it shifted in its seat, tilted and slid down, splashing in the water at the bottom of the cellar hole. He nodded with a grim satisfaction. DeBemm had trod upon this stone; it had given way beneath his weight; he had fallen to his death. This must appear and this must be credited.

His immediate task done, he faced one less to his taste. He had already decided to take DeBemm to the village, to Motley's house; and to this end he now laboriously carried the body down the terrace and lifted it across the fence, traversed the intervening distance to the other wire barrier and lifted his burden over those strands too. Before picking it up again, he cramped the wheel of the buggy which stood near by, the horse looking over his shoulder to watch proceedings with incurious attention.

It did not occur to Saladine that he might ride in the buggy. When he had made all ready, he untied the horse and took its bridle rein and began to lead it down the lane toward the main road. He walked at the creature's head, the rain pelting in his face, the wet grasses brushing his knees, the boughs of the encroaching poplar and birch saplings slashing at him. A great warmth of satisfaction filled his heart, and a great fund of tenderness and devotion. His thoughts were full of the girl, he forgot that which rode so soddenly in the buggy behind him.

Reaching the main road, he turned toward the village; stopped for a moment to consider whether he should go at once to reassure Louise, then pressed on again. She would be, he knew, in an agony of uncertainty and terror; yet he thought she could endure this, and he would go to her by and by when he could assure her that there was nothing to fear. Thus deriding, he pressed on, his feet slopping through the mud, the horse plodding sedately behind him, its head bobbing up and down at his elbow. Once or twice he made sure the burden in the buggy was secure. His road led through the lowlands, the depths of the black swamp on his right hand, the slightly higher ground of the flat on his left. For a mile or more he met no one, saw no living person. Then an automobile came from behind him and passed him, those inside secluded behind close-fastened curtains, paying him no heed. By and by he crossed the river at the bridge by an abandoned mill and met the Liberty road, and swung toward the village, his way now near its end.

At Gay Hunt's mill, just before he reached the village, Gay and Luke Hills saw him and hailed him curiously; and he stopped the horse and beckoned them. They came reluctantly, turning up their coats against the rain; but when he showed them what rode in the buggy they forgot the downpour and walked on with him toward the village.

At the store Saladine stopped to ask Will Bissell to telephone to East Harbor and report the accident.

"He fell into that old cellar hole on the Darny place," he explained. "One of the slabs in the wall let go under him. Broke his neck."

"You going to take him to Lee's?" Bissell asked; and Saladine nodded.

Bissell promised to notify Gorfinkle, the round-faced little man whose office it was to do the last services in such cases, and Saladine returned to his horse and led it on down the little grade to the bridge and up the ascent on the other side, turning toward Motley's farm.

By the time he got there, a small train of curious persons had joined him; and when the body had been borne into the room DeBemm had occupied, Saladine had to tell his story again and again. It was simple, circumstantial and complete. He explained that, wandering aimlessly about the countryside the Sunday before, he had come upon DeBemm at work beside the old cellar hole. They found in the man's room a canvas with a recognizable scene upon it, which Saladine identified as the one upon which the painter had been occupied. Motley remembered that DeBemm had said in the store, Monday evening, that Saladine had happened upon him while he was at work.

"He didn't want me to tell where he was," Saladine reminded Lee. "Didn't want to be bothered."

"Yuh," Motley agreed; "that's so."

"But when he didn't come back this morning, I got to thinking," Saladine said frankly. "I thought maybe something might have happened to him. It looked funny to me he hadn't telephoned if he was going to wait till the rain stopped. I knew he hadn't meant to do any painting, hadn't took his things with him. But I thought maybe he'd gone out there—so I went to see. And there he was."

They were too used to Saladine's resourcefulness, to his surprising trick of discovering a hidden truth, to find anything surprising in this narrative. He had their respect; they knew his powers. That he should be the one to discover DeBemm's body was to be expected. It was as easy for them to credit his explanation of what had happened.

"You can see where the rock fell under him," he explained. "He must have been looking around, thinking about something else, and he got too near the edge."

He found, as he had expected, that there was a certain morbid curiosity to see the spot itself, and so presently he and Motley in his buggy, and two or three others in Gay Hunt's car were returning over the road by which Saladine had come, to inspect the scene of the tragedy. Saladine felt sure the steady rain would by this time have covered the traces of his own handiwork, have made all seem in order; he had no misgivings, was rather pleased that they should go to see for themselves, so that they would be ready to confirm what he had said. The triangular piece of calico was in the side pocket of his coat, and now and then he touched it with his hand, finding a solid satisfaction in assuring himself it still was there.

They all walked up the long lane together, talking little, plodding in the rain, and they came to the old cellar hole and gravely inspected it, climbing down to the bottom and up to the top again, and Saladine showed them where the easel had been set, and he pointed out the fallen slab of stone. They speculated wisely, considering what had happened. None of them had been particularly attracted to the dead man, but they spoke no ill of him now. In fact Lee Motley said, with a sensibility surprising even to Saladine, "Kind of hate to think of him lying all night in the rain."

"I had a notion to come over here last night," Saladine confessed. "But it looked to me I'd be kind of foolish. I figured the way we all did, that he'd put up somewhere between here and the village."

They nodded. This was reasonable enough.

"But I got a kind of a feeling this morning," Saladine explained. "Well, it's lucky I did; lucky I happened to see him here Sunday. There ain't anyone comes here once a month, only by accident, this way."

There was, after all, very little for them to see; and the rain was persistent and—so long as they stood still—cold and uncomfortable. So by and by they started back down the lane to the road. Hunt had room for Motley in his car, so Saladine said he would go home the back way. It was much shorter than by way of the village. At the road, therefore, they separated. He watched them drive away, then climbed into his buggy and started in the opposite direction. He was full of satisfaction in the success of his measures; full of warm and protective feeling toward the Aclund girl.

He decided to stop and tell her what he had found, to reassure her and quiet her fears, for—she must be racked with terror. Beneath her gray and stolid exterior she must have suffered tormenting agonies this day.

It was pleasant to think that he could bring her some relief, could at least dull the edge of her worst apprehensions.

### VII

HE HAD gone but a little way along the road toward her house when he saw her coming toward him. She had an old woolen shawl like a blanket over her head and shoulders; and she wore a short oilskin coat that had once been yellow, was now faded and cracked and blistered so that it afforded but a meager protection against the weather. Avoiding the mud in the roadway, she walked in the grass at one side, keeping her precarious way between the slough of the ditch and the little stream of water that flowed along the wheel tracks. Her draggled skirts clung wetly about her legs, folding upon themselves, sticking together, ripping apart again. A pair of men's high rubbers, such as are worn over felt boots by most men in Fraternity when the snows lie deep along the roads, gave her feet some protection. But though she had made these preparations against the storm it was obvious that she was forgetful of her own comfort now; for she strode forward boldly and the rain beat in her face and against her throat and she did not even bow her head to meet it.

The intensity of her own purpose or some inner concentration must have blinded her to the outward aspects of the world; for though Saladine saw her coming a little way off it was evident that she did not perceive the approach of the buggy until the horse was scarce his own length away from her. Then Saladine, pulling up the beast, saw her stop rigidly in pale dismay; and next moment, without a cry or other manifestation of affright, she had leaped the ditch beside the road and gone plunging into a thick growth of alders there, fighting to be through the barrier they presented. Saladine sprang to the ground and after her; he overtook her while she was still thus entangled, and after a moment when she fought against him the girl submitted to his grasp. He held her by the shoulders and drew her toward the road and led her to where the buggy was.

"Get in, Louise," he told her steadily. "Get in, out of the wet."

She looked at him with humble eyes and he saw that it was as though she had collapsed, as though the high fortitude of steady purpose had gone out of her. So little was she in control of her limbs that he had almost to lift her to the seat; she huddled away from him as he climbed in beside her. But when he spoke to the horse and the creature started on she made a swift movement as though to leap out of the vehicle, so that he had to catch her arm and hold her fast. She struggled against his hand in a spasmodic, fitful way.

"I got to go," she muttered under her breath. "I got to go."

He said gently, "Tell me where you are going to."

(Continued on Page 131)

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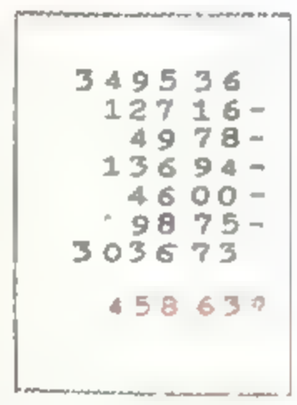


④ In subtracting a series of checks from a given balance, the new Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" not only automatically subtracts each check as listed, but it also prints the sum of the checks thus subtracted as well as the correct new balance whether positive or negative.

⑤ In figuring discounts, the new Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" not only prints the net amount of the item discounted, but the amount of the discount as well.

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Continued from Page 126

This injunction seemed to startle her, to remind her of the need of caution; for she relaxed in her seat again and looked at him sidewise with a flash of furtive eyes. Her lips were compressed.

"Where was you going to?" he insisted quietly.

She weighed her answer; then said obscurely, "Back that way."

"Where to?"

"To—town," she declared.

Saladine did not at once comment upon this declaration. His eyes upon the road, he waited for her to recover herself a little. The horse, plodding on, had come to the crossroads, where the left-hand way led down to her home. Saladine turned the beast so that the wind was behind them and brought it to a halt, and they sat still, sheltered by the hood of the buggy.

He said then, reassuringly, "I thought you was maybe going up to Darny's. I've been up there."

He felt her movement by his side, but he did not look at her. It was not with any thought of forcing her to speak, but rather to give her time to collect her strength that he remained silent. But the girl was unable to endure this silence.

She said in a low, hoarse tone, "Well, I was going there. I was going to see if he was there."

"That man that painted pictures?" Saladine suggested. "Yes, I thought he might be there myself. That's why I went up. I found him. An accident happened to him, Louise. They've took him back to Motley's. I took him back myself."

He felt her rapt attention without looking toward her.

"He'd fell into that cellar hole and broke his neck and killed himself," he said steadily.

Her shoulder—so cramped and narrow was the seat—touched his. Through this contact was now communicated to him her long shudder; he felt her flesh tremble and quake and twitch in spasmodic waves and gusts of terrible physical reaction to the word he had spoken. He was not conscious that he spoke or moved, nor that she uttered any sound; but something she did startled the horse. Perhaps with that psychic sympathy sometimes seen in animals, the beast felt the impact of her sudden despair and terror. He made a start of affright, as though at an alarming noise behind him; and Saladine curbed him quickly with a strong hand upon the reins. The girl at Saladine's side still shuddered and trembled with rhythmic, recurrent contractions of every muscle of her body. He could not help thinking how a dog, curled up and sleeping in a cold place, shivers and shakes with slow and persistent regularity; now still, now drawing into a tighter ball as the tremors seize upon its flesh. Thus the girl shuddered at his side; and he felt the quavers of her body running through his own; and great deeps of sympathy and tenderness opened in him, so that with a low exclamation he turned to her and said assuringly, "You mustn't do that. You haven't any cause to act that way. You're cold and wet. I'll take you on home."

"I ain't cold," she whispered through set teeth.

"You're sopped through"

She shook her head, and he saw that her eyes were fixed, and he thought she forgot she was not alone.

"He said he was going away," she whispered between stiff lips. "He hadn't ought to have said that. He oughtn't to have." Her hands thrust out as though to put aside some fearful recollection. "But I didn't think he was dead! I didn't think he was dead!" she wailed.

"He just happened to step on a loose slab," Saladine told her carefully. "It let him down and he fell on his head; that's all. He got too near the cellar."

"I didn't see how near he was!" she cried.

"Why, he must have been standing right on the edge," said the man. "Probably he turned around too quick or something."

"He said he was going away and I got mad," she muttered.

Saladine touched her arm and shook his head.

"You been thinking too much about it," he protested. "Why, you talk like you thought you'd had something to do with it!"

"He laughed at me and I hit at him," the girl persisted.

"You're imagining that, Louise," he told her insistently. "I looked all around—up there. You could see the tracks in the grass. You see, there was a big flat slab on top of the cellar wall there." He elaborated the details. "Frost and weather had worked out some of the small stuff under it, till it must have been right ready to fall. Then he'd been standing looking at the view off along the cant of the ridge, and he must have swung around and stepped too far out on that slab." He added apologetically, "I was pretty near going to look for him last night, when he didn't come home on time."

She seemed faintly bewildered by his persistence, as though his very assurance made her reluctant to credit her own tormented memories.

"He had hold of my dress," she said in pitiful perplexity. "He grabbed hold of it when he started to fall. He tore a piece away."

Saladine caught her appealing eyes with his and smiled at her.

"Now that just goes to show," he argued in a matter-of-fact tone—"that just goes to show. You've gone and dreamed that part. You know, when I was up there Sunday, and coming back down? Well, I see then where you'd caught your dress on that wire fence across the lane. There was a piece of cloth on one of the barbs. I've got it to home."

Her eyes were fixed on his.

"I saw it in his hand," she whispered.

He shook his head.

"I picked him up," he assured her. "There wan't a thing in his hand, nor anywheres around. I've got that piece of your dress to home."

A new shade of expression crossed her countenance.

"What did you take it home with you for?"

"Why, I just happened to pick it off the wire," he told her, "and I stuck it in my pocket and forgot all about it till I got home."

His insistence was working a slow change in her. At the moment of their first encounter, she was in blind haste to discover the truth, to confirm or dissipate the terrors which had been tormenting her. Intercepted by him, she had submitted, become supine and hopeless again; then sought some surcease from her own agony in confession, only to have this confession contradicted, attacked with definite disproof, its effect all nullified. It had been a relief to confess; to have this relief denied her woke in her faint seeds of opposition.

Because he told her she had imagined this horror, she wished to convince him it was truth, and she said in a louder tone, "You couldn't have did that. I didn't tear it Sunday."

He was willing to divert her thoughts from the terror which filled them.

"Why, I noticed it was tore when I first saw you," he insisted.

She rubbed her hand across her eyes as though to clear away a veil from before them. The rain, coming in a fiercer gust, drove against the hood of the buggy over their heads, and the horse winced under it.

She observed this, and said, "The horse is shivering."

"I'll take you on home," Saladine offered, and turned the beast in that direction.

She was silent, her eyes fixed on the bobbing ears of the horse. The rain now beat in their faces, and Saladine drew the blanket about her waist and across his own knees. For the little distance between the crossroads and her home, he talked in matter-of-fact tones about what had occurred.

"I took him in to Motley's," he explained. "And Motley and some others came back with me, so we all saw just how it happened he fell. You could see it all plain. Funny to think that the frost had been working for twenty years just to get ready to pull that slab out from under his foot at the wrong time." His voice was low and thoughtful. "I wonder who laid that wall up in the first place. Probably a hundred years ago. Don't suppose whoever it was ever figured that one slab would do such a business after this long time. A thing like that happening makes you know it was meant to happen, just like it had been figured out beforehand."

They drew near her father's barn, its end presented to the road, the house and shed extending at an angle from it. She stirred herself here and bade him let her down. He would have turned into the yard, but she forbade this. As she alighted, the old setter barked from the shed, his dim eyes discovering the bulk of the horse and buggy without identifying the girl. Her drenched and sagging figure, standing in the rain as he drove away, remained in Saladine's vision. He looked back once to see her go with stumbling steps toward the barn, and he wondered why she did not go into the house. Then a new burst of rain forced him to watch his way; and the hoofs of the horse sounded hollowly on the bridge across the brook, then resumed their splashing in the mud and water as the creature began to breast the hill.

Before he got home, Saladine began to realize that he was hungry. He had eaten no midday meal; it now drew toward suppertime. The horse was also eager to be home, and made good time. When they turned into the familiar farmyard Saladine saw that another vehicle had been driven into shelter inside the barn doors and recognized it as belonging to Bert. When he himself alighted, Bert came out from the kitchen and greeted him.

Jim said mildly, "Heard what happened, have you?"

Bert nodded.

"Margaret and me were down to the village a while ago. They said you'd started home. What kep' you?"

"I run into that girl," Jim explained. "She was heading for the Darny place, about wild; and I had to quiet her down."

"Margaret's in the house," Bert said. "She's got coffee on the stove and she started some eggs when you come in sight. Go on in and eat. I'll put up the horse."

"I am kind of hungry," Saladine confessed.

"She tell you what happened?" Bert inquired, as he loosed the traces; and Saladine, from the door of the shed, nodded.

"I'll tell you by 'nd by," he promised.

In the kitchen Margaret met him with that solicitude always provoked in women by the discovery that one of their menfolks has permitted himself to become rain-soaked. She bundled Jim into his own room and bade him get into warm garments and bathe his feet in hot water and drink a glass of elderberry cordial. By the time he had obeyed her, Bert had come from the stable; and under Bert's questioning Jim told them both what had happened. They listened quietly enough.

But when he was done, Margaret said quickly, "She knew it wasn't true."

Jim looked at her in some surprise.

"Knew what wasn't true?"

"About the piece out of her dress. Don't you suppose a woman knows about her clothes?"

"She was all upset," Jim protested. "I thought it kind of quieted her down."

"Where is the piece?" Margaret demanded, and he brought it and showed it to her.

She spread it between her hands, all soiled and wet as it was, and went to rinse it clean with hot water and hang it behind the stove to dry. While she did so, she enlightened Jim upon matters too obscure for his masculine psychology.

"She knew you were lying," she explained. "Oh, she might have believed she had imagined the horrible part of it. But when you said you found this last Sunday, then she knew it was a lie. Now she's wondering why you took all that trouble to lie to her—what you meant by it." She looked at him attentively. "What did you mean by it, Jim?" she asked.

"I didn't want her worrying about what she'd done," he explained lamely.

"She's a stolid sort of person, isn't she? Not the sort to worry. Philandering with a man, tussling with him—and he falls into a hole and kills himself. Do you expect her to worry about that?"

"She was all of a shake," said Jim defensively; and he added, slow color in his cheeks, "nor she never meant philandering either. She thought him a pretty fine man. I think she liked him mighty well." He pursued even further his defense of the girl. "She ain't so dumb-looking either, sometimes," he urged.

Margaret looked at her husband with a glance of understanding and faint amusement and some concern.

"Isn't she?" she asked.

"She was right pretty, Sunday," Jim replied.

Margaret considered this; then she said thoughtfully, "I know just what she's been thinking."

Jim asked quickly, "What do you figure?"

"She knew he was unconscious," Margaret explained, in the manner of one who enumerates agreed points of fact. "But she didn't know he was dead. Then you told her he hadn't gone home the night before and she was wild. But she had to get dinner for her father, so she couldn't go to see for herself—till later. And when she did start—crazy with worry and fear—she met you. And you told her what had happened and she wanted to die." He gave a movement of alarmed understanding, and she repeated quickly, "Yes, Jim. If you had let her alone she'd have just collapsed in the rain and stayed there on the ground till she died—or someone came for her."

"I took her home," he protested.

She nodded.

"She went home with you because she was puzzled by you; because she was wondering why you took the trouble to lie to her. By this time she understands."

"I just wanted to kind of comfort her."

"I mean, she realizes that you know she—killed that man," Margaret explained. She sat still for a moment, considering this; and Jim and Bert watched her. Jim had finished eating the food she set before him. Outside, the rain was still lashing along the ridge; early night was falling. Jim, waiting for her to speak, felt within himself the birth of a new terror; it seemed to him that he guessed what she would say, and he was not surprised when she murmured at last, "She won't be able to bear that."

Jim said reluctantly, "Why won't she?"

"Did you see her go into the house?" Margaret demanded. He shook his head. "Then she didn't go in," Bert's wife declared. "I don't believe she went in at all, Jim!" She came quickly to her feet and her hands clutched at his arm. "Jim, I can see you're moved by this girl. You'd better go find her, Jim"

"This time of night?" he protested.

"It may be too late in the morning."

"Why will it? She ain't like to go away."

"If she's just a stupid, dull wench it won't matter," Margaret told him. "But if there's beauty and spirit in her—and there must be, Jim, because you saw it once—then she isn't going to want to live, for a while. She's going to want to die. If she loved this painter man—and she did, Jim, because that love was the beauty she wore when you saw her—then she will want to die tonight. If she's the sort of woman you can—love, Jim, she'll kill herself before morning. Unless you go to her ——"

Saladine, flogging his horse through the rain five minutes later, racing desperately against a fear impalpable yet terrible, found himself remembering most definitely a single phrase from what Bert's wife had said: "If she's the sort of woman you can love, Jim ——"

With every resource of heart and will and strong wrist and hand, he drove the galloping horse to still more headlong speed.

### VIII

THERE had been no respite from the storm. The strong wind sweeping across the knife-edge crest of the ridge was laden with rain which lay in almost level sheets when the gale blew most terribly.

For the first quarter mile, Jim's way was along the ridge road; and the pressure of the storm on the beast's flank more than once swung the horse out of the road itself and upon the ledges or into the ditch on the west side.

The buggy, its high top acting like a sail, reeled drunkenly in the gusts; and there were moments when Jim thought the wheels on the side to windward actually left the ground. Plunging hoofs of the galloping horse threw up clots and gouts of muddy water which struck in the face of the eager man, who leaned forward to urge the beast to greater speed. A lantern rolled between Saladine's feet. Bert had handed it to him as he swept out of the barn; but he had not stopped to light it. Its illumination would have been small account on such a night; Saladine could only trust to the eyes of the horse, rely upon its ability to sense rather than see its way. Yet he watched to discover the crossroads, and swept past it before he saw the turn, and dragged the excited beast to a stop fifty yards beyond, turning the creature so sharply that the wheels of the buggy cramped and were near overthrowing it. Then back, fighting almost into the teeth of the wind, and then the left-hand turn.

The gale, now at his back, seemed to lift and urge the vehicle forward till a growth of young poplar interspersed with cedars and hemlocks broke the force of the wind, and he came into comparative quiet, the road a black trench between the trees

Continued on Page 133

BEE-VAC

# A Message for Every Home in the Land!

HUNDREDS of thousands of housewives have been economically and completely relieved of home-cleaning drudgery by the *Bee-Vac* Electric Cleaner.

But we want *every* housewife to know about the wonderful *Bee-Vac*, and what it will do for *her*.

The efficient *Bee-Vac* has improvements and special features that you cannot obtain in any other cleaner. These features insure convenient handling, easy running, remarkable cleaning efficiency, and years and years of trouble-free operation.

***Yet you can put this modern, complete, highly effective cleaner in YOUR home to assume all the burdens of cleaning for years to come for only $39.75!***

Just to see and try the efficient *Bee-Vac* will convince you that it is the cleaner you want.

The dealer will also be glad to explain why it is possible to obtain a wonderful cleaner like the *Bee-Vac* at so low a price.

See a *Bee-Vac* dealer today.

BURTON ELECTRIC COMPANY

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

## $39.75

*Why Pay More?*

### *Satisfaction Assured*

Since 1909 we have manufactured dependable electric cleaners. Today, the efficient ***Bee-Vac*** is used throughout the United States, and in many foreign lands.

Above you see illustrated the great new ***Bee-Vac*** plant, with a capacity of 3,000 electric cleaners a day. When you look at this big plant, bear in mind that it is built solely upon the reputation for efficiency and durability, and National popularity, of the ***Bee-Vac*** Electric Cleaner.

Behind the efficient ***Bee-Vac*** therefore, are both a National reputation and a long-established, substantial manufacturing organization that assure complete and lasting satisfaction.

### *Cleaning Attachments*

The ***Bee-Vac*** is especially designed to use extra cleaning attachments. Set of six attachments (costing only a little more) enables you to clean every surface and article in your home—from walls and drapes to upholstery and clothing.

### *Any Dealer is a Bee-Vac Dealer*

Twelve thousand dealers sell the ***Bee-Vac***. You will find one near you. But if you prefer to buy through your favorite dealer and he does not handle the ***Bee-Vac*** just tell him to order one for you from his wholesaler. You'll get quick delivery, and **THREE GUARANTEES** protect you against dissatisfaction of any kind.

### *Write for Jingle Book*

"Little Frisky Speck O'Dirt" grabs his hat and steps lively when he feels the powerful air suction of the ***Bee-Vac***. His adventures told in rhyme, and the funny pictures, delight the kiddies. Write for this unique book. It's free.

(Continued from Page 131)

through which the horse plunged and galloped noisily. For all practical purposes the beast was without guidance or control; so long as the road was even relatively level, Saladine put no weight upon the reins. But when the horse abruptly started the steep descent caution returned to the man's mind, and he checked the animal and held it firmly, his hands gripping the reins, ready to wrench the horse to its feet if it stumbled or threatened to fall.

Yet he still permitted the creature to gallop; and horse and buggy and man plunged down the steep hill toward the swampy land below; and the trees on either hand attained maturer stature, shutting out even the gray-black light that still rode in the sky; and Saladine could see nothing at all, could only hold the reins and be ready for catastrophe. Again and again the swaying buggy left the road, tilting precariously to one side or the other before it was wrenched back to level going. Saladine, his eyes opened, understanding himself and understanding the girl whom he now sought to find, spared neither horse nor gear; only his strong and powerful body fretted and became rigid because there was nothing he himself could do to make better speed. At length his eyes, accustomed to the blackness, perceived a gray light ahead; and a moment later they emerged from the wood, and the planks of the bridge rattled in a loud and hollow clamor beneath hoofs and wheels. Across, and along the sandy level, and up the little pitch; and the Aclund barn lifted against the sky, a black and shapeless bulk. With a great wrench of his arms Saladine swung the horse into the barnyard; the beast came to a trembling and shuddering stop, and Saladine saw a light in the kitchen window. He leaped from the buggy without stopping to tether the horse and ran for the door, and with no knock or summons thrust it open.

Old Joe Aclund, he saw at once, was alone in the kitchen. The ancient, his beard wagging, was busy about the stove; he held in one hand a frying pan in which a yellow and black mass of eggs gave forth a charred and burning odor. Small and withered and irascible, he swung at the sound behind him and saw Saladine in the doorway. The newcomer's great shoulders almost touched the frame on either side. The great yellow oiled coat which he wore gleamed in the pale light; water streamed from him and formed pools upon the floor about his feet.

Before old Aclund could find words, Saladine spoke, demanded sharply, "Where's Louise?"

Aclund, never perhaps quite so deaf as he seemed, apparently understood him.

"Lou?" he repeated. "Where is she at?" His was as much a question as Saladine's. "Went out right after she'd washed the dinner dishes, she did, and not back yet. Her old paw has to git his own victuals. Leaving me here to be hungry as I've a mind to. A fine daughter, that is; and I aim to tell her so too."

Saladine crossed the kitchen in a stride and gripped the old man's shoulder.

"She ain't been back since afternoon?" he demanded.

"Not hide nor hair of her."

"I fetched her back myself," the big man protested. "Set her down in the yard myself, along before dark."

"Think I'm crazy, do you?" Aclund retorted spitefully. "Think I don't know a thing? Think I don't know what I'm talking about?" He made a wide gesture, inviting Saladine to look about the kitchen. "I s'pose you'll say she's here now. Prob'ly she got my supper for me. Prob'ly I've et it, and I'm a-setting by the stove smoking my pipe. Looks like it, don't it now?"

"She went into the barn," said Saladine, half to himself; and he left the old man mumbling to himself, and ran out through the rain to the barn and called aloud there, "Louise! Louise!" The big barn was very still, the lash of rain along the roof accentuating this stillness. Dreadful fear laid hands upon him; and he returned to the buggy and got the lantern and lighted it and came back and made search, afraid of what he might find; but he found nothing. The lantern in his hand, he went through the shed and into the kitchen. "She might be in her room," he shouted to old Aclund, and without ceremony went to see, searching the small house in thirty seconds of time. When he came back into the kitchen, old Aclund was still muttering

"Think a man's crazy," he protested irascibly. "That's all the credit a man gits."

Saladine gave him no heed. He was out in the night again, quieting the excited horse. About him black darkness lay, rain sluicing down. The eye could not extend its vision, even with the lantern's aid, beyond a score of feet or so. She might be anywhere; there were so many places where he might search. The task seemed hopeless, beyond any human power.

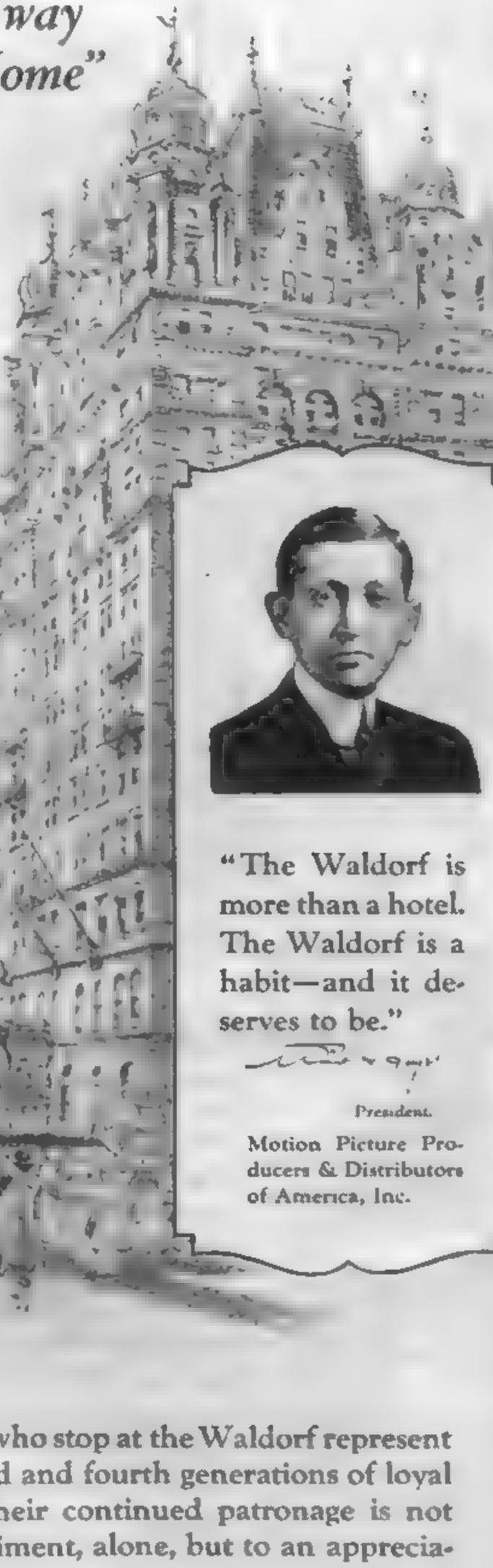
Yet he must find her; and by inspiration or calculation he decided to go along the road toward the village, turn aside to the ancient cellar hole on the Darny place. She had been on her way there when he intercepted her, might have returned there afterward. It was at least a point where his search might begin; it was the focus of this drama; it might well have drawn her. As he climbed into the buggy he saw old Aclund come and shut the door, barring out the rain, concerned only with his own discomforts, with the inconvenient fact that he must cook his own supper; and Saladine hated the man because, although he was her father, he showed no perturbation, was concerned with his own comfort alone. The lashless whip spatted against the horse's rump and Saladine settled himself, the lantern between his feet, to guide and control the creature's galloping flight. He made the turn at the crossroads and fixed his gaze on the left-hand side of the road, watching for the entrance of the old lane. Signs and indications told him when it was near, and he controlled the horse and held it to a slower pace and turned it at last into that lane, flogging it up the steep ascent, the tall grasses tangling about its slim legs. The creature was weary; once and then again it slowed to a walk; at length stopped and stood still, shuddering.

Saladine flung himself to the ground, lantern in hand. He could go more swiftly afoot; and he left the beast there and ran ahead up the lane, the rays of the lantern dancing before him, illumining the drenched and matted grasses, while his feet splashed in the water that soaked their roots or drained in little streams along the ancient ruts. He ran stumblingly, gasping for breath; and he blundered into the barbed wire before he saw it, gashing his legs and entangling his garments. He ripped free without regard for caution, and rolled under the lowest wire and raced across the opening to the other barrier at the foot of the terraced slope; climbed that last fence and breasted the ascent and so stood at last upon the lip of the old cellar hole, a pit of blackness into which the rays of his lantern scarce penetrated, where a few hours before he had found the body of DeBemm.

He could see nothing in the cellar; he tilted the lantern and illumined its every part. She was not there; and when he could breathe he began to shout her name aloud. "Louise! Louise! Louise!" No one replying, the desperate man cast to and fro, circling the spot, holding his lantern high and calling to her still. He came back to look into the cellar again; he went down toward the lane and climbed the fence and looked along the borders of the way. He returned to follow the fringe of the woods to the north; broke back again, casting about like a baffled hound. Something gleamed in the lantern light off to one side, and he saw the old stone wall there upon which DeBemm must sometimes have climbed to look abroad; and Saladine went that way. Nothing lay this side of the stone wall; but he remembered that its direction was such as to give shelter from the driving rain, and he went through a break in it to the other side. Thick ferns grew here; the fragrant wild fern of New England pastures, sometimes called Indian tobacco. The stuff was tall and stout, as high as a man's thighs; and Saladine saw that here and there it had been ripped up by the roots or plucked off, and there were tramplings in it. He plowed through it toward an angle of the wall.

And so, with a great cry, he came upon the girl. She lay in a small heap, not at length, but curled upon herself, her head buried in her arms, the old oiled coat covering her shoulders, the drenched and sodden shawl hiding her head. Upon her feet, extended, her legs outlined by her thin and saturated skirts, he saw the heavy rubbers she had worn, incongruous and dreadful. He cried her name, but she did not stir; and the man went upon his knees beside her, the lantern in his left hand, his right lifting the shawl which covered her head. It was like a sponge in his hand, and water drained from it. Her face, beneath, was washed so white it seemed lifeless, and she did not move. Her lips were a little parted, pale and still; and he at first believed her dead.


The World's "Home Away From Home"



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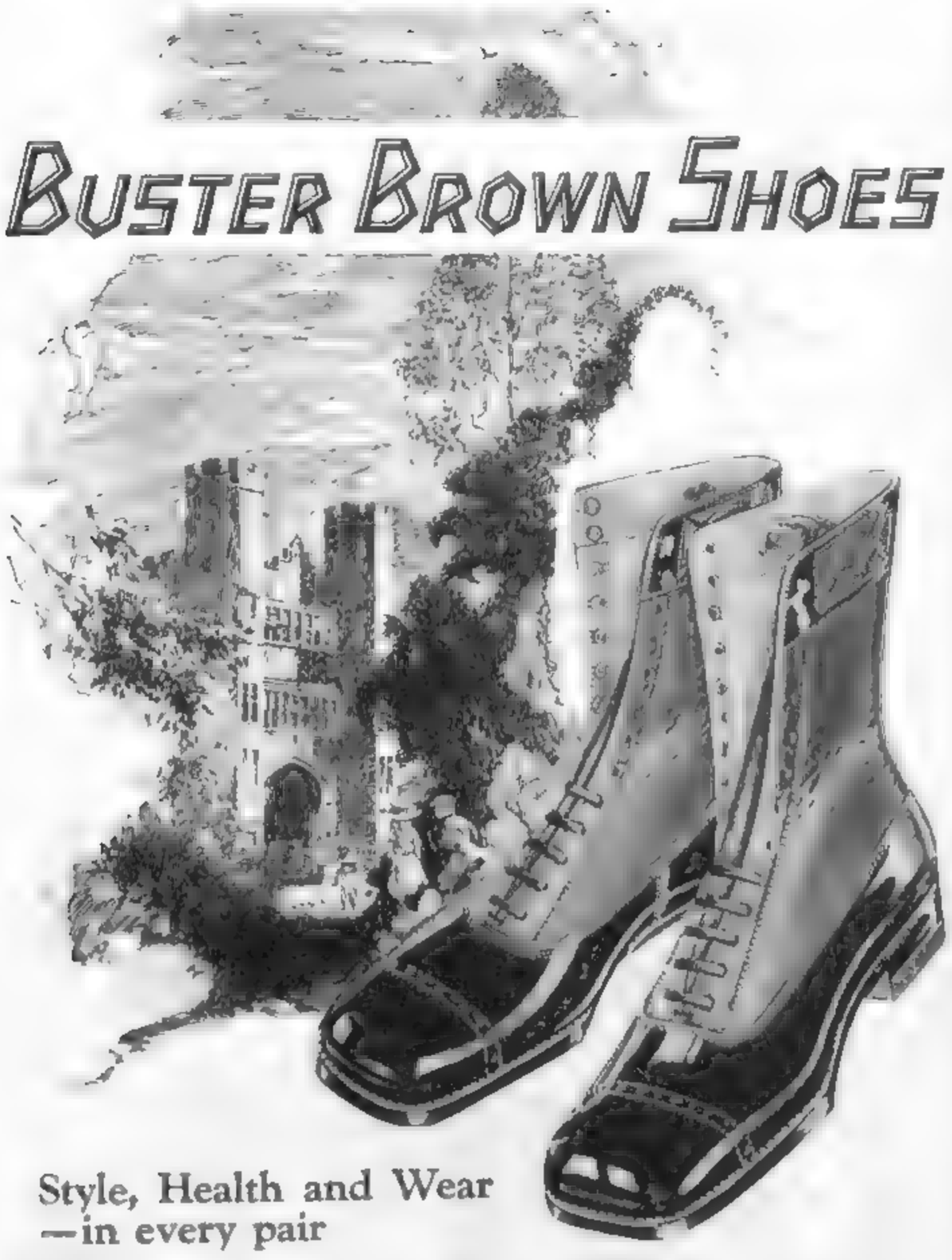
# BUSTER BROWN SHOES



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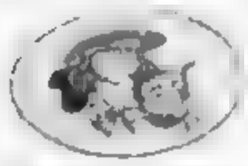

*Buster's picture in every pair.*

In these shoes both boys and girls get correct style, positive health-protection and lasting wear — at prices ranging from $3.50 and up.

The latest style designs and the most dependable leathers are found in Buster Brown Shoes — the only shoes built upon the Brown Shaping Lasts.

These lasts insure the proper support for the correct development of growing feet, and thus prevent all foot-troubles.

This health-insurance costs you nothing —but is worth much because shapely, healthy feet are priceless.

Good stores everywhere sell and endorse Buster Brown Shoes. Ask your dealer to tell you why they are so economical.

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**For Women — for Men**

In shoes, women demand style — men demand comfort. In Brownbilt Shoes you will find both style and comfort — plus dependable leathers and superior shoemaking. At $6 to $10 these shoes are unexcelled. Your dealer has them, or can get them for you.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

*Manufacturers*


But there was a reassuring limpness in the shoulder under his hand. He sat back on his knees for an instant, cool now in this emergency, the turmoil of his senses precipitated by this his discovery. She must be warmed back to life again. He remembered, down at the fringe of the wood, an old white birch or two, a hemlock with spreading boughs, a thicket of young spruce; and he picked her up in his arms and held her high across his breast and bore her down the hill to the spot, the lantern abandoned where he had found her by the wall, its rays illumining the matted heap of fern, like a woodland couch, upon which she had lain.

In the lee of the woods, beneath the outspreading hemlock boughs, like a rude canopy, he laid her down; and having abandoned her there, he found a gaunt old stump, weathered to an even gray, and dragged it near; and he plucked brittle lower branches, killed by the dense surrounding growth, from the young spruce saplings; and he tore a handful of bark from the nearest birch tree. His match caught, the birch bark sizzled and smoked and gave birth to a bright flame; the twigs took fire from it; a blaze leaped upward. And the man in a frenzy of swift and reasoned effort found more wood and more till the flames leaped high. Their tips singed the hemlock boughs overhead, but he gave this fact no heed; or, if he thought of it at all, was sure that in this drenching rain there could be no danger that the fire would spread. For the rain still pitilessly fell, large drops descending in a steady bombardment from the boughs above their heads. They spat and steamed upon the fire, but could not dim it; and Saladine broke down young dead spruce trees and piled them on his fire until the flames hewed out of the saturated night a cavern filled with light and radiant heat.

Only when he was sure the fire would thrive did he turn his attention to the girl again. She had not moved from where he laid her; and he lifted her, resting her shoulders along his arm, and rudely tugged away her old oilskin coat, clammy and cold, and threw aside her sopping shawl. He even stripped away her outer garments, so that the heat of the fire could strike upon her body; and he flung his own coat across a low bough above her to give some meager shelter; and he chafed her arms and legs and her sides with his harsh hands. His measures were rough, they were well-nigh brutal. One watching would have been tempted to protest at his ruthless handling of the girl's senseless flesh. The ground beneath her was wet; he moved her so that she half sat upon a spot a little higher than its surroundings, well carpeted with needles. Her shoulders rested against his breast; his head bowed above her, sheltering her from the pitiless and chilling rain, and he bundled and wrestled her to and fro, chafing her skin, slapping her arms and sides till his hands smarted, till the slow spark of life within her began to glow a little, and a little more, and still a little more. Her lips won color; her breast lifted in a long and weary inhalation; her flesh seemed to shrink from the impact of his smacking blows. And by and by Louise came back to life again.

When he was sure of this—when he was sure that she would presently open her eyes and speak, Saladine let her rest against his knees for a moment while he stripped off over his head his own shirt and undergarment. They were moderately dry, warm from his own body; and he clothed her in them, rubbing the harsh woolens against her skin with his palms. Her feet were so near the fire that he could smell burning rubber; and he swung her legs aside, moving her bodily around. It was this movement which completed her revivification. She opened her eyes very slightly; and the glare of the fire seemed to hurt them, for she made a sound like a moan and closed them again. But he, holding her in his arms, felt her muscles resume their control of her limbs. She was no longer utterly relaxed; her body began to respond again to her mind. So he waited, while the heat from the fire drenched and bathed her and the warmth of his garments dissipated the deadly chill in her skin. And at last she stirred a little, and seemed to wish to look at him.

So he said in her ear, "Sit up a minute, while I mend the fire."

She seemed to summon her strength for this effort, and he lifted her erect and saw that she could hold herself in that posture. So he left her, to bring fresh wood and pile it on the blazing heap. He moved to and fro at this task, a gigantic figure, his white torso gleaming wet against the blackness of the surrounding night; and he saw that she watched him with heavy-lidded eyes, like a very sleepy child. He came back to her at last.

"You warm?" he asked.

She nodded drowsily.

"Yes, right warm," she replied; and added, "You've put your clothes on me."

"Your own was so wet and cold," he explained.

Faint color appeared in her cheeks.

"I didn't know you was doing it. You took mine off of me."

"I had to get you warm some way."

She was silent for a long time, eyes drooped in thought.

"You come and found me?" she asked at last.

"What'd you go and lie out that way for?" he protested.

"I got to crying," she replied, "and I kind of went to sleep."

He said, "That wasn't any way to do."

She considered this, her posture weary and relaxed. He shifted his oilskin coat on the boughs above her head, spreading it the better to protect her. When he came in front of her again he found her eyes regarding him with puzzled inquiry.

"What did you come for?" she asked.

"I come looking for you."

"I dunno why anybody should look for me," she told him.

"You needed taking care of," he replied.

She weighed this; said at last, accusingly, "You knowed the true way that happened, him being—dead."

He found himself on his knees beside her, squatting on his heels, speaking with slow earnestness.

"It don't matter," he said. "It don't matter any. You ain't going to bother about that ever again. I've took care of it."

"What for?" she persisted.

"I aim to take care of you," he replied. "I aim to look out for you. I made up my mind to that tonight."

She considered this, drawing the loose folds of his great shirt more closely across her bosom. He had not realized before how small she was compared to him, and the realization increased his tenderness.

"What have you got to do with me?" she asked, in a tone curiously steady.

Saladine's own eyes fell at this; he groped to find reply. But the man's native habit was forthrightness; he knew no evasion; and so when he spoke it was to say straightforwardly, "I've got everything to do with you. I'm going to have." Some instinct forbade his saying more. She was this night too near tragedy and despair to be willing to listen to tenderness. He added only a word. "You're going to let me," he told her.

She regarded him thoughtfully; and the storm for a moment had some pity on them, relaxing its violence, so that the wind no longer blew and all about them was still save for the droppings of water from the trees. In this hush, silence held them; and Saladine, without taking his eyes from her, yet sensed a change in the atmosphere, as though a weight had been lifted, making the air less oppressive and less stiflingly cold. A faint current touched his cheek; he realized that the wind was trying to change; that the northeaster was losing its force, yielding to a warm pressure from the west. The storm was over; even tomorrow the skies might well be clear.

She was still watching him, her eyes straying from his face to his bare shoulders across which little rivulets of water ran; and by and by she said in her quiet voice, husky as though from long disuse, "You'd ought to have something on you. You'll get cold."

That she should be solicitous for his welfare struck him with arresting significance; struck him through with a deep and thrilling pleasure. The firelight played across her countenance; and watching her, the man perceived that during the last few minutes she had put on like a lovely garment some suggestion of that beauty of eye, of lip, of radiant countenance which he had seen her wear before.

The fact that her faint concern for him should make her beautiful filled him with a rich and sure foreknowledge. He knew that from this day forward their lives would be serene and full of glory, and his voice was vibrant with this understanding as he answered her.

But what he said was merely, "I'm all right. I don't feel any cold."

It was not yet the hour for other words.

# A New Hair Treatment which combines a lotion and massage in one

*Used just 1 minute each day, it removes the causes of most hair trouble and revitalizes hair and scalp*

This is to offer you a new kind of treatment for the hair. One which combines a massage and an approved tonic in one

Before offering it to the public it was tested on 100 cases of falling, listless hair. Out of the 100 cases treated, 91 reported new life to their hair, new health and lustre. After this test, the tonic was submitted to foremost dermatologists in America. They said the ingredients were basically the same as they used in expensive private treatments. We paid as high as $500.00 for their consultations.

Since then over 500,000 men and 400,000 women have tried the Van Ess treatment under an agreement of satisfaction or money refunded.

Please note:—We do not claim Van Ess brings results in every case. But we know from experience, that Van Ess will stop falling hair, improve scalp health, add new life and lustre for so great a percentage of people who try it, that we unconditionally guarantee to refund your purchase price if you are not satisfied with results of a 90-day treatment. There is no red tape. We accept your word as to results obtained, and trust you to treat us fairly.

For three years Van Ess has been offered to the public under a 90-day guarantee. And in that time, less than two per cent have asked for a refund.

### *A Minute a Day*

Van Ess is easy to use. One minute each day is enough. (Less time than it takes to clean your teeth.)

The Van Ess bottle is covered with a rubber massaging cap as shown above. The center nipples are hollow. The lotion feeds through them directly to the hair follicles, while the rubber nipples are massaging your scalp. Used a minute each day a bottle of Van Ess lasts 30 days. It usually takes 90 days to show definite results. That is why we ask you to purchase 3 bottles to obtain the money refund warrant which your drug or department store gives you.

### *The Cause of Most Hair Troubles*

There are several things which may make your hair fall out, or become thin and lifeless. Worry or ill health may do it. Fever or influenza. But this we've learned—most all hair troubles come from infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But often it becomes infected. Cakes on the scalp, clogs the hair follicles and plugs them. Too, it turns slightly acid, irritating the hair roots, often causing itching. Soon hair becomes listless—loses its life and color and begins to fall out.

You can see this trouble-making Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried with other particles, as dandruff.

But note this fact and mark it well: the infected Sebum may kill the *hair*, but rarely the *hair roots!*

Hair roots have a most remarkable underlying vitality. They often retain life for years. They become dormant, but they are usually ready and able to grow again once they are properly stimulated and nourished.

### *You Must Combat the Infected Sebum*

For years we experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally we found in Van Ess what appears a 90% effective treatment.

It is applied a new way, as the illustration here shows. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the infected Sebum, and removes it, allowing the stifled hair roots to breathe and function again.

Results are marked. They are quick. In 30 days usually hair stops falling, takes on new life, shine and sparkle.

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. ($1.50 for a single bottle, or $4.50 for 3 bottles with which you get the written money-back guarantee.)

### *Let Your Mirror Show You*

Then note the results yourself. Mark the improvement in scalp-health. Observe the new life in your hair. The new shine and sparkle. *Let your own mirror tell you!* If you are not more than delighted with the results you see, your money will be returned to you upon receipt of evidence of a three-bottle purchase. Absolutely no questions asked.

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**Liquid Scalp Massage**

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## ~ for easy riding

EUROPE has achieved astounding things in the automotive field, and Italy herself has many times assumed a brilliant leadership. There is perhaps not a more superb car built than ISOTTA FRASCHINI—a marvel of rich beauty, of fine craftsmanship, of profound engineering skill.

And yet—for the utmost in luxurious ease of riding, Italy comes to Philadelphia and to Stabilation.

Stabilators give to every motorist the power to take rough roads in comfort, at almost any chosen speed—in safety. Stabilators protect driver, passengers and car. The master car-builders of Italy recognized it. And every ISOTTA FRASCHINI is now Stabilated before it leaves the factory.

This verdict in favor of Watson Stabilators follows that of nine of America's finest cars, including Packard, Franklin, Duesenberg, Marmon. There can be no higher authority on the subject of Easy Riding than these eminent builders. It is safe for you to follow.

We are sincerely anxious to tell you, show you, and prove all that Stabilators can do to help you. Allow us to demonstrate on your own car. Any Stabilator Distributor or Dealer will guarantee to refund your money if *you* want your Stabilators taken off. Write us for literature and name of the nearest Stabilator Dealer.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets
PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

# THE BLACK CARGO

(Continued from Page 4)

going to strike him, but he did not. Only, looking at him then, it was hard to remember that he was an old man. His lips writhed in an effort at self-control which went strangely with a religious, methodical life, but when he spoke, his voice, though husky, was gentler than before.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

Captain Murdock bit his lip.

"Well?" Eliphalet demanded.

"You know what I mean," said Captain Murdock indistinctly.

Eliphalet Greer had grown quite calm, even tolerant, as Captain Murdock ended. Some hidden balance, something other than speech had exerted a tranquil influence.

"Murdock," he said in a quieter tone, "I am strong enough to forgive you. I have forgiven angry words before, and I am a humble man."

As he spoke the Felicity swayed at her mooring, and a ray of the afternoon sun struck clear on Eliphalet's face. It dazzled him, and caused him to wrinkle his forehead in a grimace almost like pain.

"All of us here below," he continued more gently still, "have sinned in the eyes of the Lord. All of us should ask divine forgiveness."

It was more than the sunlight which altered the set of his face as he spoke. Before our eyes a curious phenomenon was taking place, incomprehensible to the two of us who had sailed under his orders. Before he could check himself, or was probably wholly aware what he did, Eliphalet Greer had knelt bareheaded on the deck. Yes, he had knelt with his gray head bowed, and the land breeze playing about it. I wonder what it was that seized him then. I wonder what it was that he was praying for. It was not dramatically intended, nor could it have been fear that made his lips move slowly. Perhaps the uselessness of worldly wealth, the worthlessness of material possessions was forcibly brought upon him. If so, the world still pulled tenaciously at his coat tails, for suddenly, still kneeling, he snapped back his head, and his right hand, which had been resting beneath his beaver hat, darted back beneath his cloak. At the sight of Captain Murdock, standing stupid and dazed, Eliphalet Greer ripped forth an oath so unexpected and impious that even the captain jumped.

"Get down on your knees!" roared Eliphalet.

And Captain Murdock plumped down beside him with a haste so indecorous that he spilled forward on his hands. There they knelt—old Eliphalet, swayed by some ungovernable instinct, a gaunt, ascetic Puritan, who was not a Puritan at all; and Captain Murdock, round and squat, breathing through his nose with a melodious sound which savored of a pitch pipe in a country church. There they knelt in a furious parody of devotion, each casting furtive, sidelong glances at the other.

It was common in those days for men to give way to prayer, but never was there a more impious intercession. It might be a humorous anecdote over a tumbler of rum, but though I can see the humor of it now, it is never of a genial or palatable sort. Through it all I can always see Eliphalet's face with its disarrayed gray hair, the face of an old man to whom the years have brought no peace. There is the same violence and passion, a curious malignancy about his very attitude, and something not to be described, which merits not laughter, but pity.

He got to his feet at length, and picked up his hat and cane, and Captain Murdock scrambled up also. Now that Captain Murdock was standing again, any elation he may have labored under previously appeared to have worn away, leaving him quite white and ill at ease.

"Murdock," said Greer—and of a sudden he seemed as I had always known him, humorless and precise—"we'll go below now and see your papers; and you, Charles——"

Instinctively I drew a little backward, for he had laid a hand on my shoulder. His hand was heavy and I could feel the firm pressure of his long fingers.

"We can go over our business at my house in an hour."

He moved away with a step which was singularly quiet for one of his height, winding past the obstructions on the deck as though he had been always used to sail. Indeed, in spite of his sedentary life—for in these days he never left port by water—he had a surpassing knowledge of the sea. He could gauge the capabilities of a sailing vessel as accurately as a stable owner might estimate a running horse. He could read the weather by a fractional change of the wind, and do both with half an eye while concerned with other matters. Even as he entered the cabin I saw him pause to glance at the upper rigging. Then he was gone, with Captain Murdock following close behind him.

A crowd had collected on the shore by now as crowds will always gather in any port when a new ship sails in. Already they were shouting questions across the water, and our crew, or those of them who could understand our language, were shouting back and crowding to the bulwarks. I felt sorry now that I was to see the last of them, though I have seldom seen men who could lay a smaller claim to one's affection. Eliphalet Greer's crews were always an outlandish spectacle, pieced together from anything which might cut down sailing costs, patched like the seats of their sea breeches from blacks, whites, yellows and browns. I wonder where they have gone, those forsaken men who would flutter for a week or so along our water front. I still can seem to hear their voices, guttural hissing, liquid sounds which our Sailors' Mission with its free tracts could never understand, and their laughter while they spun for themselves a chrysalis of drunken slumber, to wake again on a new deck, bound for another land.

The bells were ringing the half hour, and the sun's rays had become soft and genial. A loose halyard was slapping at the mast. The blocks kept creaking. The tide was running faster, and the Felicity swayed uneasily.

As I stood by the rail waiting to go ashore, I felt cold, even in my sea clothes. I still seemed to feel the weight of Eliphalet Greer's hand where it had rested on my shoulder. I almost wished I was not at home again that afternoon, and I had my reasons, for I knew only too well why Eliphalet Greer wished to see me, and the business we had together was far from a pleasant business.

It was eighteen months since we had spoken of it, but now that I was back with the land breeze about me again, it almost seemed like yesterday. I could almost smell the dust and ink of his countingroom; and now Eliphalet Greer had placed his hand on my shoulder.

II

IT HAS always seemed a marvelous thing how a man becomes rich. When I consider the tribulations that most have, merely to get themselves food and to keep their clothes intact, the accumulation of wealth becomes a mystery, and the men who accumulate it Titans. I cannot help but admire them for it. I cannot help but admire my grandfather, nor can I help but admire Eliphalet Greer. He was not always rich. You can still see the little farm by the marshes where he was born. In 1808 he left home with his clothes in a bundle. He, too, must have earned his pittance before he learned the secret of King Midas. During that hiatus of years when he was away from home, he, too, must have lain, like the rest of us, covered by the deep loam of mediocrity, before he suddenly blossomed forth, inspiring in his golden splendor. Had he learned the happy formula by some magic of his own? Or had he been born, destined by the stars for the path he had taken?

It was eighteen months before, that Eliphalet Greer and I had last been face to face. I was at my room at the Anchor House when he summoned me to that interview. I stayed at the Anchor House when I was off the sea, because it was cheap, and a good walk from the center of the town. Old Jim Lowes himself brought Eliphalet's note to my door. He was out of breath, because his stairs were steep, and his clothes were still covered with the feathers of a fowl which he had been plucking for supper.

"Boy," he said, "you better dress up handsome. I always knew anyone who has taken things like you, would get on in the world."

My best coat was tight on the shoulders, and painful beneath the armpits, but it still had a smart appearance when I put it on, and I knotted my best cravat. It was frayed, but it had come from London. The feeling of it gave me a sense of defiance as I walked down Water Street under the elm trees. The day's work had ended, and there were few people about, but I knew Eliphalet Greer would be busy in his countingroom after the clerks had left. On my right, rising from their shaded lawns and gardens were the houses of other rich men. I passed them hurriedly, for they always made me bitter. It was teatime, and I could picture the thin china and the glasses and the decanters on the sideboard. I could almost feel the coolness of the hallways and the softness of the Turkey carpets.

When I opened the door of the countingroom Eliphalet Greer was alone. He was bending over a ledger and tapping his long fingers on the page, but at the sound of my footstep he turned the page over rapidly.

"You're on time, Charles," he said. He had a grave and kindly way with men in his employ.

I did not answer, and he began stroking his chin and looking at me as a shipwright might who judges the soundness of a piece of timber. I should have been ill at ease if I had known him better, but I only knew then that he was a sharp but honest trader, and he and I had nothing to trade.

"How old are you?" he asked at length.

"Twenty-four," I answered.

Eliphalet Greer pursed his lips.

"You look strong," he said. "How long have you been at sea?"

Though he knew well enough, I answered without hesitation.

"Since I was sixteen," I said.

"Look at me when you speak," said Eliphalet Greer.

I looked at him. We eyed each other for a while in silence.

"For the last four years," he said at length, "you have been sailing on vessels that I own."

I nodded, and he smoothed his heavy gold watch chain. I continued to look at him, and thought that he was an eccentric old gentleman.

"I employed you first," he said, "for Christian reasons, because I take a pleasure in helping my fellow men, and it seemed to me you were unfortunate."

He spoke in a smooth deliberate way, which implied a direct contradiction to what he said. Something of our snow and winds seemed always with him, some somber trait of Puritanism of another generation.

"I am not always hard," he added. "You are still an object of charity. It was no fault of yours that your father was not a man of business; no fault at all."

I cleared my throat, but Eliphalet Greer continued before I could interrupt.

"Yes, yes," he said, "you are the under dog. I have seen what your old friends do because you have no money. I am glad to be kind in such a case."

"Damn your kindness," I said, still looking at him.

"Ah," said Eliphalet Greer without moving and without altering his voice, "I thought you had a thin skin. Everyone has a thin skin who is not used to being poor."

"And a thick skin when they are used to being rich," I said, eying him squarely.

"Be careful how you talk," said Eliphalet Greer, rubbing his chin. "Do you know I can manage so you won't get a berth on any ship out of here or New York or Boston or Philadelphia? I am not the man to use such a tone to."

"Do you think I'm afraid of you?" I answered.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "sit down, and we both can manage better. Do you know why I asked you here?"

"No," I answered, and I felt that I had done very well.

"Because," he went on, "you're young. You have a chest like a bull, and you're not afraid of anything, except of being poor."

There was a momentary pause. He was watching me expectantly, as though he believed I would answer. For the first time in our interview I found myself restless under his steady gaze. I began remembering stories about him, vague bits of gossip, such as once floated in the backwaters of every seaport town, for even then there were stories about Eliphalet Greer. Was there a hidden intention, a careful plan in every aimless thing he said? A curious restive alertness was in his glance. His lips were puckered as though he was testing some wine of a doubtful vintage, not that he ever indulged in liquors.

"Yes," he said, "I've watched your face. You don't enjoy being poor. I know the look."

"Perhaps," I said, "you wouldn't enjoy it so much yourself."

Eliphalet Greer rubbed his palms together, and they made a dry sound, almost like ruffled paper.

"No," he replied, "I did not enjoy it either. I know the way you feel."

He paused again, and though his face was wrinkled and expressionless, his eyes were very bright, and clear as the polished glass sewn to some crumbling vestment.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "I left this town a poor boy with no prospects, but I found them. I was not afraid to look, and take opportunities when they were offered. And it seems to me—yes, it seems to me that you are the same way, not afraid to take an opportunity."

"Not afraid at all," I said.

"Twenty years ago," said Eliphalet Greer, seemingly loath to leave the subject, "I left with my clothes in a handkerchief, and when I came back ——"

"I know what you did when you came back," I interrupted, for somehow it hurt me to have him say.

"You don't hold it against me?" he inquired.

"No," I said; "if it had not been you it would have been someone else."

"I thought you would say so." And again he rubbed his hands. "Sit where you are. It does me good to look at you. It makes me wish that I was young again, and going out to sea."

There was an unexpected, unfeigned pathos in his voice. I felt almost sorry for him at that moment. His glance had shifted, and he was looking at the river mouth through the dusty window. I felt sorry, although no one who is young can understand the regrets of age. But in another moment he was looking at me again in his former restive fashion.

"There's another reason I asked you here," he said. "Do you know what it is?"

"No," I answered.

"Because you're quiet."

Again he seemed anxious for me to make some rejoinder, but I remained silent.

"I'm not so young as I used to be," Eliphalet Greer continued. It was true. He was far from being young. "I've been watching you," he continued. "You're not afraid. You can keep quiet. You want to get on in the world. How would you like to be living again across the street?"

He stopped, and looked at me so sharply that involuntarily I moved back my chair.

"Are you offering to take me into partnership?" I inquired.

I did my best to speak ironically, but somehow in the silence of his countingroom my effort fell quite flat.

Back through my mind again there flashed a dozen bits of gossip. Something in my question had changed him. I had often seen him walking down our streets, a benign and prosperous man, although with a grimly righteous visage. I recalled how, only a week ago, he had left a perpetual fund to buy stoves for the poor, and another to supply Bibles to outgoing vessels; but just then I do not think he would have given away a Bible. Just then he had a look which made me half rise from my chair. Yet it was the barest loss of self-control. An instant later he was slowly playing with his watch chain.

"No, not that," he answered; "I am offering you three thousand dollars and your regular pay as first mate, but I might offer you the other if you stand by. I need someone I can trust."

"And what is the three thousand dollars for?" I asked.

"For doing what I tell you—and being still."

"If what I do is worth three thousand dollars," I told him, "I should have to be still to save my skin."

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "if you and I were younger we might go far together. You have a trader's eye."

"Well," I said, "what am I to do to earn three thousand dollars?"

Eliphalet Greer pointed out of the window towards the river. A brig was being warped into midstream. The riggers were still busy

(Continued on Page 141)

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Here and here and here and here the Hoover and its attachments do your cleaning dustlessly

Electric carpet beater
Electric carpet sweeper
Electric suction cleaner
*—all three combined!*

Saves time, strength, health
Keeps the home immaculate
Makes rugs wear years longer
*—soon pays for itself!*

Cleaning tools for every purpose
Connections that lock together
Swivel joint where tool attaches
*—dustless dusting!*

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It can hardly be a question of your *need* for a Hoover. For you certainly want a clean home—"clean" as the modern housewife knows cleanliness—with rugs free from dirt, and air kept *dustless*, healthy, germ-free.

And you can't wisely continue to use sheer strength when a Hoover, with inexpensive electric power, will do your hard work easily, and quickly.

It can hardly be a question concerning the *superior efficiency* of the Hoover cleaning method. For you have always known that your rugs should be *beaten* to be thoroughly clean.

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THE HOOVER COMPANY NORTH CANTON, OHIO
*The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners*
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

# The HOOVER

*It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

*...to dust and clean the ...opposite page?*

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THE Paper Buyer who uses The Specification Chart is doubly insured. The right paper automatically reaches him at the right price,—the utmost in value.

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*The right paper for the purpose*

To you, and to your printer, The Specification Chart indicates the right paper. "The right paper for the purpose" comprehends a suitable paper, a paper produced at bed rock cost, and a standardized paper bearing the maker's mark—the Eagle-A—as a pledge of merit and worth.

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AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
*Makers of Eagle-A Bonds, Linens, Ledgers, Covers Book Papers and Announcements*
Holyoke, Massachusetts

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Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a volume basis, with all the resulting economy in manufacture and distribution.

| Chief uses of paper in modern business | The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers: PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Coupon Bond | Agawam Bond | Persian Bond | SEMI-PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Contract Bond* | Airpost Bond | Chevron Bond* | Acceptance Bond* | Temporary — Sulphite Papers: Norman Bond | Telephone Bond |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Letterheads | A1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Invoices | A1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Statements | A1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Checks | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Drafts | | | 1 | 2 | | 3 | 3 | | |
| Notes | | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Purchase Orders | | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Contracts | A1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Receipts | | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | |
| Inter Dept Letters | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| File Copies | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Acknowledgments | | | 1 | | 2 | | 3 | | |
| Price Lists | | | | 1 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | |
| Mortgages | A1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | | | | |
| Deeds | A1 | | | | | | | | |
| Stock Certificates | A1 | 2 | 3 | | | | | | |
| Policies | A1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | | | | | |
| Inventory Forms | | | | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | |
| Requisitions | | | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | |
| M'f'g. Orders | | | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | | |
| Receiving Reports | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Stock Reports | | | | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | |
| Time Slips | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Memo Slips | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Reference Booklets | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | |

KEY TO ABOVE CHART
A1 – Extra First Choice 1 – First Choice
2 – Second Choice 3 – Third Choice
*Recommended for Offset Lithography

Four factors are considered in the above classifications a) Appearance, (b) Long Life, (c) Printing qualities (d) Probable handling (in office, in mail and at destination). First choice provides maximum protection others a slight sacrifice of one or more of the factors.

**Coupon Bond** A strictly First Grade, Pole Loft Dried Paper, made from new white hard rags. Will retain strength and color indefinitely. Supremely impressive in appearance, with the 'feel' and crackle found only in the very highest class of Bond Paper. *Made in White and Six Colors*

**Agawam Bond** A High Grade, Pole Loft Dried Paper, containing a very high percentage of the best new rags. Clear white in color, of impressive appearance, and designed for general use where a very substantial paper of extremely long life is desired. *Made in White only*

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*A request on your letterhead will bring a copy of this chart and the booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers"*

# EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS
*This watermark identifies Eagle-A Bonds*

(Continued from Page 137)

on her yards. Against the sky I could see a web of ropes, stays, shrouds, halyards and braces ready for bending of sail.

"In three days," he said, "the Felicity is sailing for Java."

"I heard she was," I answered.

"You are going aboard her as first mate. She is a steady vessel. It will be a pleasant voyage—ports in Java, days ashore, a cruise along the West African coast, and home. I always loved the sea there best. Yes, it will be a pleasant voyage."

"But not worth an extra three thousand dollars," I answered.

Eliphalet Greer paused and looked at me fixedly before replying.

"When I was younger," he said, "and had fewer responsibilities, I traded through the island groups once, down to the south of the Indian Ocean. Some of them are very lonely. Some of them are pearl islands. I want to see one of those islands again."

I nodded. He gave a latitude and longitude. I nodded again, but I was not new to the East Indian trade. There were no shells or fisheries in the region which he mentioned. I could not help wondering if he knew that I knew it. If he did he gave no sign.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "there may be a fortune on that island. I am going to send you ashore there alone. Murdock has the bearing and my orders to anchor, but I do not want to send Murdock. He has orders to lower a boat with you and a crew, and they are to stand by. You are to leave the crew on the beach, and go over the island alone. It is a small island. It will not take you long."

He was speaking very slowly, as though he was making a deliberate choice of his words. Something in his attitude made me lean forward and listen very carefully.

"And you want me to look for shells?" I asked.

"I know about the shells," said Eliphalet Greer; "I saw them when I was there. I wish to know if anyone else has seen them since—if any white man is on that island."

And quite suddenly I knew that he was not interested in shells at all.

"Charles," he said, "I want to send a man there who will tell me exactly what he sees, and who knows how to keep quiet. I cannot afford to have him talk, because I am interested in that island. That is why you and not Murdock are going ashore. Do you understand? I have been talking to you long enough to see that you have common sense, and a penetrating mind. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Will you go?" he asked with an unexpected sharpness.

"I will," I said, "if you advance me a thousand dollars, give me a master's pay, and your note for three thousand, payable when I return."

"And what makes you think I shall do anything of the sort?" he asked quickly.

"Because," I replied, "it seems to me like a very confidential matter. I wouldn't look at any pearl island unless I was poor, Mr. Greer."

"Charles," he said more quietly, "it's a pity your father never had your sense. He would have done better investing in pearl islands than buying town sites in Maine. You shall have what you ask. I shall send you a draft tomorrow."

I rose and walked toward the door. The air about me seemed close, and I was tired of feeling the steady, impalpable weight of his glance. He raised his hand as a signal that he was not entirely finished.

"Charles," he said, "you have been to sea long enough to know that violent things may happen, especially out there."

"You don't have to be at sea long to learn that," I answered.

"Then of course," said Eliphalet Greer in a gentler tone, "you will understand it will be much wiser to be armed when you go ashore—in case you should meet a white man."

The measured gentleness of his voice must have stirred my curiosity, his voice more than anything he said.

"And what if any white man is there?" I asked.

Eliphalet Greer cleared his throat.

"In that case," he replied very quietly, "you must use your own judgment. All I can say is this: And he spoke so softly that I had to lean forward to catch his words. "You must use your own judgment; and if you judge properly, and convince me of it, your father's backwoods town sections will be an excellent investment. Life is a very different thing out there than it is back here."

My head swam, and his face half blurred before my eyes, but I knew he was staring straight at me. I did not move a muscle. I did not even catch my breath.

"Of course," Eliphalet Greer continued, "you remember this is very confidential. If you should happen to speak of it, Charles, it will be unpleasant for us both."

"I have no doubt of that at all," I answered quite steadily.

"Ah," said Eliphalet Greer, "I thought we should understand each other. Good afternoon, Charles."

I closed the door of the countinghouse behind me. The sun, I remember, had warmed the clapboarding of the wall, for it was hot on my hand as I steadied myself. I was dizzy and my knees felt weak. What I had heard in the dusty little room must have been a Satanic interpolation of my own. Yet his words had been quite clear and ready for me to take or leave, as I might choose. They were still with me binding us together. Because I had listened to them without an objection, I felt contaminated and uncleanly. It was not conceivable that he could have implied what I suspected. It was like looking at a picture and seeing in some unforeseen blending of shadows some sinister and ugly form one's own imagination painted.

A sudden impulse made me turn back to the countinghouse door, a sudden desire to be freed from what was on my conscience. I opened it without knocking, and took a step over the threshold. Eliphalet Greer had not heard me. He was seated before his table where he did his reckonings, staring straight down at its scarred pine surface, although there was nothing in front of him to look at. His face had gone white, and his lips were contracted like a man's in pain. His hands, which were grasping the arms of his chair, kept closing and unclosing. The countingroom no longer seemed like a countingroom. The clerks' stools and the ledgers with their columns of figures seemed like alien pieces of property.

Without speaking as I intended, without a sound I tiptoed out again. Perhaps, after all, Eliphalet Greer and I had understood each other. And it was not the way the minister of the Prince Street Church understood him, nor its deacons, nor the Marine Society, nor his bankers.

There is, however, one thing that I swear to. I meant no evil then, nor guessed where my action would lead me. I needed the money, and I was willing to earn it by going on a confidential errand. He had given definite reasons for sending me. It is true he hinted at something more, but, though it disturbed me, many things made it easy for me to set my mind at rest.

By the next morning I knew I had misunderstood him. A man of his standing could never have meant what I thought. Surely he had only intended to tell me to be cautious, and to be armed in my own defense. Half the night I argued it with my conscience, and perhaps I blinded myself deliberately, yet I swear I never knew I was doing a wrong. I believed, or perhaps I hoped, no wrong was intended, but I swear I never meant a wrong and never intended to commit one.

Nevertheless, as I waited for the shore boat that spring afternoon eighteen months later, a weight of dread was on my shoulders. I had seen the island. I had done what he directed. In an hour, in less than an hour, Eliphalet Greer and I would be face to face again. Again I would see the lines on his face and the glitter in his eyes, and the unceasing motion of his fingers. Nor was that all. I was to see him in the house he had received as my father's creditor, among our chairs; in the rooms that had been built for us we were to speak of something unhallowed, unfit to be mentioned in the daylight beneath the open sky.

I could still see his face as he knelt on the deck while his lips moved in a silent supplication of his own. The echo of his cane as he brought it down on the quarter rail had hardly died away. I had been to the island and there was no doubt any longer of why he sent me.

III

THERE are few works by the hand of man as receptive of impression as a house. I have seen statues dug from the ground of Italy with dismembered limbs and rust-stained torsos, older than the most venerable vault in all Rome. I have seen paintings in the sepulchers of Egyptian kings whose richest provinces have been hid for a thousand years beneath the desert sand. They are venerable remnants, but, broken as they are, dismembered, scratched and discolored, they have a way of defying the scythe and the hourglass. They still wear the guise of eternal novelty, reminiscent of when the marble was fresh chiseled, and of when the paint was new, for the idea which brought them into being is as clear and unalterable as the elements. But a house is a humbler matter. Give it a generation or two of existence, and it is older than the oldest masterpiece of art. It bears the trace of all the tragedy and the comedy of the human span. It has impalpable unspoken memories which will never go until its rafters drop and its walls are leveled.

When Eliphalet Greer first brought his vessels into our harbor and opened his countingroom, my father was safe beneath a slab of slate that bore a verse of Horace. It was not the epitaph he wished. For several years before his demise he had amused himself with constructing fitting couplets to be put upon his tomb. The one which pleased him most I still have in an old letter, but it lacked the solemnity we associate with a final resting place:

*Dear Friends here is where I Lie*
*But I lived Fast and I lived High*

It had been a pleasant house, built at a time when they loved carved cornices and Grecian pillars. Its windows were wide and generous. Its shutters and doors were green. It was square, built of English brick with a picket fence in front of it, and a garden. There was ivy on the wall, which rippled in the wind and gave shelter to the sparrows. Its hall, running from front to back, as was the custom then, always had the faint but refreshing odor of tobacco smoke and rum. Across the street, visible from the front door, were warehouses, and sail and rigging lofts, now painted a trim slate-gray with Eliphalet's name in white above the lower windows. It was a comfortable house for business, convenient to the shipping.

When Eliphalet Greer purchased the estate he had the ivy removed, the garden planted to grass, and the doors and shutters painted the same shade as the business houses he had first acquired. In a single week he had altered it from a hospitable dwelling to a house that knew no vanity; and it was what he wished, for it satisfied his distaste for external show and unprofitable refinement. He had done what he could, but there were some things he could not accomplish. There was a silence in the hall since he had been there, brooding vacancy of sound, which only old houses have, not the silence of open places, but rather the stillness which comes in the wake of a voice or a footstep—a reminiscent unnatural silence. Nor was it wholly a lack of sound. Everywhere there was expectant vacant space, empty rooms, empty chairs and unused passages, built for the rapid and high living of which my father wrote. It was never made for solitude, not intended to be lighted by half a dozen candles.

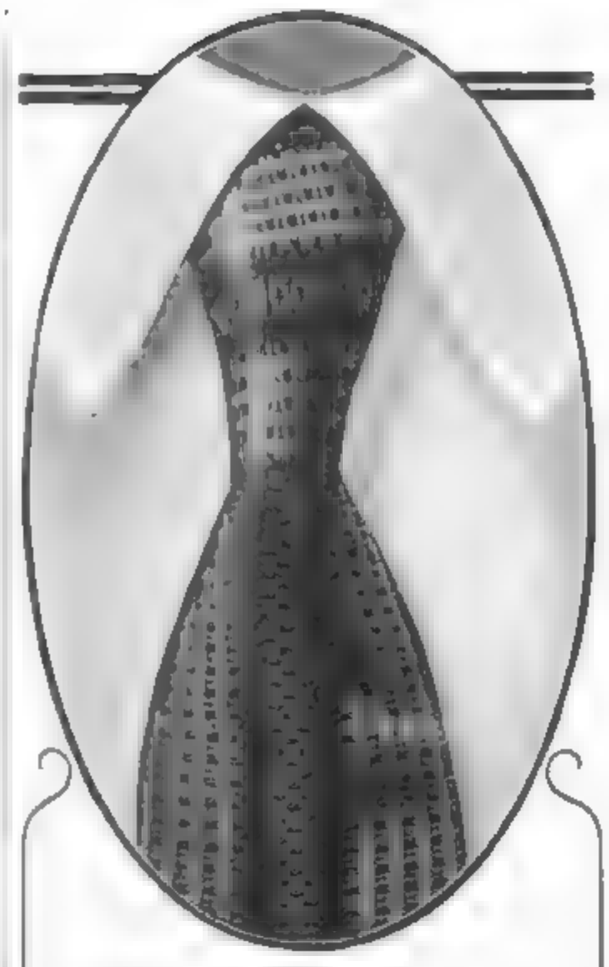
Eliphalet Greer had evidently been waiting, for he let me in himself.

"The parlor, Charles," he said: "you know the way."

And as I walked forward I heard him bolt the door behind me.

"It still grows dark early," he added, and the reason for his statement was plain, for the folding shutters of the parlor had been drawn, and the whale-oil lamps were lighted. Though he might have added it still continued cold, he did not, nor did he seem to notice how chill it was, for not a stick was burning in the fireplace. Its gaping blackness against the chimney paneling was almost the first thing I noticed.

It was a room for firelight. In its best days it needed the warmth and the gentle illumination of wooden embers. Without them the sooted emptiness of the chimney gave forth a chilling emanation which transcended physical discomfort. It was rather the lack of heat one felt than actual cold, and perhaps it was something more subtle and difficult of normal explanation. Our old parlor, where my father sat so often at an evening of cards, like the fireplace and like the hall, had the same emptiness and chilling vacuity. Against the low wainscot with their backs projecting over the lower strip of gray figured wall paper a row of carved mahogany chairs with shining horsehair seats stood in a precise and dustless line, awaiting a company which would never come. Their reflections on the polished floor gave them an unwavering permanence. The table in the center of the room

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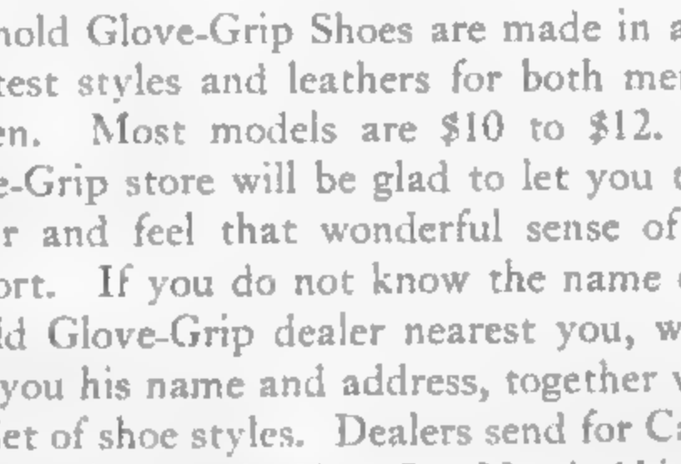
*". . . and that's no exaggeration. They're a perfect fit—snug and comfortable as a glove on your hand. Good-looking too—style without going to extremes. You ought to wear them."*

MEN talk like that about Glove-Grip Shoes. Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down. The soft leather of the upper gently grips and supports the muscles of the instep, affording a remarkable feeling of restfulness. From toe to heel, Glove-Grips follow the curves of the foot.

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are made in all the smartest styles and leathers for both men and women. Most models are $10 to $12. Any Glove-Grip store will be glad to let you try on a pair and feel that wonderful sense of foot-comfort. If you do not know the name of the Arnold Glove-Grip dealer nearest you, we will send you his name and address, together with a booklet of shoe styles. Dealers send for Catalog P-13. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Massachusetts.

THE MALCOLM—*a combination of common sense and stylish comfort for men. Made in tan or black calf*



ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES


was bare. There was not a picture on the walls. There was not an ornament on the mantel, except the two oil lamps with their wicks pulled low.

I was suspicious as I stood there and looked about me. His parlor was too bare and spotless for an ordinary purpose. Each article of furniture was far too accurately placed. I turned uneasily toward him, and as our eyes met I knew he had been watching me all the while, half curiously, half nervously from under his frosted eyebrows. We were both constrained and quiet. If there had been no other reason, that room would have made us so. He had moved toward the table, and was standing in the shadow, so that the gray of his hair began to blend with the wall's dark coloring, but his eyes were still on me. Sometimes when I lie awake on a dark night I can remember them even now.

I had a restless desire for him to speak, but he did not. Instead, according to his habit, he began playing with the heavy gold watch chain which still festooned his black waistcoat. It reminded me of an Arab rug merchant I had seen once at Algiers who ceaselessly drew through his hands a string of polished amber. Grasping the chain with his thumb and forefinger, Eliphalet Greer moved his hand back and forth, back and forth, so that his nails made a clicking sound as they passed the heavy links. Even his breathing was audible, the deliberate heavy breathing which comes of age.

"Sit down, Charles," he said. "No; over there, where the light plays on your face."

He glanced toward a chair as he spoke, but almost at once his eyes were back on me again. I sat down, and moved my feet nervously. He still stood up, seemingly lost in some mental calculation, still running his hand back and forth over his watch chain, moving it faster and faster. I began to perceive a suppressed nervousness in that gesture. His voice was as even as ever, but his lips had a way of twitching as though they were busy framing words forbidden by his will. Now and then he would throw his head up nervously, as though he were listening for some expected sound. Yet there was nothing to listen to, except the wind outside, which had veered to the northwest and was blowing steadily through the bare branches of the elms.

A curious thought had come over me. I have said his eyes were a young man's eyes, incongruous in a face like his, yet now they were not. In the half light where he stood, they had a depth and luster as if the sights of years were stored behind the curtain of each iris. They were like some porcelain tile of the kingdom of the Mings, as bright as new, shining and unabraded, and yet somehow within itself, the richer for the passage of time.

"You can move now, if you wish," he said; "it makes no difference any longer."

I was quite myself when he spoke that second time.

"What makes no difference?" I asked.

There was a slight change in his expression, but it was hardly a smile, scarcely a relaxing of his perennial solemnity.

"It makes no difference," he said, "because your face tells everything. You will never be good at lying."

"I have no intention of lying to you," I replied.

Eliphalet Greer drew a chair opposite mine and seated himself, a stiff forbidding figure.

"And I have no intention of having you," he retorted quietly. "Sit down! Do I look young enough to discuss a point of honor? Sit down!"

Imperceptibly the quality of his voice had changed, but only enough to make me conscious of the power that lay behind it. It was as though the embers of old passions within him brightened, glowed fitfully and relapsed among their ashes.

"When you get as old as I am," he said more evenly, "you will take these matters more quietly. Everyone is a liar according to his limits."

The sound of his own voice in that quiet house appeared to arouse in him a spirit of restiveness. I could almost fancy that he disliked the silence and that the weight of words made reassuring company. I know if I had been he I should not have cared to be in a silent place.

"Yes," he went on almost hurriedly, "that is one of the things I've learned. If you could gain by it, you, anyone, would lie to me; only you are not the man to do it. You're not a man like Murdock. You could never lie and keep your face stupid, and only a woman can lie with an honest look. Keep away from women, Charles; any one of them could lead you by the nose."

"What have women got to do with you and me?" I asked.

Where was the Eliphalet Greer who carried his Bible through the streets each Sunday morning? Surely it was not he sitting opposite in the half light. The lamp flames flickered. Little shadows were dancing across his face.

"Nothing," he said. "Perhaps you have not had time to tell your story to one of them. Remember if you do, Charles, I shall know it by your face."

For a second or so he was silent, watching me, and tapping his forefinger softly on the table, so that it made a regular sound like water dripping from a tap

"Oh, yes," he continued, "I know about lying and deceit. Perhaps you would, too, if you had a father who used a whip. It's fifty years since he last struck me, but the welts are still on my back. Fifty years since I first saw a household of hypocrites, but I've seen a world of them since then. I've seen men smile with dirks beneath their cloaks. I've seen them swear friendship while venom was reeking in their souls. Oh, I know a lie when I see it now! Remember, I know a lie when I see it, and Lord help the man who lies to me."

Startled by his outburst of words, I could not frame an adequate reply. We both fell silent, listening to the wind as it whistled in the trees outside, and I could hear his breathing again, louder and sharper than it had been before. His voice had a way of sticking to the memory. Although we both were silent its sound was with us still. Even a burst of rain tossed sharp against the windows like a handful of sand did not wholly dispel it. When he continued to speak, its cadence only rose again. It had never wholly gone.

"Remember, Charles," he said, "I have sent you on an errand, and now it's the truth I want. I hope you understand."

"You'll get the truth," I answered; "you paid me enough for it."

Eliphalet Greer leaned back in his chair, but I think it was only by an effort of will that he did so.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat, "Captain Murdock told me he anchored off the island."

"He anchored in fifteen fathoms," I answered; "a clean coral bottom."

"Ah," said Eliphalet Greer, "it's a long while since I put to sea, but I only have to close my eyes to see that island as it comes out of the water."

But he did not close his eyes. He only half closed them, and I still could see the glimmer beneath their drooping lids.

"It's like a mirage at first, when the sea is calm. It comes up quickly unless you are in the rigging. You stand on deck and there is nothing but the waste of sea as our Maker left it, until all at once, there it is—the white beach, the palm trees, like the first faint green of spring. What a place to go and forget the world! But why should I describe it, when you have seen it all?"

I wonder if it was dread of what I had to say that made his tongue run free. I do not think it was, for his face lighted as he spoke, as it always did when he mentioned ships and the water, as though the clear air was fresh in his nostrils again and the hissing of the waves playing to his ears.

"There's no need to trouble yourself describing it," I answered; "we were there. It was the place you meant."

"And you went ashore alone?" he asked. And the beauties of the island vanished forever in the clouds of our horizon.

"Yes," I said; "I went ashore as you told me to."

"Then," said Eliphalet Greer, still with his eyes half closed, "tell me about it yourself. You can do it better than I."

"Very well," I answered. "I left the crew at the oars. The tide was low. I walked along the beach, looking for shells; but I did not see one, not anywhere."

Eliphalet Greer opened his eyes slowly.

"Never mind the shells," he said; "the beds were far offshore. What else did you look for?"

"As I walked along the beach," I said, "I kept my eye out on the bushes and vines that grew among the trees. I must have walked about half a mile when I saw an opening in those bushes, as though it had been cleared by hand. I walked toward it and saw it was a path."

(Continued on Page 145

# The CHENEY

The Master Phonograph

# Have you ever *really* heard *a piano* on a phonograph?

EARLY ENGLISH PERIOD
in mahogany or walnut, completely equipped
$250

***You will, when you hear The Cheney. This master instrument restores the beauty and "living" quality of the original itself to piano as well as all other records.***

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There is no other phonograph like The Cheney. There *can* be no other like it. For The Cheney embodies *patented* acoustical features which differ fundamentally from the megaphonic principle usually employed. It is the *only* phonograph which controls and develops tone in a series of carefully proportioned chambers. It is the *only* phonograph with a violin resonator carved from wood so vibrant that it sweetens and enriches every passing note. So perfect is its articulation that it takes every tone and overtone from the record, and restores to them their full beauty.

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*The Cheney costs no more than an ordinary phonograph—made in a large variety of upright and console models*

"The Cheney is an artistic triumph. Never before have I heard an instrument which so perfectly reproduces the artist's voice and the very timbre of the orchestra.

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*The* SHERATON
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THE MOST PERFECT MUSIC-REPRODUCING INSTRUMENT MADE

*These prices effective East of the Rockies*

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Cheney Talking Machine Company
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On motion, it was unanimously
Resolved:-in order to safeguard for all
time the quality of Disston Saws,
Tools, and Files, THAT no changes
shall be made in the Disston Steel
used in them, nor in any standard
of manufacture, except with the
approval of the Board of Directors

# The Resolution that protects you when you go to buy a saw

AGAIN the Disston Saw Works was overwhelmed with orders for "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

The directors—sons and grandsons of Henry Disston—were in session. What could they do to satisfy hardware merchants whose customers were demanding Disston Saws?

Every man present had served in the shops. Each knew that saw steel, and saws, could be made faster and cheaper.

Yet such steel would not have been Disston Steel, nor such saws Disston Saws.

So the heads of the industry reaffirmed the Disston policy, and spread it on the minutes of the board.

"No changes shall be made.... in steel....nor standards" except for betterment.

That was years ago, but the order stands today, to safeguard the users of Disston Saws.

Disston craftsmen know only one standard of workmanship. They never will know any other.

—

Henry Disston, father of modern saw-making, won fame with the saws that he made with his own hands. Then, with years of training, he taught others to make saws just as he made them.

These men taught their sons, and they their grandsons. For those who make Disston Saws look upon their skill as a legacy, to be handed down through the years.

In the Disston Shops today are 304 men who have been making Disston Saws 30 years or longer; 80 with 40-year records; 36 with 50 to 62 years of service

—

You, as a saw user, want a hand saw that will give you lifelong service. A saw that runs easy, cuts straight to the line, cuts fast without binding. A saw balanced so nicely that you feel it was made for you alone!

To get this saw, be sure you see the Disston name on it.

Disston put balance into the hand saw; gave it the taper that makes your work easy; created the Disston steel that, fortified with Disston tempering, holds the keenest cutting edge.

—

Disston Circular Saws, Band Saws, Hack Saws, Circular Metal-Cutting Saws, etc.—hundreds of kinds, for thousands of uses—all are made with the same care and skill as "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

## Disston Invincible Saws Save Money for Saw Mills

This Inserted Tooth Circular Saw, a Disston invention, cuts more lumber with less power on either the largest of saw mills or the smallest tractor-driven mills

Its wider gullet, greater throat room and new locking device, in sure better work,

## Disston Hack Saws Cut Metal Faster, Easier

Disston Hack Saws are used by great metal-working plants, railroads and shops, where profits depend upon fast, economical cutting of metals

Disston Hack Saws are made of a special Disston Steel, harder and rougher than any ever known before Disston saw makers gave the teeth their special angle, their different set

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Tell us what kind of work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre or other material, and we will tell you what types of saws to use to do your work better and easier. Disston issues many books to aid the user of saws and tools.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
Philadelphia

*Hardware dealers the world around sell Disston Saws, Tools, and Files*

DISSTON

(Continued from Page 142)

Eliphalet Greer had ceased to lean back in his chair. I heard him catch his breath sharply. His lips twitched upward and remained immovable.

"Yes," he said; "go on."

"As you advised me," I said, "I had brought a pistol with me. When I reached the path, and saw it was a path, I took the pistol from my pocket."

I paused again, curious to see the effect of my words, but he had bent his head so that his face was half in the shadow.

"I took it from my pocket," I went on, "cocked it, and put on a new cap. Then I walked up the path. Would you care to see the pistol?"

Eliphalet Greer drew a rasping breath, and his eyes left mine. He was looking over my shoulder so strangely that I turned and looked also into the vacant space behind me. I was not used to shadows then. Even though the room was bare, I could feel a presence that my words had conjured up, as if we two were no longer quite alone.

"Charles," he said very gently, "you did well to draw your pistol. I knew you would use your judgment, but I do not care to see it. I know what a weapon looks like."

"I walked up the path," I continued. "It was quite open, not a vine was across it. Hardly a leaf had fallen. At the end of a hundred yards I saw the bushes and the trees had been cleared ahead of me. There was an open space. On the opposite side of that space was a shelter made of woven twigs and thatched with palm leaves. It was not like a native house. It was squarely built, and there was a row of trees in front of it. I watched it very carefully from the path. Then I walked across the clearing."

Again Eliphalet Greer had leaned forward.

"Yes," he said; "I might have known. I might have known someone would be there. Squarely built, it was, you said? It would be. But go on—where was he? Was he waiting for you?"

I had thought my account was simple and prosaic, but it must have held some magic of its own. He was rearing his own imaginary edifice out of my words. Did he, too, feel the silence, and hear the faint rustling of the palm leaves?

"Was he there?" he asked again, and I would not have known his voice.

"No," I answered after a moment; "he wasn't there."

"No," said Eliphalet Greer; "he wouldn't be. It'd be like him to be hiding in the trees."

I do not believe he ever knew he had forgotten himself.

"He wasn't in the trees," I said.

"Then where was he?" he asked sharply. "D'you hear me? Where was he?"

The embers within him were bright again, glowing through the thin veil of his reserve. Of a sudden he was an old man, shaken by the hot gust of a passion with which he could no longer cope. It swayed him, like wind rushing through a half-dead branch whose hardened fibers creaked and groaned against it. It was like some potent drug that stirs life's waning faculties. His face had grown a dull red. His body trembled like a slackened rope suddenly pulled taut. He spoke again, but a thickening in his throat made his words scarcely distinguishable.

"Where was he?" he repeated.

"How should I know where he was?" I answered shortly. "He wasn't anywhere."

Slowly Eliphalet Greer raised his hand to his chin.

"Nowhere?" he said. "Now that is very sad."

"Sad?" I echoed. "I don't think I understand you."

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer with an intonation almost clerical, "you may not understand, but I have grasped your meaning. If he was not there, where would he be, unless his soul had gone to a better place where you and I must follow when our time comes?"

I grew uncomfortable. Eliphalet Greer was quite placid, and his eyes were turned upward toward the ceiling.

"I don't know where his soul was ——" I began.

"And no more do I," said Eliphalet Greer melodiously; "but there never was harm in a friendly wish."

I have never seen pleasure portrayed in a more horrible form. He could not conceal it. I doubt if he even tried to. It had crept into every phrase he uttered, laughing through its cloak of piety.

"I'm sure I wish, as you do, Charles, that his soul is quite at rest."

"But I tell you," I persisted, "I don't know whether it's at rest or not. All I know ——"

"—— is all any of us know," said Eliphalet Greer with startling geniality. "There are sad limitations of the flesh. Whether we pass to the other shore from a deserted isle or from a pillow smoothed by loving hands, all we can do is hope."

He paused and sighed in a manner that was far from melancholy, and I was enabled to say what was on my mind.

"Mr. Greer," I said, "you may think you understand, but you don't. I said he wasn't anywhere, and that's exactly what I mean. He wasn't anywhere on the island, his soul or his body either."

Until I spoke you could not have told what energy lay within him.

It would have been no different if I had fired the pistol itself. He sprang up with such alacrity that the lamps flickered, and his voice had a snap to it, like rending wood.

"What?" he shouted. "Not on the island? Where could he be if he wasn't on the island?"

"You know as much as I do," I replied steadily.

"You fool!" snapped Eliphalet Greer, bringing his fist down on the bare table. "Why didn't you hunt him out? He was hiding. I tell you he was hiding. He hid as soon as he saw the ship."

There was an odd contagion in his excitement. Before I was aware of it I was answering with words as acrid as his own.

"Nonsense!" I said. "You know well enough there's no place where a man could hide on that pocket-handkerchief of land. There isn't a rock. There isn't a hole. I tell you I went over every foot of it. I looked at every stick and pebble. I tell you whoever was ashore there, whoever built that shelter and planted those trees, was gone."

Eliphalet Greer started to interrupt me, but I raised my voice.

"Yes, gone! There was nothing left nothing in the shelter, nothing anywhere; not a knife, not a shred of clothing. Whoever had been there had gone quietly. He had even thrown dirt over the fire by the door. The whole place, the whole island was bare as a bone, and there wasn't a bone in that God-forsaken place except fishbones. He had gone and taken everything with him."

Eliphalet Greer had been standing by the table. Now he placed his hand against it. He was no longer looking at me. His eyes no longer had their glint of intelligence. The light had gone out in them, leaving them dull and cold. The blood had ebbed away from his cheeks till they were as gray as his hair.

"Gone?" he repeated in the monotonous tone of someone who walks in his sleep. "How long had he been gone?"

"Not so very long," I replied; "I should say not more than six weeks before we anchored there. The clearing was quite open. So was the path, and vegetation grows quickly after the rains."

For a moment he stood motionless, with a glazed eye and livid face. There was a vague terror in his look, in the tense muscular effort of his very stillness.

"Damn him!" he cried. "May God eternally damn him!"

Then I found myself swept away also, trembling and sick with a sudden revulsion. I might have closed my eyes before, but the truth was before me now, bold and indubitable in every line of his face.

"So that's what your money was for!" I cried. "I know what you wanted now!"

But he never heard me. He never moved. He was still staring vacantly into space. Already a change had come over him. The hollows of his cheeks and eyes had grown deeper, and a wisp of his long hair had fallen across his forehead, but he was no longer pale. Already there was a concentration in his glance of rapid orderly thought. He raised his hand with fingers distended to the white choker at his throat.

"Damn him!" he cried again, and his voice was no longer wild. It was low and vibrant with another passion.

## IV

HAD he been afraid, or had his blood merely been chilled by the somber coldness of a stormy evening? I wonder what thoughts were coursing through his mind just then. They must have been strange fancies. I could nearly believe I saw them, pressing hard upon him, rending him with thin wild fingers, catching at his

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BETWEEN you and the blue skies is the place where your hat goes. Up there on top of your head, it's the first thing about you that people see. Conspicuous in its isolation—separated from the rest of your get-up—your hat can make or mar your whole appearance.

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very breath. He seemed to be struggling against them almost with physical violence, alone in the world which his life had fashioned. What was it, I wonder, that brought the blood back to his cheeks again and set the light dancing in his eye?

It was not any outside force, for the room was dark and chill. It was some flame within him, leaping up from the dead embers of the years, pouring life into dead tissues. It was warming him, imbuing him with resolution, like some rare and costly stimulant, until his hand no longer trembled, until his breath came and went with the strength and regularity of youth. It was like the fanatic impetus of some old religious time, such as once brought old men to the battle and gave them strength to cross the sea. It was like the fire which still sometimes lights the weather-seared faces of New England, and yet not wholly like it. What was that potent elixir which gave him back his strength? Was it some alembic of the soul? Surely it was not faith or charity, and the light of hope could never have burned with such a wild and untrimmed flame. I wonder, after all, if that distraught old man may not have received a stab of truth in the blasphemy which Captain Murdock uttered when the Felicity came in from sea. In the years which have gone since then I have often felt that faith and hope and charity have a way of drifting like the wreck above the water, while love and hate, and possibly even liquor, make the waves. I wonder, after all, whether a philosophic genius did not lurk behind Captain Murdock's red face and round nose and beady eye. There have been other more unlikely phenomena, but surely it was not love that warmed that heart of Eliphalet Greer, and no liquor could have rid his mind of mist.

No, the force which animated him was an unholy, ungodly thing. It dispelled his years and gravity. It changed him to a being of delicate sensibility. It softened him to a pliable and palatable good nature.

"Charles," he said, "you have acted like a determined and brave young man."

I wonder why I said nothing then. I wonder why I sat passively by and let him continue. I can never give a satisfactory reason unless it was a morbid curiosity. I only know it was through no desire of personal gain or through no sympathy or liking that I remained quiet.

"Yes," said Eliphalet Greer; "I know a man when I see one. You've always had a reckless look, like a man who gets ahead. And you will get ahead. You are going to be a rich man, Charles. Do you know why?"

"No, I don't," I said; "and what's more you can't tell me."

Eliphalet Greer leaned toward me and placed his hand gently on my knee.

"You're mistaken, Charles," he said, more gently than before. "I can tell you. Do you think our relations are ended, now that we have transacted our piece of business? They've only begun. Don't start so. I was listening when you spoke of that pistol."

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"I mean," he said evenly, "that you would have fired it."

Somehow the world outside seemed very far away. Eliphalet Greer and I might have been anywhere at all except in that bare room—Havana, Cartagena, where the night air stirs the blood—yes, anywhere but there. In spite of myself my pulse was running faster and my thoughts ran impossible courses. Shadows were dancing behind him on the opposite wall, shifting, changing in shape as unfelt drafts played about the lamps.

"Charles," he asked suddenly, "do I look like a quiet man?"

"No," I replied; "not now."

My answer must have pleased him, for he nodded and rubbed his hands.

"And I'm not," he said. "He'll find I'm not.'

"Who do you mean?" I demanded.

Eliphalet Greer moved his head from side to side in a playful, knowing fashion.

"You know who," he said; "but if I was only ten years younger, you wouldn't need to know. If I was only ten years younger ——"

His voice trailed into half a sigh. He was back among the shadows.

"But I'm not," he added. "Somehow it gets harder to stand alone and see things through when you get old. I need someone who'll stand by me now; and you're the man who'll do it."

"What makes you think I am?" I asked.

"I don't think," said Eliphalet Greer testily. "I know it. D'you suppose I'd be going on to you like this if I didn't know it?"

To my surprise he was speaking rapidly and almost pleadingly. I tried to interrupt, but he only went on the faster:

"No family, no friends, not even a woman—the whole world ahead of you and not a thing behind. What wouldn't I have done with the chances you will have?"

"Would you mind telling me," I interjected, "what you are trying to get me to do?"

I noticed he had a way of being deaf at times, and he did not hear me now.

"No; not even a woman. I've seen 'em look at you, but you've never looked at them. Never you mind, they'll look at you all the more when you have your horses and your gardens. I'll see you are a rich man. What won't you be able to do, with an education and expensive tastes? Aha! I can see your face light up! What'll you do when you get out of those sea clothes, I wonder, and dress like a fine young gentleman? And you will. Say the word, and you'll be a gentleman tomorrow. Say it, and you'll be as rich as your grandfather."

"What's the use of telling me this fairy story?" I asked.

"Every word I tell you is the truth," he answered with hot haste. "I'm making enough money out of my cargoes to share with you. I've had letters from the stage tonight. I've got two ships on the way from Guinea."

"From Guinea?" I echoed. I started, for I recalled Captain Murdock's words on the deck of the Felicity, and a shiver ran up and down my spine. "What are you bringing from the coast of Guinea?"

Eliphalet Greer shook his finger at me in mock admonition.

"Never you mind, my boy," he chuckled hoarsely. "I guessed it'd give a thrill to a boy like you. Never you mind what's coming from Guinea, but it's as good as a load of King Elephant tusks if it gets landed right. Aha! I thought that'd fetch you! We'll go halves, Charles, when it gets ashore."

"Wait!" I cried. "Do you know what you're saying?"

Eliphalet Greer made a gleeful sound and rubbed his hands.

"Aha!" he cried. "I guess I'm not so quiet as you thought I was!" And then he lowered his voice to its old staid and even tones. "I'm a lonely man tonight, Charles. I need a friend tonight, Charles; and you're the man."

"What is it you want me to do?" I asked, and my voice was no longer steady. The shadow which the lamps had cast upon him seemed to be about me also, a thing of weight and dread.

Eliphalet Greer rubbed his chin, and his long white fingers were remarkably steady.

"What I want you to do," he said, "is hardly anything at all. I want you to stay here and be quiet. You have a pistol. I want you to use that pistol when I say the word—that's all."

"You old pirate!" I gasped, starting to my feet.

I heard his chair clatter backward to the floor and he was up beside me.

"So that's what you thought I was!" I shouted. "You thought you could hire me like an African, did you, Mr. Greer? Well, you know enough about them. Take your hand off me! Do you think you can frighten me? Take away your hand!"

"Don't!" snarled Eliphalet Greer. "Don't you raise your voice to me."

And I stopped. Yes, in spite of myself I stopped. Something in the repression of his tone constricted my throat. Eliphalet Greer had grown as cold as ice.

"Keep your tongue where it belongs," he said. "I'm a long way from being deaf."

"And I'm a long way from being a hired murderer," I retorted.

"And would you mind," he asked levelly, "telling me who asked you to be one?"

"There's no use looking at me like that," I returned. "I know what you asked."

"If you think over what I said," he returned calmly, "I asked you nothing except to protect my property, and to help me in a business enterprise. Is that what comes of being generous?"

"No," I replied; "it's what comes of being what you are, and being mistaken in your judgment."

"I wonder," said Eliphalet Greer musingly, "what other gentlemen in this town would say if I told them of this outbreak. It would be better for you if I did not tell them. It shows you in a peculiar light."

"But you won't tell them," I replied.

Eliphalet Greer's teeth clicked together.

"And neither will you if you value your skin," he said.

I stepped past the table toward the door.

"Perhaps," I answered, "I don't value it."

"Wait!" he cried, and his speech was harsh and choked. "Do I understand you're not going to do what I ask?"

I placed my hand on the latch and half opened the parlor door, so that the draft from the black hall blew across my cheek. Eliphalet Greer had moved to the table and was tugging at the drawer.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," I said. "We ain't standing to off Guinea."

"Wait!" he cried.

He was leaning half across the table. His shoulders were sagging and his head was bowed. In the draft of the hall the flames of the lamps were flickering, and the fire within him seemed flickering also, fitfully dying down. Yes; the light had left his eyes again, leaving them glazed and stupid. Once more he was an old and weary man.

"You're not going to leave me?" he asked. "Not leave me here alone? Don't be a fool, Charles. Think what you're doing!"

"I know what I'm doing," I said.

"Wait!" he cried again. "One of Morrill's ships is leaving tomorrow. I'll give you five thousand dollars if you go aboard her as a passenger."

"I thought you'd find you said too much," I answered, and placed my hand back on the latch.

"Charles," cried Eliphalet Greer in a strangled voice, "I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you leave this town."

"I've had enough of your money," I answered, and stepped into the hall.

"Wait!" shouted Eliphalet Greer. "Wait! D'you hear me?"

His last words were lost in the wind as I closed the front door behind me. There was no doubt any longer what Eliphalet Greer had wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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*FRANCE*

# TOM GENTRY QUALIFIES

(Continued from Page 19)

chosen for their manly beauty, their tactfulness and wit. They wore blue serge suits, wide-brimmed straw hats and red roses. They were to circulate, to arbitrate, to find strayed children for anguished mothers, to dance with gawky maidens, to watch for pickpockets; only as a last resort and to forestall or quell a riot were they to send a hurry call for the entertainment committee. This latter group consisted of lumpy-shouldered and big-fisted young men who had their orders. Political excursions out of New York return to their docks occasionally with all police whistles blowing, but to confess so the utter collapse of authority is bad business for the management.

Mrs. Chris McShane and her daughter Peggy alighted from a cab and walked along the pier toward the gangplank. Mrs. McShane, severe in black silk, wished to walk sedately as became the wife of the big contractor of the district.

Her husband had said, "I suppose somebody should go, Mary; Jimmy'll expect it."

She wished to appear austere and removed, and to let the world know that she was honoring the occasion with her presence from motives of policy only; but Peggy wore a hat of lace and straw with a great wind surface and she had to balance it in the face of the stiff wind from the river and tack and luff and go about to keep it on her bobbed hair, and—the expression is her mother's—it gave Mrs. McShane the fidgets.

"How do, Mrs. McShane?" said Jimmy Clahan, shouting the name gladly. "And this is little Peggy, is it? Now I wonder if I got a jaw-breaker in my pocket. Look, Peggy, and see."

"No, thank you, Mr. Clahan," said Peggy, tilting her head and looking down her straight nose with an air that should let Mr. Clahan know that she was no longer little Peggy and that she looked in nobody's pocket for jaw-breakers. She marveled without pleasure at his prodigious memory; five years of convent boarding school had intervened since last she had seen Mr. Clahan. She would impress him with the fact; but, exasperatingly, when she tilted her head the wind rushed at her hat and she had to right it with a swoop and then press it hard down to windward to keep the hat from sailing out over the river, and so she felt obliged to smile dazzlingly at Mr. Clahan.

"A beauty, Mrs. McShane," said Jimmy Clahan in a stage whisper, twisting his black mustache. "A real little beauty. 'Black is her hair as the raven's wing——'"

"And short as the sparrow's, Mr. Clahan," said her mother crisply. "Don't turn the silly child's head with your blarney. Come, Peggy."

"Oh, Tom!" shouted Jimmy Clahan to the captain of the reception committee. "Find a place for Mrs. McShane and Miss McShane!"

Big Tom Gentry, election district captain, bowed to the ladies and took Mrs. McShane's extended hand. His glance held hers momentarily, and then passed her and dwelt steadily on Peggy. This fact, together with the insistent pressure of Peggy's elbow, reminded Mrs. McShane that her daughter was a big girl now and was not to stand by idle while there were eligible young men about. She introduced Tom Gentry to Peggy. Peggy took his hand and held it at the height of her chin, inclined her head and raised her limpid blue eyes to his, and held this attitude during four seconds and until a meet response appeared in Tom Gentry's handsome face. Tom was just another nice fellow to Peggy, but she didn't permit any nice fellow to hold her hand in the firm but impersonal grasp in which he might have held a door knob.

"Who is he?" she asked when Tom Gentry had departed after installing them where they would be in the sunshine and away from the cinders.

"He's a lawyer. He comes from out West somewhere—in Ohio. He's a very sensible young man, very sensible."

"Oh, is he?" said Peggy without approval. "He has gorgeous eyes, though. Don't you think he has gorgeous eyes?"

"Handsome is as handsome does."

"You mean he is as good as he is beautiful," translated Peggy, stepping to the rail to look down.

"There goes your hat," said Mrs. McShane alarmedly. "Come back here out of the wind! You would wear it. I wonder what Mr. Clahan can be thinking of you, the awful face you made when you bowed to him. You were looking up with one eye and down with the other and your mouth was opened sideways."

"My hat was blowing off. Wouldn't it have been perfectly awful if it blew right off while I was bowing to him?"

She was convulsed with laughter at this insanely comic idea and she had to hold onto the railing until the paroxysm passed off; but she did not laugh aloud, as that would have been disgraceful with so many people sitting about; she grew red-faced and made squeaking noises.

"Will you behave?" demanded her mother.

"Oh, mother, come quick and see the frightful-looking man that's coming along the pier!"

"I don't have to come on an excursion to see a frightful-looking man."

"You mean you can see one at home? I'll tell daddy. Oh, but do look at this one for a change, will you?"

That he was a frightful-looking man would have been news to Tot Gargan; he had looked at himself carefully before leaving home and it had seemed to him that there was no room for betterment. So now he strode along the pier with his chest well out and his hips well to the rear and with a seamanlike roll to his shoulders. His hat was down over one eye, and its inflammable brim just missed the smoldering end of the good five-cent cigar which jutted upward from a corner of his mouth. Tot was walking so, with all danger signals displayed, because he had no ticket and he proposed to crash the gate, but he was none the less aware that he was beautiful and that he was causing many feminine hearts to grow tender. He slanted a glance upward from under the brim of his hat and he saw Peggy looking down at him, and he smiled sweetly and did a step, kicking a heel out behind him. Then he put aside thoughts of romance, blew a blast of smoke at Jimmy Clahan and walked up the gangplank.

"Oh, Tom!" called Jimmy sharply.

Tom Gentry was standing with his back to the gangplank and temporizing with a grim-faced committee of mothers who were demanding that Mrs. Bettinger and little Bobby Bettinger be put off the boat at once because little Bobby had the whooping cough. He excused himself and turned about in anticipation of greeting an honored guest. The turn put his six feet and two inches of height and two hundred and ten pounds directly in the path of the advancing Tot. Tot expected opposition, looked forward to it, rather yearned for it. He was a man who liked his pleasure piping hot and with a dash of bitters, and when he went to a dance or keg party or dollar racket or wake or other festivity, he liked to start the fun with a fight. So now, having come into touch with a large and presumably congenial person, he shouldered up to Tom and lifted from the hips and sent Tom teetering back on his heels. Tom frowned, but endeavored to smile; he supposed the assault to be a friendly bit of horseplay.

"Ticket!" shouted Jimmy Clahan, gesturing.

"There's my ticket," said Tot, balling his fist. "Got two! Want one, fellow?"

"You must have a ticket," said Tom, apprehending the situation

"Come and get it," said Tot, slapping his hands together and squaring off.

The committee of women shrieked and went to milling, snatching at their infants to get them out of harm's way. Everybody in the vicinity got up and came forward to get a good view of the impending proceedings. It seemed to Tom that the new arrival could be suppressed and ejected quietly and without precipitating a riot or a panic.

He swallowed his anger and said, "Go ahead now; we'll attend to you later."

"How about attending to me now?" jeered Tot. And then fury surged up in him equally with a sense of safety and he whirled his fists about and shouted, "You or anybody else on the whole blamed boat!"

Those nearest to him, having come to see and not to participate, turned their heads and looked at objects up and down the river, at the sugar works on the Jersey shore, at an approaching ferry boat, at the majestic Palisades and at historic Fort Lee, at such objects of scenic and historic interest as were mentioned in their maps and guidebooks and at a few more that they had discovered for themselves but liked equally well. Tot surveyed the round of rapt faces; he cocked his bargain cigar at an acuter angle, inflated his chest and stalked into the forward cabin. He had not had his fight, but at least he was the acknowledged bully of the ship.

Jimmy Clahan came up the gangplank slowly; his expression was grave and controlled; he nodded to Tom Gentry, but avoided his eyes.

"They're pulling in the plank, Jimmy," said Tom, pointing. "We're not starting with that gorilla on the boat, are we?"

"Don't appear to be nobody around here able to put him off, or even trying to, Tom," said the leader.

"Oh, yes, there is, Jimmy. Pshaw, I guess I could have handled him."

The old Tammany war horse made an inarticulate noise in which were commingled anger and sorrow and derision.

"Sorry, Tom. The people all seen it, though. They seen you."

"Did I do anything out of place Jimmy? I was very angry for a moment, but I thought I hid it. Was it so noticeable?"

"Not a bit," said the leader. "You hid it fine, Tom. Afraid of raising a panic was you, hey? Well, there's worse things than a panic for a young fellow that wants to be a politician in the Fortieth Assembly District."

From somewhere under their feet a hoarse voice was lifted in song, a voice in which there was a genuine sense of rhythm and melody:

*"I owe ten dollars to O'Grady.*
*You'd think he had a mortgage on me life.*
*He comes around to see me every evening*
*And in the morning sends his wife."*

"There he is now!"

"Oh, let him stay," growled Jimmy Clahan. "Don't get nervous if he sees you, Tom. Send for me, and the next thing he knows he will be raising a panic in the river. I'll throw him off the ship myself!"

III

THEY disembarked at Newburgh, where the chowder was to be dispensed. While the caldrons were heating, the excursionists climbed the hill to Washington's Headquarters. Tom Gentry accompanied Mrs. McShane and Peggy. It was his official duty to attend them, as they were important people. This reflection occurred to him when he was halfway up the hill and after he had searched his conscience, but it contented him and made him feel as self-effacing as though Mrs. McShane had been a catechizing old termagant and Peggy had been a cross-eyed maiden with a rose cold.

There was a small museum of Revolutionary relics at this place, and the three tourists viewed Washington's coat and sword and watch and other personal property formerly belonging to great men of old. They stood and stared decorously at the watch and tried to summon up remembrance of things past.

"Have we seen everything?" asked Mrs. McShane anxiously as she raised her eyes from the ancient timepiece. "We might never have a chance to come here again, Peggy, and we must see everything."

"How is it there's no chain goes with that watch?" said Peggy, lifting a narrow black eyebrow at Tom Gentry. "Mother, why don't you ask that nice old man over there to let you see the chain? Why don't you, mother?"

"I really ought to see it, since we're here," said her mother; and she went to the drowsing custodian and said, "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me where we can see the chain, if it's here?"

"In the corner yonder by the window, ma'am."

They went to see the chain. Peggy leaned on the railing about the relic and looked gravely down at it, and then she lifted the eyebrow again at Tom Gentry.

"Oh, see here," protested Tom, frowning down at the massive links.

"Did he say this is the chain that goes with the watch, mother?" asked Peggy.

"Didn't you hear him say that this was it?" said Mrs. McShane reprovingly. "He said so. Why are you so fond of flying into the faces of people who are older and wiser?"

But a stubborn doubt lingered in her own mind, howsoever patriotically she

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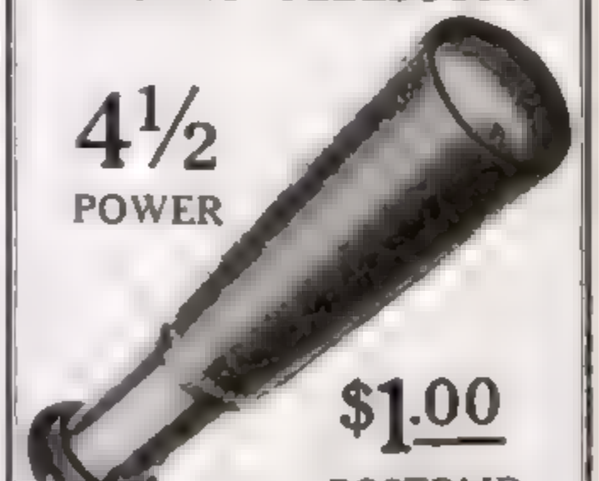

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strove to suppress it, and she consulted the custodian again on their way out.

"I understood you to say, sir, that that was Washington's chain there by the window, did I not?"

"You mean those three links of chain behind the railing yonder in the corner, ma'am? Yes, ma'am, that's a piece of the very chain that was stretched across the Hudson down yonder by Stony Point to keep the British warships from coming up the river. Each link of that chain, ma'am, weighs seventy-five pounds. Yes, ma'am, it was fished up from the bottom years ago."

"Peggy, do stop that everlasting nonsensical giggling!" said Mrs. McShane as they passed out onto the promontory from which the Father of his Country was wont to look with anxious eyes at the British men-o'-war.

They went down to the picnicking grounds and were given each a box of lunch and a bowl of steaming chowder. After the feast was over they went aboard the Mary Powell and the ship started back for New York.

The decks had been cleared for dancing and the company was soon footing it merrily to Stilgebauer's Blue Danube. To each gentleman guest had been given a new corncob pipe and a bag of tobacco that smelled and looked like new-mown hay, and it was quite all right for a gentleman to keep his pipe in his mouth while he danced and to puff it comfortably over his partner's shoulder. There was limitless beer, served in wattles, which are large glasses with handles. The beer came from bottles on which was written, "Private Stock—not over one-half of one per cent alcoholic content" and it was genuine near-beer, although it was handed out with meaning winks and accepted with mischievous chuckles. But everybody was in good humor and ready to take with good will whatever they got for nothing, and they said it was wonderful how much beer a person could drink when he was on the water, and how uninstructed people were who thought that beer was intoxicating.

Tom Gentry had left them. Several young men were dawdling about and shooting inviting smiles at Peggy.

"May I dance with them, mother?" she asked, moving her feet longingly.

"On an occasion like this, certainly," said Mrs. McShane graciously. "That is, providing you are not introduced to them. If you are introduced to them, they will sit down here and monopolize you and talk about themselves for hours, and they will bow to you on the street and call around to the house and stay to dinner."

Peggy danced with the young men and they seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the vast hat whose serrated brim scratched their noses and obliged them to dance on their heels. There was eager competition for her as the good ship steamed slowly down the broad river.

The wise men of the Fortieth Assembly District were sitting in a bunch watching the dancing and talking politics. They were casting about for a good man behind whom to put the support of the Eskimo Club for the Democratic congressional nomination.

"How about Big Tom Gentry?" suggested Judge Van Gilder with a calculated effect of having been struck by a new thought.

"I like Krause," repeated Marty Granniss, a local and prosperous gambler.

"What have you against Big Tom? He's a good man and he's a real Muldoon—straight organization man. He's a high-class sort, too, a lawyer and a college graduate and a fine speaker, and still a good mixer and well liked by the people. Regular clean collar for the ticket, I call him."

"Krause got the jack. Has Tom got the jack?"

"What do you mean by jack?"

"Seven or eight grand."

"Five," bargained Judge Van Gilder.

"Is he offering five?"

"We oughtn't to ask too much of a regular fellow like Big Tom."

"We'll ask it and we'll get it," said Granniss positively. "Now, judge, what's the use of talking? There ain't nobody is going to get on that ticket without putting up the jack, and you know it. I don't have to teach you politics. He finds the jack or he stays off. How about it, Reilly? How about it, alderman? What do you say, commissioner?"

"Well, let's suppose he can find the money," pursued the judge. "Is Big Tom our man otherwise? I say there's not a thing against him except the fact that he's not a New Yorker. Well, neither was Bourke Cockran, neither were the Cohalans or Dick Croker or other Tammany men. The Hall is wide open to any good man that can make the grade, and it's not a question of where he was born or what is his religion or who his people are. And don't you doubt that Tom can find the money. He's got friends. Sturdevant, the big roofing man, who lives across the street from the club, is as rich as a Jew and he'd do anything for Tom. Say, Jimmy, what do you think of Big Tom for Congress?"

Jimmy Clahan was tilted back against the rail and had taken no active part in the discussion. Now he withdrew his cigar from his mouth, looked hard at it and said slowly, "Big Tom is a nice boy, but ——"

He stopped with uttering the damning conjunction and restored his cigar to his mouth.

"But what?" said the judge sharply. He was justly put out, since he had advanced Tom Gentry's name by prearrangement with the executive member.

"You said, judge," said the leader, speaking past his cigar, "that Tammany Hall starts every man with a clean slate, and that it don't give a hoot for a man's ancestors unless they will come down to the poll with their boy and vote. That's right. It's every man for himself and may the best man cop, and that's why Tammany goes on forever. I like Big Tom. He's a nice boy and a square shooter; but while I'm the leader of this district it's up to me to put the club behind winners and see it don't throw the wrong cock in the pit; and what I say is, Big Tom ain't a winner. There's something he ain't got, something that no man ever went far in Tammany without; I've suspected it for some time and now I'm convinced."

"The jack?" guessed Marty Granniss.

"If that was all," said Jimmy Clahan, "I know where he could make a borrow. Never mind now; I'm not saying."

"Well?" said Judge Van Gilder undecidedly.

"Speaking of Krause," said Marty Granniss.

Jimmy Clahan yawned, stretched his thick arms out along the rail and watched the dancers. He would give his opinion of Krause after all his counselors had said their say. But now the politic blankness of expression left his face; his black eyebrows lowered and his hands tightened on the rail.

Tot Gargan had been drawn to the music as a moth is drawn to the light. As he approached the dancers he swayed in unison with the brassy tune blown by Stilgebauer's men. He had just wetted his throat with a half pint of young Scotch whisky after teaching a song to the boys in the engine room, but to attribute any part of his swaying to the liquor would be to underestimate grossly his power of equilibration. The whisky only made him feel right, fit for a fight or a frolic and indifferent in choice.

His eyes beamed when he saw Peggy, who was standing amid a group of young gentlemen and giving to each of the group the joys of anticipation while she purposefully dallied in choosing her partner. Tot brushed the aspirants aside, put his arm about Peggy's slim waist and pulled her up to him.

"Come on, kid," he said. "Let's go."

"But I'm sitting out this one, really I am," protested Peggy, resisting him ineffectually. "Let me go, please."

"Say, kid, behave or I'll smack you," said Tot. "Be nice now, and I'll show you a new step that's a nifty. Hear me, don't you? What's the matter with your props? Can't you dance? That's all right; hold tight onto me and we'll go like a tin can and Towser's tail. Do-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la! Shake 'em, kid, they're all lamping us!"

They were, indeed, attracting attention; but Tot wanted more of the same. He valued himself on his dancing. He backed into couples, upsetting them; he pranced forward with the struggling Peggy in his arms and used her as a bumper. He was a merry fellow and liked his joke, but his sense of humor was primitive. One of his rearward lurches halted in a jarring collision. He looked over his shoulder and into the set features of Thomas Jefferson Gentry. The captain of the reception committee wrenched his arm free of Peggy and threw him back onto his heels.

"Let her go," said Big Tom.

Continued on Page 152

# Make the World of Music Yours

WHEN a famous soprano sings the Gypsy Song from Carmen, hear it in your home exactly as she sings it.

Through MUSIC MASTER, the musical instrument of radio, let her voice be crystal clear. MUSIC MASTER gives to radio life and beauty, lending a wholly new charm to the wonders of the air.

MUSIC MASTER is not just a loud speaker—it is a *true* speaker, a *clear* speaker, a pleasing musical instrument.

Radio impulses entering the sensitive precision instrument in the base are translated into sound waves, undistorted and faithful to the original voice or instrument. In the tapered tone chamber of cast aluminum these sound waves grow clear and bell-like and, finally, the full, mature tones pour forth in rich resonance through the MUSIC MASTER amplifying bell of natural wood.

Your dealer knows. Have him send you a MUSIC MASTER to be proved with your own set.

*Dealers Everywhere*

Connect MUSIC MASTER in place of headphones. No batteries required. No adjustments

14-inch Model, for the Home $30

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**Music Master Corporation**

*Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus*

10th and Cherry Streets

*Chicago* PHILADELPHIA *Pittsburgh*

# Music Master
## RADIO REPRODUCER

(Continued from Page 150)

"Is that so?" said Tot, seeing Peggy slipping away from him and recognizing the big man whom, he supposed, he had already cowed.

His knees crooked; he turned slightly to the right and he swung his solid fist at Tom Gentry's face. Tom, through good luck or good management, stepped inside the path of the fist and threw up a fending forearm. Tot caught him in a hug that told Tom he was dealing with a man who was stronger than he. Tot tried to back-heel him and throw him down, but Tom's heel was elusive and his forearm was instantly jammed under Tot's heavy blue chin. The dance broke up in a hubbub of shouting and shrieking. Men about strove to lay hold of the antagonists, but the two were intent on their quarrel and were disassociated from their environment. It seemed to each of them at the moment that any interference was inimical, and they hurled the intending peacemakers away. There were calls for the entertainment committee.

"Let 'em alone!" bellowed Jimmy Clahan, while his teeth met through his cigar for vindicated pride and joy.

The fighters had broken and were standing six feet apart; Tom Gentry had sprung back. Retreat had no honorable place in Tot's theory of military tactics. He had fought many a grueling battle and he was as incapable of learning a new thing as is any war-worn old general. Straightforward frontal attack was his only plan of campaign. So now he shambled grimly forward to give and take. He began to swing again before he had crossed more than half the intervening space. If this big fellow over against him was a man at all, he too would swing, and it would be seen, then or later, who would be first to reel.

Tot swung. The terrific force of his gesticulation turned him half about, and thereupon something exploded under the right side of his jaw. The explosion didn't hurt him; it filled the inside of his head with a blinding glare of white light and he heard a sound like the twanging of a stretched string. And then he was on his hands and knees and was wearing a puzzled smile. His head cleared almost instantly, and he jumped up and rushed again to the attack. Again there was the same livid glare, but this time the string had not twanged and he did not fall; he was merely brought up all standing as if he had run his head against the pole of a truck. He knew that something was wrong and he was quite assured that the fault did not lie with him.

"Why don't you fight?" he cried tauntingly.

He saw the big fellow there with chin on chest and shoulders rounded and blue eye intent. Tot clapped his hands to his face, lowered his shaggy head and charged. Tom Gentry stepped aside, tripped on an obstacle and was struck by the rushing Tot and hurled up against a deck house. Tot's fist crashed against the side of his head and shook him so that he fought back for an interval without sense or plan. But even so, the motions of fence and assault that he had learned in the high-school gymnasium at Frankfort, Ohio, were more efficient than those to be learned in New York street fights and barroom set-tos. He kept his elbows well in and pumped his blows home through the shortest possible distances, while Tot put all he had of many strength and vigor into every blow and delivered it with a round-arm swing. The tattoo beaten by Tom's fists distracted Tot and made him swing even more slowly; he straightened for a supreme stroke.

"Bring it up, Tom!" bellowed Jimmy Clahan. "Bring up that right or I'll punch the tar out of you myself!"

To what extent the threat of the gray-haired leader invigorated Tom Gentry is not determinable, but he did bring up his right fist and plucked again the string that was connected somehow with Tot Gargan's massive jaw. Tot sat down this time and then sank back until he had assumed an easy posture, resting his elbows on the deck beneath him. He was smiling without intelligence; he had literally been knocked silly. His daze was of short duration, and he was quickly planning to rise and fight again. His first conscious sentiment was one of contempt for Tom Gentry's prowess.

"He don't know how to fight," he murmured. "He could put the boots to me now and kick my head off."

But then the entertainment committee intervened and laid violent hands on him; they dragged him to his feet and hustled him away. He went tractably, after a rash refusal, and shortly he was walking with them in all amity and telling them with relish about the battle and about the things he would have done to Tom Gentry if people had only laid off.

"Sit down, Tom, my son," bubbled Jimmy Clahan, patting Tom Gentry with both hands. "Sit right down here alongside the judge. Judge, move over. Say, Tom, that right cross was a doll baby. Oh, boy, you put everything in that one but the boat's license! Where did you get it from, Tom? Say, you ain't a pug, are you? Not holding out on us, are you? Here, Tom, smoke a good cigar. Hey, find his hat! Hey, find this sleeve out of his coat! Put your dogs on the alderman's chair, Tom, and rest good. Say, Tom, how would you like to run for Congress?"

"Wait up, Jimmy. What about Krause?" said Marty Granniss.

"Krause? Who's Krause? Never heard of him. Don't want to hear of him. The boy we send up to the scratch has got to be a fighter, and here he is. Fight? Fight like a race horse! Am I right, judge? What say, Spellacy? You're dead right I'm right! If I was any righter I'd see a doctor."

"You don't need me here, gentlemen," said Tom Gentry, rising. "I'm going after that gorilla. He ought to have a beefsteak on that eye."

"What did I tell you?" chuckled Jimmy Clahan when Tom Gentry had left them. "Is he a politician? Tell me, somebody!"

"I wonder would he beat me," said Peggy, looking with widened eyes at an approaching cab after the ship had docked.

"Would who beat you?" asked her mother.

"Mr. Gentry."

"And why would Mr. Gentry beat you?"

"Because cave men beat their wives. If he lays one finger on me, I will wait until he is asleep and then I will come at him with a shoe and ——"

She clenched her teeth, while an infernal glare that would have become Jael the nail driver appeared in her blue eyes, and she lifted her fan of pierced sandalwood; but she ended by waving her fan gayly and smiling demurely from under the brim of her hat.

"Who is it?"

"It was Mr. Gentry. He bowed to us. Oh, mother, he is madly in love with me. I could see it in his eyes the very first time he looked at me. Mother, let's not take this cab, and we will walk by the clubhouse and ——"

"Get in, get in," said her mother tartly.

IV

TOT GARGAN'S left eye gave to that side of his face an aspect that was at once Chinese and negroid. He could not see out of it at all, but he valued it none the less for that. In ceasing to be an organ of commonplace utility, it had become a badge of honor and a thing of beauty. He walked from the pier with his hat tilted over his right eye so as to expose the closed eye to public admiration; he was obliged to turn his head in the opposite direction in order to see his way and to make sure that he would be recognized by his friends. He marshaled phrases against the thrilling moment when someone should cry to him, "Hey, Tot, where did you get the big lamp?"

He was nearing Eighth Avenue when his supposed search for an auditor to whom he might teach his tale resulted in his sighting the good fellow who had insisted on sharing with him the found money. The sharper was standing on the corner of Eighth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, preening himself in the mellow evening sun and watching with bleak and brooding eyes the flowing stream of shoppers. Tot stalked up to him and took him by the arm and smiled at him.

"Oh, hello, hello there, Mr. Gargan!" said the sharper with hardy cordiality. "Went to the outing, I see. Have a nice time?"

"Say, fellow," said Tot, "was that good money you give me?"

"How do I know?" said the sharper. "I didn't make it."

"Didn't you? Well, anyways, the bank would not take it and they said it was no good, so I want my twenty-five dollars."

"Quit your kidding."

"Say, fellow," said Tot earnestly, lifting his right fist to the sharper's nose, "I am going to kid you with that. Do I get my twenty-five dollars?"

"Why, certainly you do, now that you ask for it like a gentleman," said the daunted sharper. "But don't you think you can bulldoze me. No, sir, you can't. You wait right here, Gargan, and I'll run up home and bring back your twenty-five dollars."

"I'll run too," said Tot.

"What do you mean? Do you doubt me? See here, Gargan, if you take that attitude you won't get your money."

"I won't?" growled Tot, moving to go into action.

"Ah, say, Gargan, take a joke, can't you? Let's go some quiet place. Let's walk over this way. Where's the fifty?"

"I ain't got it no more."

"You ain't got it? What are you trying to do—gyp me? Why, say, Gargan, I got a good mind to haul off and -don't get sore now, will you? You're hurting my arm. Take a joke, can't you? But look here, you don't expect me to give you back the twenty-five when you don't give me my fifty, do you?"

"I'll get it for you. Let's walk over this way. A blind man changed it for me, but he only give me three-seventy-five. There he is now. That's him. See him? Come on over and I'll get you your fifty."

They went to the blind beggar, who was still sitting on the doorsill of the vacant store.

The sharper was cheered at the prospect of engaging in a money-changing transaction with such people, and he said heartily, "I'll show you I'm a regular fellow, Gargan. You got that three-seventy-five on you yet?"

"Hey, pop," called Tot, shaking the blind man from his reverie. "You got that fifty berries? The fifty berries you give me three-seventy-five for this morning!"

"I'll call an officer," whimpered the blind beggar.

"It ain't no use talking to the likes of you," said Tot contemptuously. And he threw the blind man over and pinned him down and went methodically through his pockets. "Oh, boy, he got more kinds of money than a slot machine! Here's a roll would choke a dog. Holding out on Billy, he was. Look, he got almost seventeen dollars."

"Police!" shouted the blind man. "Help!"

"Let's take it and lam," said the sharper nervously.

"Not me," said Tot. "I wouldn't rob a beggar; it's bad luck. Look, here's your fifty; I know it by the cock-eyed pitcher. Take it."

"Here comes a cop!"

"What are you wanting to run for?" said Tot holding his arm. "We ain't doing the blindy nothing."

"Help! Help!" bawled the beggar.

A citizen stood on a corner below and waved his arms in entreaty and shouted, and shortly a patrolman ran up to him with ready club and was directed toward the money changers. He came bounding.

"What's coming off here?" he demanded, seizing the sharper.

"There ain't nothing coming off, officer," said Tot, standing his ground. "We was just changing fifty dollars for this old gentleman."

"You're a liar," said the patrolman. "You stand where you are. Say, daddy, do you want this pair of gorillas to change a fifty for you?"

"Yes," said the blind man, after reaching out and fingering the officer's coat lapels. "If it's a fifty-dollar bill, officer, I want it changed, but don't let them give a poor blind man any bad money."

"So that was your game, was it?" said the patrolman with hot scorn. "Nice men you are, going around and shoving queer money onto blind men. Give him his change and beat it."

"What's the matter with giving him back his fifty, officer?" suggested the sharper smoothly.

"No, you don't," said Tot. "You change that fifty or I'll knock your block off."

"Ah, don't get fussy," grumbled the sharper. "I'll give him the dough. I didn't say I wouldn't, did I?" He drew out a roll of bills and counted off twenty-five dollars. The officer inspected each bill carefully before passing it to the beggar. "There's his dough. Came clean, didn't I?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said the patrolman. "What do you mean? Say, I'm not going to lose time with you birds. Come on along to the station house and we'll talk this over."

"Don't get so noisy," snarled the sharper. "Did I say I wouldn't give him the other twenty-five?" He went to stripping the roll again.

"Right," said the officer, after the final counting. "Now beat it, both of you."

"But what about my twenty-five?" cried Tot.

"I told you, didn't I?" said the patrolman. "On your way!"

"Do you see Billy anywheres about?" asked the beggar eagerly, rising to his feet after shoving the money into his pocket. "He's not watching me, is he? He'll take it all off me. Please, officer, put me on a Willis Avenue car and I'll get up into the Bronx to my sister's house before Billy comes back. He's been keeping me over in Augie Eichenlaub's flop and making me work for him. Thanks, officer; you won't lose anything by helping a poor blind man."

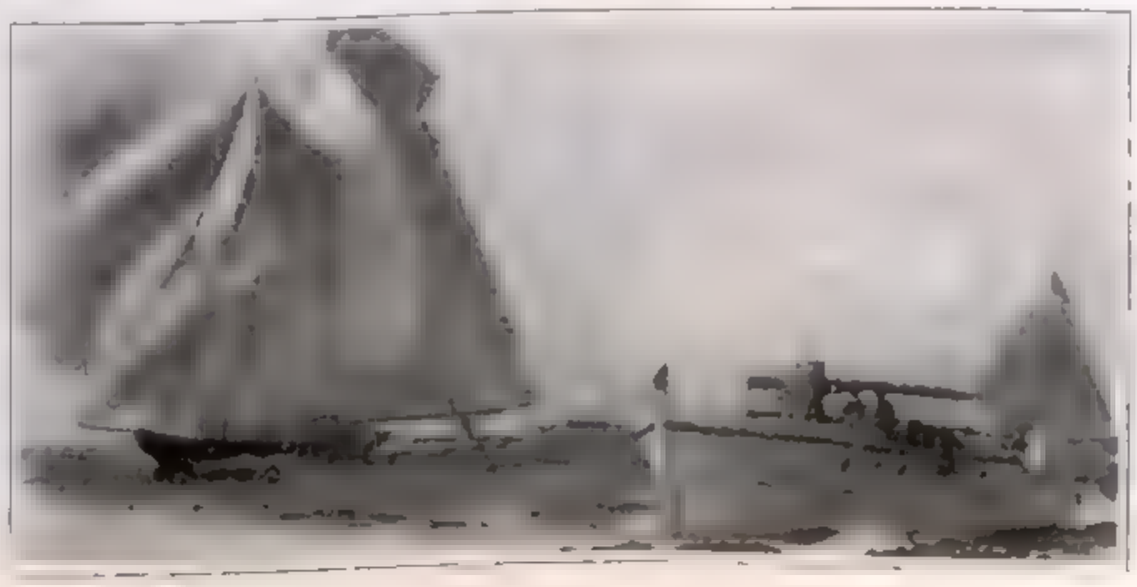
"You heard me, didn't you?" shouted the policeman, flourishing his stick at the reluctant Tot.

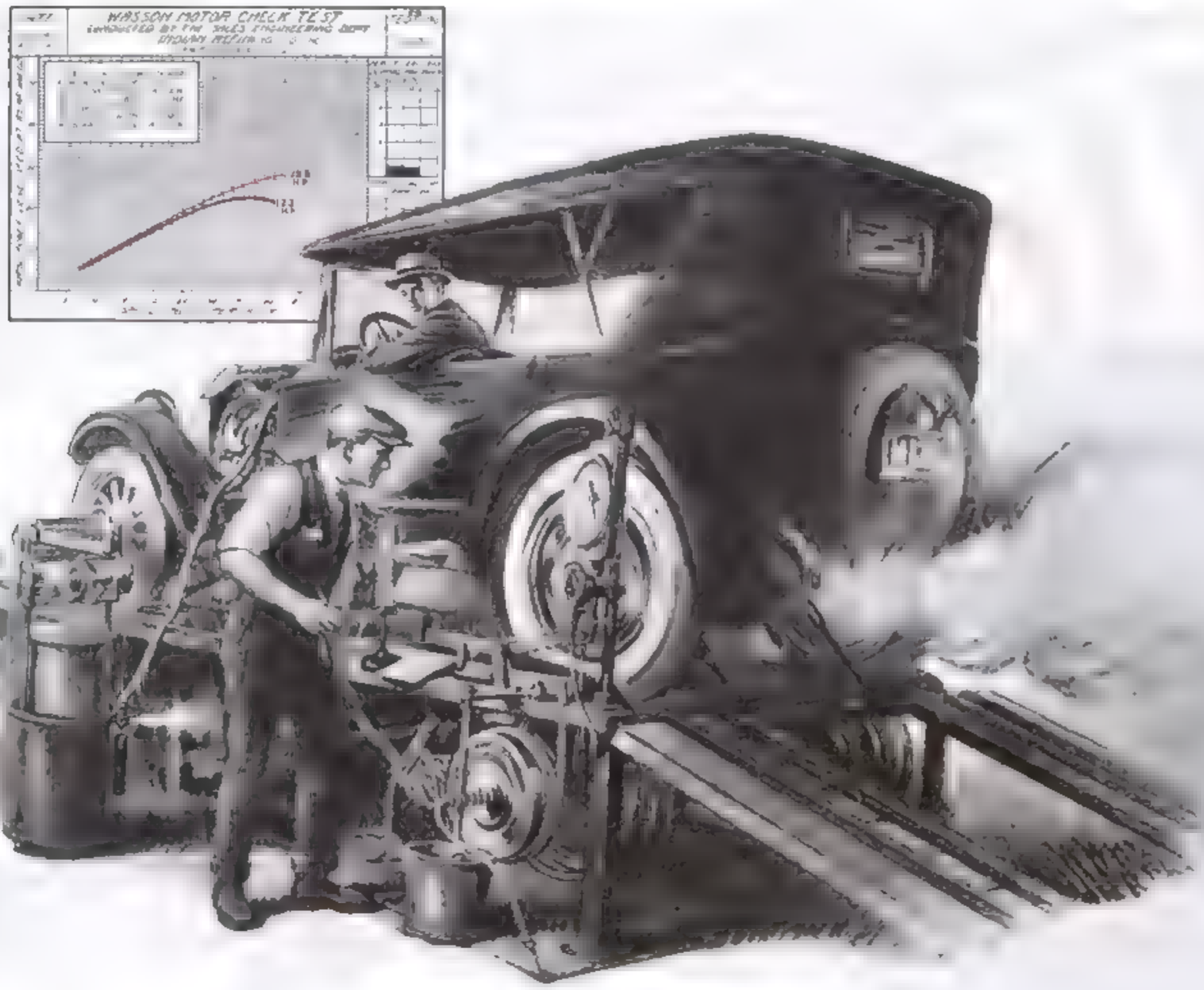
Tot went away slowly, burning with a sense of injustice. But he was mercurial and ready to accept substitutes cheerily, and at last his face lightened in anticipation and he said to himself, "What I will do, I will find that bird and I will take twenty-one dollars and twenty-five cents out of his skin. Yes, I will give him a beautiful bust on the beezer!"

He hurried in the wake of the sharper, clenching his fist into an iron ball wherewith to smite his whilom comrade. He did not catch up with the sharper, who was skilled in the subsidiary art of vanishing into air. Tot's pace slackened, and when he saw a shawled woman carrying three docile green birds on a stick he forgot the sharper and feed the woman to induce a bird to tell his fortune. He learned through the bird that he would cross water, would inherit money and spend it, and would finally marry rich, after being fiercely fought for by a beautiful blonde and a beautiful brunette.

It seemed to Tot that this was the end of a perfect day. He went down Eighth Avenue, swinging his shoulders and casting about for a song. He found a snatch to suit him and he lifted his face and bellowed in a volume that vied with the thundering wheels of the Elevated train overhead:

*"The blast it blew the whole job up: the cripples laid around.*
*They asked a judge to hang Tim Murney, but he could not be found.*
*'He rests in pieces,' said the judge, 'He's up there in the sky.*
*What can we do?' And with one voice the other Turks did cry,*
*'We'll have revenge upon the man that treated us so savage.*
*We'll fix that Turk,' they said, 'we'll eat his cold corned beef and cabbage!'"*






**Facts About The Test illustrated here**

A six-cylinder car, less than one year old (1924 model) No repairs or replacement of engine parts. Has been lubricated with "Gimme a quart of oil"

Mileage to date 6500 miles
Actual power developed after 500 miles with "Gimme a quart of oil." 23 H P.

After 500 miles with Havoline Medium_____28.8 H P

A gain of 5.8 horse-power, or 25%, by a simple change to the right oil.

*Copy of a booklet, "Oil is more than Oil—it is power," will be sent you upon request.*

# Your car is the only laboratory you need

## When your engine shows more *power* with one oil than with another—that oil is the best lubricant

In the two years—four years—twenty years—you have been driving a car, what have all the laboratory stories about motor oil taught you? "Body," "viscosity," "asphalt base," "paraffin base," "flash and fire." Fine words that may obscure thought—test tube talk!

How do you buy oil? You buy the oil that is best for your car as well as you can judge it. Your car is your laboratory. You're the only "expert" that pays the bill.

And now—after twenty-one years—you can be more of an expert than any oil chemist has been up to this year. You can *know* what is happening inside your motor. You can make your private laboratory—your car—tell you the truth about oil—tell you what oil is best for it.

It took a revolutionary invention to do it—the Wasson Motor Check, a machine that tests with deadly accuracy anything in any car that makes its wheels go round or clogs them, from carburetor to exhaust. When we discovered this machine we put it to work testing all types of cars, new and old, to find out what oil actually meant to a going car.

And here's what we found: that a change from the old diluted oil to a fresh oil, or from the wrong grade of oil to the right grade, or from a cheap oil to a fine oil, showed an amazing gain of from 10% to 50% in horsepower!

We found at last the practical, demonstrable proof of what twenty years as oil refiners had taught us—*that oil is more than oil—it is power!*

*Power* is the key to every oil secret.

*Power* is the property that includes all the lesser, technical properties.

*Power* is a real and measurable thing that you can feel and use. Buy oil because it is *power* for your car, and you are more of an oil expert than all the test tube laboratorians.

Prove it. Find the place where Havoline is sold and fill your crank case with this fine, twenty-one year proof product. You will change your whole point of view toward motor oil: you will think of it in terms of power.

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30¢
It's the last five cents in a quart of oil that counts.
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NOW Corona brings you, for the first time in typewriter history, a model that meets every office requirement—and yet is portable.

Standard four-row keyboard! Office sturdiness! As wide as the heavier makes, but built lower—and light enough to carry anywhere.

It's light to the touch, quiet to the ear, a delight to the eye. Every time-saving feature is there, from self-spacing carriage return to 12-yard self-reversing ribbon.

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WE are still manufacturing the original Personal Writing Machine—the most widely used portable typewriter in the world. We call it Corona Three, to distinguish it from Corona Four.

The amazing news of the New Corona Four is ready. The coupon below will bring the whole story post-haste.

# CORONA

# "There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile"...

## *and his name was "custom"*

WASN'T it Mark Twain who said that the streets of Boston were so crooked that when you took a walk on them you met yourself coming back?

But it is not surprising that the streets of Boston, or of any other old city, are not straight. For they were not planned—they were paths of custom. First, ways through the woods; then roads through the fields; finally streets of the city. So today, Boston folks are walking the "crooked miles" that custom laid out. For custom, like the man in the nursery rhyme, is a "crooked man" who always goes in "crooked miles."

And in the same way the women of America followed the lead of custom along another crooked mile that is just now being straightened out—the custom of "Monday Washday." No one knows who started this "Monday Washday" custom. It was just another of the paths of habit that every housewife followed.

Then came the modern laundry, taking the washing out of millions of American homes. Monday is no longer Washday—it is not even the special day for sending the washing to the laundry. Now the work is sent out on Tuesday, Wednesday, or any day that the laundry calls. And by spreading over the entire week work that used to be crowded into a single day, the laundry is giving prompter and even more satisfactory service.

Probably the crooked miles of crooked streets will never be made straight. But the women of America have straightened out one crooked street that custom made through almost every house. They have exchanged the Day of the Wash for the Week of the Laundry—and so the Monday Washday is slipping into the land of forgotten things.

Phone today and let the laundry take the Work of the Wash and the Day of the Wash out of your home for good and all. You will receive prompt service.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

*Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.*

### PRIM-PREST

A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

### HO-MESTIC

A most acceptable medium-priced service. Everything is [illegible] and ironed. Because of the moderate cost of this service no [illegible] is used. Many customers, however, [illegible] wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

### ROUGH DRY

Everything washed. Articles [illegible] are dried [illegible] Flat work [illegible] the ironing [illegible] pieces left [illegible]

### FLOAT-IRONED

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

### THRIF-T-SERVICE

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The rinse water is softened. All flat work is ironed and articles [illegible] Clothes with a tinted dash, ready for starching.

### WET WASH

Everything washed [illegible] and flat work dried, [illegible] the housewife takes them home, sprinkles and irons dry.

# THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 38)

the panic. I call that dramatic, if true, for Harriman and Hill and Morgan and Schiff were all big men, and as protagonists of a Wall Street drama you couldn't beat them. The scene in Harriman's office, where Schiff, a great banker and a good man, pleaded for mercy, at the cost to his associates of a great victory, I consider infinitely more dramatic than the cheap melodrama of the Samuels story."

"But unfortunately your story also is not true," I said.

"How do you know it isn't?" he challenged.

"I have no doubt Mr. Schiff pointed out to Mr. Harriman the need of what you might call an intelligent magnanimity. But the kneeling and the words that made the story so dramatic are probably pure inventions," I said. "You will find that most of the dramatic incidents of Wall Street are fictitious."

"You cannot prove that it didn't happen. There were no witnesses, and both men are dead. I believe it."

That is the trouble. People always believe such stories.

The senior partner of a brokerage firm with whom we are often associated in our promotions felt called upon to remember that fateful Blue Thursday, May 9, 1901.

"I'll tell you a true story. It happened to me. I was on the floor then. On the day of the panic everybody was swamped with selling orders by frightened holders. We were busy as blazes. I didn't have time to do any thinking. I let the office do that. I got my orders and executed them as best I could in that sort of market.

"Well, I got an order to sell one hundred shares of N. P. at the market. Mine not to reason why. I just dashed into the frenzied crowd about the Northern Pacific post and was in time to sell that stock to a lunatic who paid me seven hundred dollars a share for it. Then I rushed off to execute my other orders. All reports from the floor were late in reaching the offices. Everybody was in the same plight. Finally I sent over a batch of mine. When the notice of the sale of one hundred shares of N. P. reached my partner he hit the ceiling. It seems the order was to sell one hundred U. P., and instead of 'U' I had read 'N.'"

### A Blunder That Paid a Profit

"There I was, short one hundred shares of a cornered stock. I didn't know what the price was. You couldn't tell anything from the tape, because the ticker was fifteen or twenty minutes behind the market. But I had heard the shouting of some maniacal fellow member, informing the world the Northern Pacific had just sold at one thousand dollars a share. I rushed over to the N. P. post. I was a ruined man. I was sure that to buy back the stock I had no business to sell I'd have to pay at least two thousand dollars a share. A loss of two hundred thousand dollars was no bagatelle to me in those days. And moreover, it was entirely my fault.

"When I got to the N. P. crowd imagine my surprise at hearing one of the specialists offer one hundred shares at 250. I should have grabbed that hundred, but on general principles, or more likely, by force of habit, I bid 200 for a hundred, and got it. I was barely able to write down the transaction on my pad. I felt so weak. I don't know how I managed to get to our telephone and report so as to ease my partner's mind. As soon as I had done so I got the fright of my life.

"I mean, I felt really scared only after I was out of danger. Instead of being out two hundred thousand dollars the firm was in fifty thousand dollars, but I was barely able to throw an arm around my telephone clerk's neck. I held on to him while a cold sweat just poured out of me. It was the worst wave of fear I ever felt. That always struck me as a curious thing—the fright that came too late."

I couldn't see much drama in that, and I said so. I suppose it got to be a hobby of mine, for I often found myself involved in discussions about how much romance one finds in Wall Street. I have always held that nothing in or about the stock market could compare with the romance of our railroads, the locating and building of any of our big systems. The star customer of one of the largest commission houses in Wall Street once said to the head of the firm in my hearing:

"You professional Wall Street men who feed on ticker tape are forever harping on the losses and profits. You seem to think that if only these are large enough or unexpected enough they must perforce be dramatic. You even turn near-losses into tragedies. The vanishing of paper profits you broker-dramatists raise to the dignity of legitimately blasted hopes. Your favorite curtain is usually wet with utterly unnecessary tears. I've got so that if I call the turn in the market I instantly think in terms of high comedy. When I lose I promptly perceive a moral lesson or another warning to lead a brokerless life unless I wish to remain a customer to the end of my days.

"I've been in Wall Street many years; I mean, of course, trading in brokers' offices. So far as I can remember I've seen but one genuinely dramatic thing. I've been through three booms and nine panics and have known hundreds of brokers and customers, so my facilities for obtaining free theater tickets down here have been as good as the next man's."

### Caught on a Falling Market

"The episode I have in mind occurred on February 1, 1917. The German unrestricted-submarine warfare note was made public after the close of the market, January thirty-first. The next morning before ten there wasn't a broker's office in the United States that was not wondering fearfully just what the market would do that day. That there would be a break went without saying. Bulls and bears and neutrals all agreed on that; but the extent of the break was all that was left to guess at. Of course it would be pretty bad.

"I was trading in the office of Sheldon, Pratt & Co. It so happened that I wasn't long or short of anything. It wasn't due to my brains that I owed that happy condition, but to luck. I had decided to go South for a rest, and I never take the stock ticker along with me. I had closed out all my deals.

"However, knowing that it would be a great day on the Stock Exchange, I went downtown and got to John Sheldon's office before the opening, full of a natural curiosity, but also hoping I might do something useful for my heirs.

"In less than five minutes I saw that everybody in the office was long of something or other. I couldn't help knowing it; the customers' faces megaphoned it. Of course I didn't keep your books, so I couldn't give the harrowing statistics of every account in the office. But I found out, without trying, that Russell Salmon had five thousand bales of May cotton and one thousand shares of Bethlehem Steel, which had sold as high as 422 on the day before. He asked my opinion as to what would happen. I couldn't pronounce a sentence of death on a friend of mine of whom I was as fond as I was of Russell. So I shook his hand in silence. But that wasn't enough. He had been stunned by the awful silence of his fears all night long and now in the light of day he passionately craved vocal sounds.

"I could not think of verbal sedatives, but knowing the danger of even appearing to share his misgivings I frowned as angrily as I could. Then I said gruffly, 'Don't be a jackass!'

"'Aw!' he said disgustedly.

"'It can't possibly be as bad as your nerves lead you to fear,' I assured him.

"'You are the jackass,' he said, and turned his back on me. He had been too miserable too long to find any comfort in my way of comforting him.

"'What'll you bet?' I said. But he turned, gave me one murderous look, and again permitted me to study a spot on his coat between the shoulder blades. I thereupon began to figure what he stood to lose on his May cotton and his Bethlehem Steel. I thought, having been infected with his pessimism, that cotton might go off one hundred points, possibly two hundred. And Bethlehem might break twenty or thirty points. Russell wasn't a multimillionaire and the slump was going to pinch him. He had been a picturesque cusser, with an amusing habit of stammering at the top of his voice when he was excited. I was going to keep my eyes on him.

"The air was full of suspense. You were made aware of it as definitely as if a colored searchlight had been turned on. You heard—or thought you heard—appropriate low music played by one of those ghost orchestras that you both hear and don't hear at one and the same time. I don't think I am particularly imaginative, but I thought of all these things. I have a sort of theory that intense emotions start psychic emanations from humans and you feel your own heartstrings vibrate in sympathy with the vibrations in others. When a thousand people are attuned that way, all sorts of curious things can happen. Of all the phenomena of mob psychology, that is the most curious to me; and it isn't merely the contagion of example or some manifestation of the herd instinct either. I remember the same thing in the café of the Waldorf on the night of May 8, 1901, the eve of the Northern Pacific panic.

"In John Sheldon's customers' room were forty or fifty men full of the same fear. The cause of that fear was one. The psychic vibrations were therefore all alike. I tell you, the effluvia from the quaking souls got into my system. Presently I had but one thought—to duck. I didn't know what, but it was coming. I all but held up my arm to ward it off, every time somebody said something in a husky voice. I guess all throats were dry there.

"Ten o'clock! The ticker began to click in that inhuman way it has at times, so different from the tinkle of it when things are going your way. That's no phrase. Why, I've known men to guess ten times out of ten whether the market was weak or strong by the sound of the ticker. It now made me realize gratefully that it wasn't my funeral. It made a change. I no longer shared the common fear. I was a spectator. I therefore looked expectantly at Russell to see what he'd do. How would he take that ruthless surgery—the parting of a man from his savings? Financial phlebotomy, they used to call it. But it is more than mere bleeding.

"Russell was facing the quotation board. The ticker had clicked off a half dozen quotations before he took a long deep breath. Then the breath went out in one prodigious sigh.

"He still had not looked at the quotations. His eyes were following instead the feet of the red-headed board boy. There were two board boys there, but the red-headed one was nearer to Russell. I could hear loud breathing from the customers who were seated near me. From the groups by the ticker came a jumble of voices and fragments of oaths. Clerks darted in and out of the room. If one of them spoke to a customer it was in a hurried whisper, as though he had a lot to say before a customer breathed his last. I never saw so many tortured faces in such a small space as were crowded into John Sheldon's office that morning. I noticed also that the grimaces all suggested copies of the same original. It was only after I noticed the family resemblance of all those lips that I realized the why of it. These were brokers' customers and they were all hurt and all were trying to bluff it out facially. The same thought, the same pain, the same vanity, the same grimace!"

### Between Two Fears

"Suddenly Russell turned toward me. I thought he was going to speak. He opened his mouth. Then he closed it. Then he shook his head. On his face I saw perplexity—a sort of agonized indecision, the kind you would expect of a man who, having made up his mind to die by his own hand, cannot decide between drowning and jumping from the nineteenth story. Then he turned away and again faced the quotation board. From time to time he shook his lowered head. He was, quite obviously, saying 'No!' to himself.

"I couldn't make out his reason for so much head shaking. He was still looking at the red-headed board boy's feet. Suddenly it came to me that all that Russell Salmon was carrying in this office was his five thousand May cotton and his one thousand Bethlehem Steel. Both were bound to be among the hardest hit of all on that board. The cotton quotations were on the extreme left of the blackboard, and the Bethlehem Steel on the right, near the stock ticker.

"Poor Russell, knowing a mortal blow would come from either, did not know at which epitaph to look first!

"As a matter of fact May cotton showed a break in the price of five hundred and sixteen points over the previous day, or a difference to him of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars. Bethlehem Steel, which had sold at 422 on the day before, dropped as low as 363. This break of fifty-nine points amounted to a fifty-nine thousand dollar loss. The total reduction in Russell's bank account was under two hundred thousand dollars, but he had worked himself into a state of semiparalysis. Fear!

"An exclamation came from a man near the stock ticker, and Russell Salmon winced, as if somebody had touched him lightly with a red-hot iron.

"I took pity on poor Russell. The suspense, I knew, was worse than the reality, so I called out aloud first the quotation on cotton and next the last on Bethlehem Steel. Russell drew in a whole balloonful of air in a series of spasmodic gasps and then let out the grandfather of all the sighs. It was as if his very soul had deflated. He turned toward me, attracted by my voice, and I perceived that he did not see me. Whereupon I said, 'They'll rally!'

"'They'll rally!' he repeated, dutifully, as though I had commanded him to believe it and he had obeyed. He faced the quotation board bravely now and he read aloud, 'Utah Copper, 98⅝! Jimmy!'"

### When Grant & Ward Failed

"And he nodded toward James Burns, who was long of a big block of it. It was only down twelve points or so. Russell's indecision as to which side to look for death is the only dramatic thing I have ever seen in Wall Street."

One day at a club uptown I was speaking about dramatic moments to Alexander Dana Noyes, the famous financial editor of the New York Times, whose experience in Wall Street is longer than mine. He smiled and told me this:

"Some years ago in London I was asked to recall the most dramatic incident that had come under my personal observation in my experience in Wall Street or anywhere else. After some thinking I decided in favor of the Grant & Ward failure in 1884. You remember the tremendous sensation it caused all over the country. In the first place, it was what creditors call a bad failure. It precipitated a panic, involved a bank and bankers, it led to sensational disclosures and it dragged in General Grant, who was a special partner in the firm. The Grant of Grant & Ward was the general's son, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr.

"General Grant was then the most widely known of living Americans. As commander in chief of the armies of the United States at the close of the Civil War, as President of the United States for two terms, his place was high in the public regard. His political opponents found faults, but the great majority of his fellow citizens chiefly remembered his great services to his country.

"When the news of the failure came I was sent down to Wall Street to cover it. It was first-page news for the double reason that it was a very bad failure and because of General Grant's connection with the firm.

"When I got to Grant & Ward's office I found it full of people—customers, creditors, brokers and others, and all were intent on learning as quickly as possible just where they stood. There was much excitement and loud talking and breathless running in and out of clerks and messengers.

"I tried to get past an employe who barred the way to the inner office where I assumed the partners and the assignee and their lawyers were conferring. At my back pressed the clamoring creditors. I could hear bitter comments about the failure and the vocal sounds usual on such occasions.

"Suddenly the noise ceased. The silence came so abruptly, so unexpectedly, that it shocked me far more than an explosion would have done. I turned, half alarmed, just in time to see that excited crowd give way and make a passage. A short, heavy built man was seen through, looking neither to right nor to left. He spoke to no one. I doubt whether any man in that mob had ever spoken to him. But we all knew who it was.

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"As he walked through the silenced crowd every hat came off. The personal grievance of every creditor vanished before the infinitely greater tragedy of Ulysses S. Grant. The man who had said: 'No other terms than unconditional surrender . . . can be accepted,' the magnanimous victor of Appomattox, the twice-elected President of the United States, the private citizen whose trip around the world was an unprecedented triumphant journey, was beyond question the chief sufferer from the collapse of Grant & Ward. The spontaneous tribute of instant silence, the baring of heads, the obviously deep sympathy of that mob of angry creditors was by all odds the most dramatic incident that I can recall."

Mr. Noyes' narrative impressed me far more deeply than the stock stories of my fellow brokers. That was indeed drama! I happened to tell Mr. Noyes' story the next day in my office in the hearing of Peter Bennett, the dean of the Wall Street reporters. He also remembered the failure. He said:

"Grant & Ward's office was in 98 Broadway. I remember my chief got the tip that the firm was about to go under. It didn't come as an accomplished fact, but as an imminent likelihood. As I recall it, we heard that Ferdy Ward had been told to pay off some loans and he had given checks on his complaisant banker, but there was some question whether the bank would honor the checks or not. The firm was about due to fail anyhow.

"I ran over to their office. Prompt as I was, there were many there before me. I walked in and asked some of the crowd what had happened. Nobody knew, so I went on toward the private office. Just then Buck Grant, the general's son, came out. I knew him pretty well and he knew me. Of course the moment he saw me he knew why I was there. I suppose my eyes asked him questions, for he nodded. I approached him, pushing my way through the crowd, and he came toward me. Before I could ask for details he made a remark I have never forgotten. On that day of days, he said to me, the first newspaper reporter he saw, 'I guess I'll have to go to work now!'

"Of all the sensational details of that historic failure, that one remark sticks in my memory. Why shouldn't it?"

One of my most intimate friends told me of an experience of his on that day of real tragedy when some unknown and still uncaught fiend tried to blow up the Morgan Building. The pavement for nearly a block was red with blood.

### *The Broker's First Thought*

"When the bomb exploded before the Assay Office," he said, "I was coming up New Street, from Beaver. I guessed that the thing had happened in the Stock Exchange's excavation for its new extension on Wall Street, and I broke into a run to get there early. At the Exchange Place corner I met a broker running away from the Exchange. He was hatless, wild-eyed, blue-lipped, terror-stricken. I grabbed his arm.

"'What is it?' I demanded, and I was conscious that someone else had stopped at my elbow and was waiting to hear.

"'I don't know!' answered the broker dully. He was badly shaken. 'It's hell in there!'

"'Do you mean on the floor?'

"'Yes! They're all cut and bleeding! God knows how many of them are dead!'

"'My God!' said the stranger, boring in between us and pushing his face close to my friend's. 'My God, that's awful! Did you notice what was the last Baldwin?'"

He told me that story to convince me that there were great dramatic possibilities in the persistence of the ruling passion. I believe his story in every particular, for if there is a place where history is fond of repeating itself it is in Wall Street. I could not help recalling some verses written by my brilliant friend, the late Charles Henry Webb, a day or two after Norcross, in trying to make Russell Sage give up some cash, nearly made Uncle Russell give up the ghost instead. These are the verses:

*A Jar at the Gates*

*The bomb was thrown, the ceiling rent;*
*High to heaven the broker went.*

*Through lucent gates a glory shone.*
*The broker knocked—faint, speechless, blown.*

*When they responded to his call*
*He asked St. Peter: "How's St. Paul?"*

For all my insistence upon the scarcity of dramatic moments in a broker's business, I would not have you think that the life is devoid of excitement. My objection is to the difference between the Wall Street of fact and the Wall Street of fiction. Losses are always disagreeable, but they are not necessarily dramatic. Moreover, you always hear about the customers' losses, but you never hear about the brokers' losses. You never fail to be told about brokers who ruthlessly close out customers when margins are near exhaustion, but never about brokers who stake customers who have lost everything. This is not always prompted by motives of mere commercial expediency, nor by remorse, but by a genuine desire to afford the moneyless friend an opportunity to come back. A broker does not run his business on sentiment any more than a retail shoe merchant does or a junk dealer or a furniture factory; but for some reason more unbusinesslike forbearance is expected of him, as though it were his fault that customers go broke. I personally know of hundreds of cases where brokers have carried customers along without margin for a time so as to give them a chance to get back. No end of big traders have gone broke and have been able to recover their fortunes because of their brokers' generosity. I gather from what my fellow brokers tell me that for the most part the carrying of a customer that way has usually resulted in additional losses for the broker. A man may have given a firm fifty or a hundred thousand dollars a year in commissions and it is only natural that the beneficiary should permit himself unbusinesslike actions. But the fact that you have been a profitable customer of some clothing jobber does not win you especial consideration from that jobber if you are flat broke.

### *A Mark for Swindlers*

And then a broker, it seems to me, is a favorite mark for swindlers of all kinds. In our own case we have been victimized several times. Not all the attempts were successful. Somewhere Edgar Allan Poe says: "It may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve." It seems to me that no man intent on keeping what belongs to him can devise a system for protecting his possessions which will not be found vulnerable by some other man intent on getting what does not belong to him. In other words, it is well-nigh impossible for a business house to exercise such care as will keep it from being the occasional victim of ingenious crooks. Sometimes the attempt is made by outsiders. Quite often it is an inside job. An employe may be honest for years and then go wrong. How can you guard against that?

I am going to tell you a few instances—true stories, every one—of losses by brokers. If I don't tell you the most ingenious it is because crooks are always on the lookout for successful plans, and not only imitate them but modify them to meet new conditions or change certain details that make detection more difficult.

One great trouble with us brokers is that we necessarily do business only with people that we think are reliable. All that any crook has to do in any business is to establish credit, and then he can easily swindle the very men who are trying to help him do business.

A woman went into our Chicago office. She had with her a letter of introduction from the Seventh National Bank of Pontiac, Michigan. That wasn't the town, but it will do. The letter stated that she had been a good depositor with them. She opened an account with us. There was no reason why we shouldn't have taken it. She gave us a check on her bank, and if the bank of her home town knew her, who were we to question her? She was a quiet, businesslike person who seemed to know what to do in a broker's office. She didn't talk much and didn't volunteer any information about the source of her tips. From time to time she dealt in securities in our Chicago office. Usually these were Curb stocks, but as she always paid cash for the securities she bought and always delivered the securities she sold, there wasn't anything suspicious about her. Not once did she fail to do the proper thing. She soon became one of many customers for whom we had done business and whom we always had found reliable.

(Continued on Page 160)

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SEN-SEN

*(Continued from Page 158)*

Not so long afterward a highly speculative mining stock—Bolivar Gold became quite active on the Curb—in New York, of course—and it rose to eighty cents a share. One day—it was on a Saturday in November, I remember the date because I had gone to New Haven to see the Yale-Harvard football game—that woman, Mrs. Baker, called at our Chicago office and asked for a quotation on Bolivar Gold. When she got it—eighty cents a share—she gave the manager an order to sell ten thousand shares. She had given us such orders several times and the stock had always been forthcoming. So the manager accepted her order and we executed it. We sold ten thousand shares at eighty cents a share. Of course Mrs. Baker told our Chicago man that she would send him the certificates the same day. It was on a Saturday, remember; that is, the market closed at noon instead of at three P.M.

On Monday morning I was informed that our Chicago office had sold for a client ten thousand shares of Bolivar Gold at eighty cents on Saturday and had notified us that they would ship the certificates that same day. Well, when I found out that the certificates had not arrived I wired to know whether they had been shipped, and heard that they had not and the manager at that very moment was trying to find Mrs. Baker.

Bolivar Gold was very active that Monday and the price went up to one dollar and fifty cents a share.

Our Chicago manager called up the hotel and learned that Mrs. Baker had checked out Saturday forenoon. She had gone home to Pontiac. He tried to get her on the telephone, but the operator reported that no person by that name could be located anywhere in Pontiac. The bank didn't know where she was. All they knew was that she was not at home.

The manager hopped on a train and went to Pontiac. There he soon learned that Mrs. Baker had decamped, taking all her belongings with her. There we were: No customer, no stock certificates, nothing, except a certain amount of surprise that a bank should so recklessly vouch for a woman of whom, it now developed, they really knew nothing.

We got the report of all this from our Chicago manager on Tuesday. The stock by that time was selling at two dollars and fifty cents and we were getting notices from Curb brokers to the effect that if we did not immediately deliver the stock we had sold them on Saturday at eighty cents a share they would buy us in and make us pay the difference. We told them we were busily engaged in trying to get that selfsame stock for them.

### *Calling Their Bluff*

On Wednesday, Bolivar Gold rose to four dollars a share. By that time we had notified the police, we had put a detective agency on Mrs. Baker's trail, and we had begun to suspect that we might be the victims of a simple but ingenious plot to part us from a few thousand dollars.

In those days the Curb market was out in the open Street, and it was an irresponsible body—totally different from what it is today. There were all kinds of so-called brokers in it. Anybody could trade there. The brokers to whom we had sold Mrs. Baker's stock were clamoring now for the undelivered certificates. They wanted them at once or there would be the dickens to pay, and all that sort of thing. By that time the transaction showed us a loss of forty thousand dollars, but by that time also we had learned enough to convince us that we were dealing with crooks. Mrs. Baker had got us to sell the stock and then the gang put up the price in New York. Bronson & Barnes were thus short of that stock and as a reputable firm, jealous of its reputation, the gang obviously reasoned, we would settle in cash. After all, the amount involved wasn't so very large.

Well, I went over to the headquarters of the Curb and asked to have all the brokers to whom we had sold Bolivar Gold at eighty cents a share on Saturday called in. When they came I told them we had evidence that we were the victims of a plot to which knowingly or unknowingly they were lending their aid. The recent jacking up of the price was plainly designed to make us settle. We were receiving telegrams from all parts of the country, from various dealers offering to buy Bolivar Gold at prices above the market. But all that didn't frighten me. I did not propose to settle and told them I'd be delighted to have them take legal action to compel us to. I said I was on my way to the district attorney's office, and Bronson & Barnes, I assured them, proposed to fight the matter to the end. No cash from Bronson & Barnes!

I went back to the office. The next day the price began to go down. It was not long before it was below eighty cents and we finally bought in the stock for less than we had sold Mrs. Baker's nonexistent ten thousand shares. Nobody sued us and we did not lose any money.

I'll tell you of another case, and that time we did lose money. It was not so unlike the other in the details. A man went into the Boston office and opened an account. He deposited five thousand dollars. He had references from a small country bank in Massachusetts. He traded in a desultory sort of way in U. S. Steel, Union Pacific and two or three other stocks. He made himself popular with the clerks, so that they got to know him. He became a regular customer, as a first step.

### *A Fair Exchange*

One day he came into the office here. We knew who he was and that he had an account with us in the Boston office. He gave us an order to buy two thousand shares of the Zuni Zinc Company, which was then selling for six dollars a share. He said he wanted us to send the stock over to Boston and that he would take it up when it got there.

Of course before we executed the order we found out that he had a balance of five thousand dollars and there was no reason to suspect that he would not make good his promise to pay the amount due on the stock when it arrived in Boston. We thereupon bought the stock and shipped it to the Boston office.

The customer never showed up. They tried to find him, but they couldn't. After a day or two of unsuccessful searching we began to suspect that we were the victims of another fraud. This suspicion became a certainty when we began to sell the stock. The market for it had disappeared. We couldn't get rid of a share, and so we were out seven thousand dollars. Of course the alleged customer set to work in an intelligent way. He got our confidence to the extent that made us willing to trust his word for a few thousand dollars. He displayed equally good sense in not trying to get too much. He paid us five thousand dollars and we paid his confederates twelve thousand dollars. He probably called it a fair exchange, we being brokers.

Not long thereafter, the selfsame trick was played on Smith, Matson & Co. They have, as you know, branches in all the principal cities and do a very large business. One of the crooks gave an order in Chicago to buy a certain Curb stock in New York, and when it was delivered in Chicago the customer was not to be found. But Smith, Matson & Co. were cleverer than we, and caught their man before he could get away. I don't know just how they happened to move quickly enough for that, but I do know that among the crook's effects they found a telegram from New York with the sterling advice: "Try Bronson & Barnes."

Of course it isn't only professional swindlers who are guilty of frauds on stockbrokers. There is a man who began by writing poetry for our best magazines. The verse business apparently wasn't booming, so he decided to become a broker. That was his second step. He probably studied the ground as carefully as he could and became a bond broker. Perhaps customers were hard to get or possibly he had made up his mind to live at the expense of the other brokers, for he developed a simple but ingenious system.

He had an office in Wall Street and the way he operated was this: He came into our office and bought five Liberty Bonds, which he took up and paid for. A few days later he came in and bought three, and again he paid for them when we delivered them to him. The next week he bought seven and paid for them, and again nothing wrong. He did this same thing in other brokers' offices. He got so that he knew our bond trader pretty well, for he was a nice-spoken chap. One day the ex-poet bought four Liberty Bonds and left instructions to deliver them to his office. Four bonds isn't a very big delivery, so we sent a messenger with them. In payment for them the messenger received what he thought was two checks, but in reality it was one check and one draft. The draft looked exactly like a bank check. The check was on his bank for three thousand dollars and the draft was on himself for one thousand. The messenger knowing how much he was to get found the total amount correct, left the bonds, and came back with the check and the draft. We put them through our bank in the ordinary course of business. The check was paid, but when the bank presented the draft for payment the poetical bond dealer told the bank he couldn't pay it. The bank duly notified us, and of course our man went over to the alleged bond broker's office.

"What's the idea," asked our man, "giving us a good check for three thousand dollars and a bad draft for one thousand dollars?"

"Well," said the reformed poet, "you see, my bank balance is pretty low. I had some bonds coming from Charles Parker & Co. that I paid for, expecting to get a check due me from Healey & Fleming of Philadelphia that should have reached me before this. They are as good as gold, but there was some question as to the right of the executor of the estate to sell those bonds and—well, to tell you the truth, I was ashamed to confess I didn't have a thousand dollars in the bank and the draft went unpaid. Please be patient. I'll give you something on this draft." And with that he began to take all the money he had in all his pockets, about one hundred and seven dollars, and he gave our man one hundred dollars in cash. He promised to pay the balance in a few days.

A few days later, nothing having come of the bond dealer's promise, our office manager went to see him, and got another tale of woe—same doleful but convincing story of hard luck, and we gave him more time. When we jogged him up again he came in almost in tears and left thirty-five dollars in cash with our man.

### *Good Pay for a Poet*

One day our manager happened to speak about the ex-poet to a friend of his who was employed in another brokerage house, and was surprised to learn that they had had the same experience. They then began an investigation and found out that there were at least two dozen firms to whom the broker-bard owed money. We learned that he had a habit of paying in driblets, sometimes in cash or by small checks, and once by a telegraph money order sent from the Grand Central Station. But for all that, we figured that this follower of the Muses had gotten more than fifty thousand dollars from brokers in less than a year in amounts ranging from five hundred to three thousand dollars.

He honored only prosperous brokerage houses, firms that could afford to lose small sums of money without calling on heaven or the district attorney for help. It seems he took legal advice for everything he did, and the small payments from time to time were clearly evidence of his good faith. The only man who got anything out of the poet was George N. Chambers. George doesn't take a year to act. The moment he heard the story of the man who used the draft that looked like a camouflaged check and wasn't paid when presented, he sent for him. The poet came and told his usual lachrymose story. George Chambers heard him, and when the poet finished, with the customary promise to pay in a few days, George told him: "You know damned well you are not going to pay, and I know damned well I'm going to lick you." And he did, and then George charged off the seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The way the poet finally was stopped was because he did not follow his lawyer's advice. It seems a firm sent the bonds to the alleged dealer's office by a messenger boy who had gumption. The boy delivered the bonds to the poet and received a cashier's check and the usual draft on himself. But the boy said, "Nothing doing. You give me one certified check for the whole amount or else give me back the bonds, and then you come over to our office and get them."

The poet lost his head or else, in common with most crooks, needed the money so badly that he was reckless. At all events, he refused to give to the boy either the certified check or the bonds. This established the man's criminal intent, and with that the district attorney was able to bring him to trial and convict him. He is now in state's prison. I understand he has gone back to poesy.

*(Continued on Page 163)*

# "You are your own show window!"

"YOU are your own show window!"

How true these words of the late, inspiring Orison Swett Marden!

How many the failures; the opportunities missed; the invitations never received; the favors given to others; the salary increases denied because of—neglect of clothes.

And cruelest feature of all—the man who might be helped by a word is seldom told what the trouble is even by his closest friends.

Good grooming—how one presents himself to the world—is important, all important.

For how are people to form opinions except by the evidence of their eyes? If the successful man cannot afford to be careless about his clothes—*what about the man on the way up?*

Keep pressed—not alone for your own sake, but for your suit's sake.

And—avoid ironing! The reasons will come to you out of your own experience. Application of hot metal direct to cloth has a tendency, as everybody knows, to shine the goods.

Insist on *pressing*. In *pressing*—as with the Hoffman—clean, sterilizing steam, which moistens and mellows the fabric is applied simultaneously with the pressure—metal never comes in contact with the cloth.

Also—and this, too, is an exclusive Hoffman feature—the suit is instantly dried by the patented Hoffman Vacuum Process—the combination of vacuum and steam freshening the garment, raising the nap of the cloth and prolonging its life.

Ask, therefore, for Hoffman *Pressing*. Your clothes will wear longer, and look better—and above all you personally will have that well-groomed appearance which commands respect.

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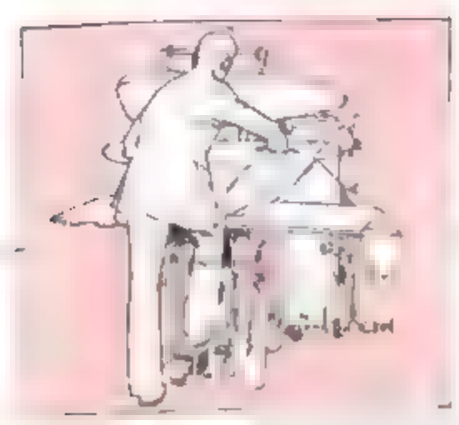
If you have finishing or pressing work of any kind, write the United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation. There are Hoffman Presses built to meet your needs.



# HOFF-MAN PRESSES

*Well pressed . . . is well dressed*

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Today in a motor car with

# Wilson built Body

... luxury runs to rich simplicity instead of showy splendor: To all the modern niceties of comfort: To harmony of line and contour: To good sense and good taste. The Wilson craftsmen have raised the old, old trade of coachbuilding to one of the modern arts—adding twentieth century beauty, strength and distinction to motor cars already famous for sound, reliable engineering.

C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Bay City, Michigan

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(Continued from Page 160)

I couldn't begin to tell you one-tenth of the stories of frauds perpetrated on brokers since I came to New York. It is almost impossible to guard against a certain kind of swindle. For instance, not long ago an officer of the Sampson Steel Shoe Company, a manufacturing concern which has its securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, left the employ of the company. He took with him several hundred thousand dollars of bonds—part of an issue which had been authorized but of which only two-thirds had been sold. The officer, whose former connection with the Sampson company was well known, had no trouble in selling the bonds through various reputable brokers. He was caught before he had sold all his stolen bonds because a clerk became suspicious. It had been a small issue, so this clerk checked up the serial numbers and telephoned to the company's treasurer, and the result was that the ex-official was promptly arrested.

The frauds based on a similarity of names are frequent. They are usually made possible by the carelessness of the clerks. As a matter of fact, dishonest dealers are so few that brokers' employes assume there are none at all. One of my friends lost three thousand dollars not long ago. A customer gave them an order to sell one thousand shares of Blank Mining Company, and they executed it. They received the certificates, but when they came to deliver them the buyer refused to accept them because they were shares of the Blank Mining Corporation, which were absolutely worthless.

Another firm, Gillis & Storrs, of Washington, lost ten thousand dollars through the same sort of carelessness. A customer, who was the correspondent of some Western papers, had an account in this office. He traded moderately and they had never had any trouble with him. He had put up some cash and several Liberty Bonds. One day Gillis & Storrs called upon him for more margin and he responded quickly enough. He brought them a block of ten thousand dollars of public-utility bonds of his home town; that is, of the city where was published the newspaper which he represented in Washington. He was careful to tell them that they were his best investment and that he would take them out of his account as soon as he could. He said that he wouldn't dream of selling them; he'd had them for years, and all the usual talk of an enthusiastic investor. The clerk who accepted them, of course, should have instantly looked up their value, but as they were not bonds that were traded in on any of the exchanges, he put off getting a line on them at that moment, and then, as the market improved and the margin wasn't impaired but, on the contrary, making the account safe, the clerk forgot all about the bonds.

### The Bright Telephone Boy

The market rallied quite a little and soon the correspondent's account showed no need of the ten thousand dollars in bonds which he had put up. One day he drew out ten thousand dollars; he asked for cash, and got it. The next day one of the firm who was looking over the books noticed that transaction and remembered how insistently the fellow had told them he would take his pet bonds out of their clutches as soon as the state of his account permitted, wondered why he had left the precious bonds and had taken the cash. He called the clerk to ask him about the bonds, what market there was for them, and so on, and of course they discovered that the bonds were worthless.

One of the best known of the Western wire houses had a bright, enterprising telephone boy on the floor. He was on the job all the time. In addition to his regular job he had brought in three or four customers, and altogether the firm was well pleased with him. That youngster was on the way to success, and everybody said so.

There was no suspicion that this paragon board-room telephone boy could be guilty of anything crooked. But one day one of the customers the boy had brought to the office came in and asked for a statement.

"I've only made a few trades, but I've always been accustomed to monthly statements from my brokers," he said.

"Why, we have sent you a statement at the end of each month," they told him.

"I never got them," he said. "That's funny, isn't it?"

They promised to look into the matter, and they did. And then they found out that the model telephone boy and a trusted order clerk had worked together. The telephone boy pretended to get orders by telephone from the office which he turned over to one of the firm's floor men to execute. These transactions he reported to his confederate, the trusted order clerk, who credited them to one of the customers the telephone boy had brought in. The telephone boy was on the watch and the end of the month, when the statements were about to be mailed, he would go to the bookkeeping department and say that his friend, the customer, was out in front and would like his statement. Of course the bookkeeper would let him have it.

### Holding the Bag

When the thing was discovered the account showed a loss of about four thousand dollars. Of course by this time the telephone boy and the order clerk had skipped. The customer was raging mad. He claimed he had made only a couple of trades that month, and had a little profit instead of a loss. He asked that his account be closed out at once and he insisted upon being reimbursed. The firm had no proof that the man had given any orders to the boy by telephone, and the skipping of the two clerks was in his favor. But one of the partners asked him to wait a few days. They would try to get hold of the runaways. The customer said he didn't give a hang whether they ever caught the boys; he wanted his money right away. But the partner refused to give it to him before the end of the week.

The firm figured that the boys planned to trade at the firm's expense. If the trades had been successful they would have had the telephone-boy clerk draw out some cash for his friend "the customer, out in front," or else get a check for the profits and get it cashed somehow and skip. Well, they never caught the telephone boy, but the order clerk, who was merely a tool, walked in one morning and made a confession. It turned out that it was the customer who had planned the whole thing. He had agreed to share the profits, if there were any. If the trades showed losses, his intention was to let the firm stand these on the ground that he had not given any such orders.

Another case was that of the manager of a seaside resort branch of Wyman & West. His method was to make use of dormant and inactive accounts. Some of the customers were stuck with stocks that they hoped would some day go up and show them a profit. But until that time they simply hung on and hoped. The manager would go through all these accounts and draw down all excess margins for himself, redepositing them for the customers when margin calls went out. The firm lost a considerable amount through his crookedness. He had been a reliable employe of theirs for years. In the end he became entangled with a woman. Who, since Adam, has ever discovered protection against a man who meets the wrong woman?

A man was introduced by a customer to the manager of the Wilmington office of Curtis & Bell. This chap was a soft-spoken, pleasant-looking man who said he wished to open an account. He said he would like to trade there and intimated that he had pretty good information on certain stocks. He deposited forty-two hundred dollars with the firm and promised to be in with his good thing in a day or two. But he never did. He was not seen again at the office. Two weeks after he opened the account the manager of the office got a postal from him from some town in England.

The man showed up in the office about four weeks after the postal came, and explained that he had been summoned suddenly by cable by reason of his mother's illness. She had recovered but being old and not very strong she had prevailed upon him to give up his business in the United States and return to England. She wanted him to be with her for the rest of her life, and he had agreed. He had come back to Wilmington to wind up his affairs. He had decided to sell all his American investments. He would put all his money into English securities as long as he was not going to live in this country. He would close his account with Curtis & Bell, of course; but before he did so he would ask the firm to sell some railroad bonds he had which he would bring in. It was only fifteen thousand dollars. The manager told him to bring in the bonds, and the man left the office, promising to come back in a little while with the bonds. He wanted them sold and the cash turned over to him as soon as possible, as he wanted to go back at once to his aged mother.

It was a dull day and the manager for no particular reason, except to prolong his chat with one of the partners at the New York end of the wire, mentioned the unimportant fact that he was going to send an order to sell fifteen thousand dollars' worth of those bonds in a few minutes. He had barely sent the message when the customer returned with the bonds. The manager sent the order to sell the bonds. Ordinarily the order would have been rushed to the floor without further ado, but it so happened that the partner who got the message suddenly remembered reading about a theft of some of these bonds. So he got the Wilmington manager to send the numbers of the bonds. Sure enough, they were the stolen bonds. The customer had opened an account there in order to have a broker through whom to dispose of the stolen securities, and it was only through sheer bad luck on his part that he got caught. He was wise enough to prepare a good, plausible story. He wasn't taking any chances on losing any of his forty-two hundred dollars, and so he never made a trade. He was playing safe.

You doubtless remember how, during the war, patriotic people used to subscribe for Liberty Bonds and agree to pay for them on the installment plan. There were thousands of such subscribers who were not only poor but ignorant. They subscribed for bonds they couldn't possibly pay for, and never made another payment after the first, because they couldn't afford to, and they were too ignorant to know that they could get back some of their original deposit. They simply assumed that they had lost their first payment and charged it off to patriotism.

### A Private Deal in Liberties

There was a bank in Philadelphia that carried a great many of these partial-payment Liberty Bond accounts on which only one payment had been made. A clerk in the bank who was in charge of that work did a little thinking and about a year later saw the possibilities. He carefully went over all those accounts and took all the bonds on which only the initial payment had been made, and sold them. The bank in reality was lending money on those bonds to those subscribers. The clerk made the proper adjustments and entries to show that the subscriber had ordered the bond sold and the bank's loan paid, and then he pocketed whatever balance was due the original subscriber.

He had sold several batches of these bonds through reputable brokerage houses before he was caught. The president of the bank happened to ask his gardener one morning how it felt to be a bloated bondholder. The gardener explained that he had paid only the first ten dollars, and owing to extraordinary expenses had been unable to make any more payments.

"Well, you can get that ten dollars back," said the president, and when he went to the bank he looked up the gardener's account. It so happened that that particular bond was one of those which the foxy clerk had sold, and the whole scheme was discovered. The brokers had been guilty of selling stolen goods. The bank sought to recover, and one of the houses refused to refund the money. It was contended that the brokers did not use due diligence and care in accepting the clerk's orders because the brokers' checks instead of being made out to the bank were made out in the clerk's name. All good brokerage houses are very particular about what business they do with the officers of banks trading as individuals.

But no matter how carefully they try to protect themselves against the schemes of crooks, brokers are forever being swindled. Only today a friend was telling me of a customer who refused to take a big block of bonds he had bought because the price had gone down.

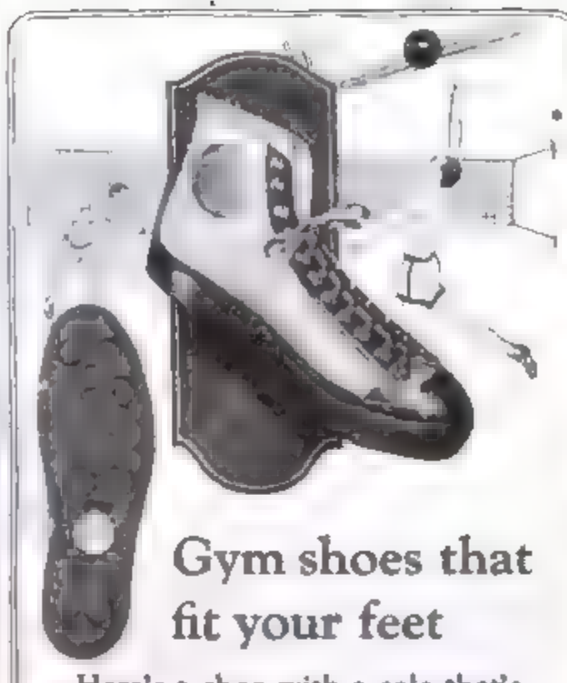
"But you gave us the order," remonstrated the broker.

"I can't help it. I won't accept these bonds," said the customer.

"We have your written order ——" began the broker; but the customer interrupted, saying, "Yes; and I haven't got anything. Everything is in my wife's name."

That is an absolutely true story.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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The heel is narrow to prevent rubbing and callouses and specially cushioned to prevent shock.

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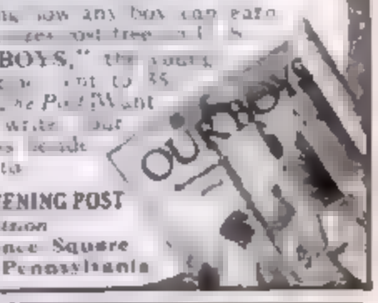
STORIES of business success told by boys about your age.
PICTURES of boys in baseball games, camping trips and other kinds of fun.
ARTICLES telling how any boy can earn [illegible]
ALL IN "OUR BOYS," the [illegible]

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Jan. 20 and Jan. 31, 1925. 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Chartered steamers; ask for either program.
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Style 700
RUGBY MODEL
Tan Calf Lenox Derby Oxford. Style 701—the same in Black Edinmoor. A shoe of meaty leather and sturdy lines

# It has taken nearly fifty years

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BUY your first pair, if you like, merely because Packards are smartly correct—but credit to Packard shoe-making the comfort—the unchanged appearance after many months of wear.

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Wonderful
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The most remarkable shoes ever made for normal feet which have begun [illegible]
They give firm support to the base of the arch, yet are flexible under the [illegible] throw the weight [illegible] where it belongs. [illegible]
At left is [illegible] black kangaroo [illegible] oxford. No. [illegible] the same [illegible] oxford
At right is Style 611 Phlexopedic [illegible] brown [illegible] blucher oxford [illegible] blucher oxford

# HOW TO LIVE ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING A YEAR

(Continued from Page 17)

After an interval, a tall, languid person in a Rue de la Paix hat strolled into the room and we tried to look as dignified as is possible when sitting up in bed.

"You're Americans?" she said, seating herself with scornful care.

"Yes"

"I understand you want a nurse. Is this the child?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Here is some high-born lady of the English court, we thought, in temporarily reduced circumstances.

"I've had a great deal of experience," she said, advancing upon our child and attempting unsuccessfully to take her hand. "I'm practically a trained nurse; I'm a lady born and I never complain."

"Complain of what?" demanded my wife.

The applicant waved her hand vaguely "Oh, the food, for example."

"Look here," I asked suspiciously, "before we go any farther, let me ask what salary you've been getting."

"For you," she hesitated, "one hundred dollars a month."

"Oh, you wouldn't have to do the cooking too," we assured her; "it's just to take care of one child."

She arose and adjusted her feather boa with fine scorn.

"You'd better get a French nurse," she said, "if you're that kind of people. She won't open the windows at night and your baby will never learn the French word for 'tub,' but you'll only have to pay her ten dollars a month."

"Good-by," we said together.

"I'll come for fifty."

"Good-by," we repeated.

"For forty—and I'll do the baby's washing."

"We wouldn't take you for your board."

The hotel trembled slightly as she closed the door.

"Where's the lady gone?" asked our child.

"She's hunting Americans," we said. "She looked in the hotel register and thought she saw Chicago written after our names."

We are always witty like that with the baby. She considers us the most amusing couple she has ever known.

### The Hot, Sweet South of France

After breakfast I went to the Paris branch of our American bank to get money; but I had no sooner entered it than I wished myself at the hotel, or at least that I had gone in by the back way, for I had evidently been recognized and an enormous crowd began to gather outside. The crowd grew, and I considered going to the window and making them a speech; but I thought that might only increase the disturbance, so I looked around intending to ask someone's advice. I recognized no one, however, except one of the bank officials and a Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks from America, who were buying francs at a counter in the rear. So I decided not to show myself; and by the time I had cashed my check the crowd had given up and melted away.

I think now that we did well to get away from Paris in nine days, which, after all, was only a week more than we had intended. Every morning a new boatload of Americans poured into the boulevards, and every afternoon our room at the hotel was filled with familiar faces until—except that there was no faint taste of wood alcohol in the refreshments—we might have been in New York. But at last, with six thousand five hundred dollars remaining, and with an English nurse whom we engaged for twenty-six dollars a month, we boarded the train for the Riviera, the hot, sweet South of France.

When your eyes first fall upon the Mediterranean you know at once why it was here that man first stood erect and stretched out his arms toward the sun. It is a blue sea, or rather it is too blue for that hackneyed phrase which has described every muddy pool from pole to pole. It is the fairy blue of Maxfield Parrish's pictures; blue like blue hooks, blue oil blue eyes, and in the shadow of the mountains a green belt of land runs along the coast for a hundred miles and makes a playground for the world. The Riviera! The names of its resorts, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, call up the memory of a hundred kings and princes who have lost their thrones and come here to die, of mysterious rajahs and beys flinging blue diamonds to English dancing girls, of Russian millionaires tossing away fortunes at roulette in the lost caviar days before the war

From Charles Dickens to Catharine de' Medici, from Prince Edward of Wales in the height of his popularity, to Oscar Wilde in the depth of his disgrace, the whole world has come here to forget or to rejoice, to hide its face or have its fling, to build white palaces out of the spoils of oppression or to write the books which sometimes batter those palaces down. Under striped awnings beside the sea grand dukes and gamblers and diplomats and noble courtesans and Balkan czars smoked their slow cigarettes while 1913 drifted into 1914 without a quiver of the calendar, and the fury gathered in the north that was to sweep three-fourths of them away.

### Floundering in Flawless French

We reached Hyères, the town of our destination, in the blazing noon, aware immediately of the tropic's breath as it oozed out of the massed pines. A cabby with a large egg-shaped carbuncle in the center of his forehead struggled with a uniformed hotel porter for the possession of our grips.

"Je suis a stranger here," I said in flawless French. "Je veux aller to le best hotel dans le town."

The porter pointed to an imposing autobus in the station drive.

"Which is the best?" I asked.

For answer, he picked up our heaviest grip, balanced it a moment in his hand, hit the cabby a crashing blow on the forehead—I immediately understood the gradual growth of the carbuncle—and then pressed us firmly toward the car. I tossed several nickels—or rather francs—upon the prostrate carbuncular man.

"Isn't it hot," remarked the nurse.

"I like it very much indeed," I responded, mopping my forehead and attempting a cool smile. I felt that the moral responsibility was with me. I had picked out Hyères for no more reason than that a friend had once spent a winter there. Besides, we hadn't come here to keep cool; we had come here to economize, to live on practically nothing a year.

"Nevertheless, it's hot," said my wife, and a moment later the child shouted "Coat off!" in no uncertain voice.

"He must think we want to see the town," I said when, after driving for a mile along a palm-lined road, we stopped in an ancient Mexican-looking square. "Hold on!"

This last was in alarm, for he was hurriedly disembarking our baggage in front of a dilapidated quick-lunch emporium.

"Is this a joke?" I demanded. "Did I tell you to go to the best hotel in town?"

"Here it is," he said.

"No, it isn't. This is the worst hotel I ever saw."

"I am the proprietor," he said.

"I'm sorry, but we've got a baby here"—the nurse obligingly held up the baby—"and we want a more modern hotel, with a bath."

"We have a bath."

"I mean a private bath."

"We will not use while you are here. All the big hotels have shut up themselves for during the summer."

"I don't believe him for a minute," said my wife.

I looked around helplessly. Two scanty, hungry women had come out of the door and were looking voraciously at our baggage. Suddenly I heard the sound of slow hoofs, and glancing up I beheld the carbuncular man driving disconsolately up the dusty street.

"What's le best hotel dans le town?" I shouted at him.

"Non, non, non, non!" he cried, waving his reins excitedly. "Jardin Hôtel open!"

As the proprietor dropped my grip and started toward the cabby at a run, I turned to the hungry women accusingly.

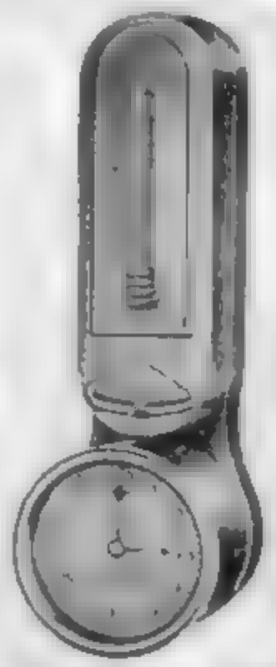
"What do you mean by having a bus like this?" I demanded.

"He always gets his money's worth"

YOU know his type. He prides himself on being practical. Every dime he spends must go for a useful purpose. Luxuries have no place in his scheme of life and money spent for them is money wasted. He carries this philosophy so far that he denies himself many of the comforts of life.

It wasn't the comfort and convenience of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator that induced him to install it in his home. He bought it to save fuel. He knew it would quickly pay back its cost and then yield a big annual profit on his investment.

The Minneapolis easily justifies its cost from the fuel-saving angle alone. It also pays big dividends in comfort. It automatically keeps the temperature uniform. The rooms are never too warm or too cold; always at the right temperature; comfortably, healthfully heated. This is impossible when drafts, dampers or valves are regulated *by hand*. You can forget temperature regulation when your heating system is Minneapolis-equipped.

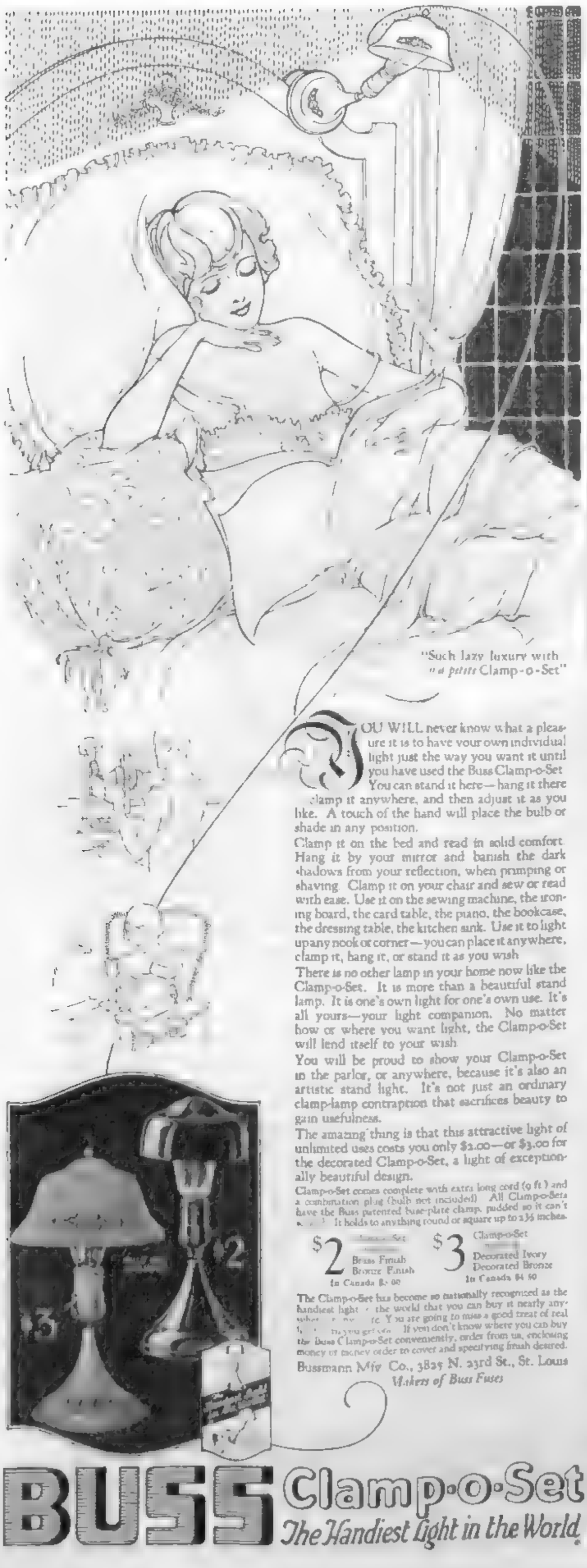


How this luxury actually *saves money* is fully explained in the interesting booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," which contains a list of simple rules for fuel saving. Mailed free on request.

*Dependable automatic control is a necessity on oil burners. That's why leading makers furnish the Minneapolis as standard equipment*

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So. Minneapolis, Minn.
*Sold and installed by branch offices in principal cities and 20,000 heating contractors*

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"



"Such lazy luxury with *a petite* Clamp-o-Set"

YOU WILL never know what a pleasure it is to have your own individual light just the way you want it until you have used the Buss Clamp-o-Set. You can stand it here—hang it there—clamp it anywhere, and then adjust it as you like. A touch of the hand will place the bulb or shade in any position.

Clamp it on the bed and read in solid comfort. Hang it by your mirror and banish the dark shadows from your reflection, when primping or shaving. Clamp it on your chair and sew or read with ease. Use it on the sewing machine, the ironing board, the card table, the piano, the bookcase, the dressing table, the kitchen sink. Use it to light up any nook or corner—you can place it anywhere, clamp it, hang it, or stand it as you wish.

There is no other lamp in your home now like the Clamp-o-Set. It is more than a beautiful stand lamp. It is one's own light for one's own use. It's all yours—your light companion. No matter how or where you want light, the Clamp-o-Set will lend itself to your wish.

You will be proud to show your Clamp-o-Set in the parlor, or anywhere, because it's also an artistic stand light. It's not just an ordinary clamp-lamp contraption that sacrifices beauty to gain usefulness.

The amazing thing is that this attractive light of unlimited uses costs you only $2.00—or $3.00 for the decorated Clamp-o-Set, a light of exceptionally beautiful design.

Clamp-o-Set comes complete with extra long cord (9 ft.) and a combination plug (bulb not included). All Clamp-o-Sets have the Buss patented base-plate clamp, padded so it can't mar. It holds to anything round or square up to 2¾ inches.

$2 Clamp-o-Set — Brass Finish, Bronze Finish. In Canada $2.50

$3 Clamp-o-Set — Decorated Ivory, Decorated Bronze. In Canada $4.50

The Clamp-o-Set has become so nationally recognized as the handiest light in the world that you can buy it nearly anywhere. You are going to miss a good treat of real [illegible]. If you don't know where you can buy the Buss Clamp-o-Set conveniently, order from us, enclosing money or money order to cover and specifying finish desired.

Bussmann Mfg. Co., 3825 N. 23rd St., St. Louis
*Makers of Buss Fuses*

BUSS Clamp-o-Set
*The Handiest Light in the World*


I felt very American and superior; I intimated that if the morals of the French people were in this decadent state I regretted that we had ever entered the war.

"Daddy's hot too," remarked the baby irrelevantly.

"I am not hot!"

"Daddy had better stop talking and find us a hotel," remarked the English nurse, "before we all melt away."

It was the work of but an hour to pay off the proprietor, to add damages for his wounded feelings and to install ourselves in the Hôtel du Jardin, on the edge of town.

"Hyères," says my guidebook, "is the very oldest and warmest of the Riviera winter resorts and is now frequented almost exclusively by the English."

But when we arrived there late in May, even the English, except the very oldest and warmest, had moved away. At dinner, only a superannuated dozen, a slowly decaying dozen, a solemn and dispirited dozen remained. But we were to be there merely while we searched for a villa, and it had the advantage of being amazingly cheap for a first-class hotel. The rate for four of us, including meals, was one hundred and fifty francs—less than eight dollars a day.

The real-estate agent, an energetic young gentleman with his pants buttoned snugly around his chest, called on us next morning.

"Dozens of villas," he said enthusiastically. "We will take the horse and buggy and go see."

It was a simmering morning, but the streets already swarmed with the faces of Southern France—dark faces, for there is an Arab streak along the Riviera, left from turbulent, forgotten centuries. Once the Moors harried the coast for gain, and later, as they swept up through Spain in mad glory, they threw out frontier towns along the shores as outposts for their conquest of the world. They were not the first people, or the last, that have tried to overrun France. All that remains now for proud Moslem hopes is an occasional Moorish tower and the tragic glint of black Eastern eyes.

"Now this villa rents for thirty dollars a month," said the real-estate agent as we stopped at a small house on the edge of town.

"What's the matter with it?" asked my wife suspiciously.

"Nothing at all. It is superb. It has six rooms and a well."

"A well?"

"A fine well."

"Do you mean it has no bathroom?"

"Not what you would call an actual bathroom."

"Drive on," we said.

It was obvious by noon that there were no villas to be let in Hyères. Those we saw were all too hot, too small, too dirty or too *triste*, an expressive word which implies that the mad marquis still walks through the halls in his shroud.

"Yes, we have no villas today," remarked the agent, smiling.

"That's a very old played-out joke," I said, "and I am too hot to laugh."

### *Extracting Information*

Our clothes were hanging on us like wet towels, but when I had established our identity by a scar on my left hand we were admitted to the hotel. I decided to ask one of the lingering Englishmen if there was perhaps another quiet town near by.

Now, asking something of an American or a Frenchman is a definite thing; the only difference is that you can understand the American's reply. But getting an answer from an Englishman is about as complicated as borrowing a match from the Secretary of State. The first one I approached dropped his paper, looked at me in horror and bolted precipitately from the room. This disconcerted me for a moment, but luckily my eyes fell on a man whom I had seen being wheeled in to dinner.

"Good Morning," I said. "Could you tell me ——" He jerked spasmodically, but to my relief, he was unable to leave his seat. "I wonder if you know a town where I could get a villa for the summer."

"Don't know any at all," he said coldly. "And I wouldn't tell you if I did."

He didn't exactly pronounce the last sentence, but I could read the words as they issued from his eyes.

"I suppose you're a newcomer too," I suggested.

"I've been here every winter for sixteen years."

Pretending to detect an invitation in this, I drew up my chair.

"Then you must know some town," I assured him.

"Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo."

"But they're too expensive. I want a quiet place to do a lot of work."

"Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo. All quiet in summer. Don't know any others. Wouldn't tell you if I did. Good day."

Upstairs, the nurse was counting the mosquito bites on the baby, all received during the night, and my wife was adding them up in a big book.

"Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo," I said.

"I'm glad we're going to leave this broiling town," remarked the nurse.

"I think we'd better try Cannes."

"I think so too," said my wife eagerly. "I hear it's very gay—I mean, it's no economy to stay where you can't work, and I don't believe we can get a villa here after all."

"Let's go on the big boat," said the baby suddenly.

"Silence! We've come to the Riviera and we're here to stay."

### *The Villa of Our Dreams*

So we decided to leave the nurse and baby in Hyères and run up to Cannes, which is a more fashionable town in a more northerly situation along the shore. Now when you run up to somewhere you have to have an automobile, so we bought the only new one in town next day. It had the power of six horses—the age of the horses was not stated—and it was so small that we loomed out of it like giants; so small that you could run it under the veranda for the night. It had no lock, no speedometer, no gauge, and its cost, including the parcel-post charge, was seven hundred and fifty dollars. We started for Cannes in it, and except for the warm exhaust when other cars drove over us, we found the trip comparatively cool.

All the celebrities of Europe have spent a season in Cannes; even the Man with the Iron Mask whiled away twelve years on an island off its shore. Its gorgeous villas are built of stone so soft that it is sawed instead of hewed. We looked at four of them next morning. They were small, neat and clean; you could have matched them in any suburb of Los Angeles. They rented at sixty-five dollars a month.

"I like them," said my wife firmly. "Let's rent one. They look awfully easy to run."

"We didn't come abroad to find a house that was easy to run," I objected. "How could I write looking out on a"—I glanced out the window and my eyes met a splendid view of the sea—"where I'd hear every whisper in the house."

So we moved on to the fourth villa, the wonderful fourth villa the memory of which still causes me to lie awake and hope that some bright day will find me there. It rose in white marble out of a great hill, like a château, like a castle of old. The very taxicab that took us there had romance in its front seat.

"Did you notice our driver?" said the agent, leaning toward me. "He used to be a Russian millionaire."

We peered through the glass at him—a thin dispirited man who ordered the geers about with a lordly air.

"The town is full of them," said the agent. "They're glad to get jobs as chauffeurs, butlers or waiters. The women work as *femmes de chambre* in the hotels."

"Why don't they open tea rooms like Americans do?"

"Many of them aren't fit for anything. We're awfully sorry for them, but ——" He leaned forward and tapped on the glass. "Would you mind driving a little faster? We haven't got all day."

"Look," he said when we reached the château on the hill. "There's the Grand Duke Michael's villa next door."

"You mean he's the butler there?"

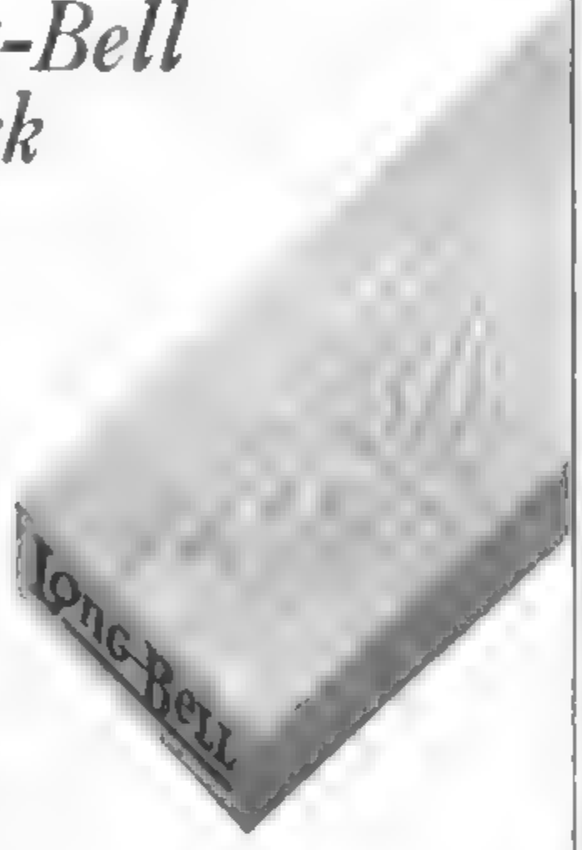
"Oh, no; he's got money. He's gone north for the summer."

When we had entered through scrolled brass gates that creaked massively as gates should for a king, and when the blinds had been drawn, we were in a high central hall hung with ancestral portraits of knights in armor and courtiers in satin and brocade. It was like a movie set. Flights of marble stairs rose in solid dignity to form a grand gallery into which light dropped through blue figured glass upon a mosaic floor. It was modern, too, with huge clean beds and a model kitchen and three bathrooms and a solemn, silent study overlooking the sea.

(Continued on Page 169

# Fir

## *with the Long-Bell trade-mark*




The trade-mark "Long-Bell", will be found on the end of the piece.

FIR lumber and timbers meet varied home and industrial building needs—a wood of first importance in general construction.

With the recent opening of the new Long-Bell manufacturing plants at Longview, Washington, fir lumber and timbers have been added to the list of Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products.

For years, and still, the largest manufacturer of Southern Pine, The Long-Bell Lumber Company is putting behind this new product the experience of nearly fifty years as lumbermen.

Fir lumber and timbers bearing the trade-mark, "Long-Bell," are safeguarded in manufacture to meet that important requirement so long a standard in Long-Bell production —*maximum building value.*

Satisfied users of Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products in the past will find the same uniform dependability in Long-Bell trade-marked fir products.

**Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rails, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors; Oak Flooring**

*Ask your lumberman for Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products.*

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BLDG. *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

# LONG-BELL LUMBER

*Trade-Marked*

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

*Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test*

# FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

*The charm of your smile depends upon the clean, pearly brightness of white teeth*

# Now Find Out

## what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

Note how simple it really is to *have* the clear, glistening teeth you envy in others—for health's sake and for beauty, you must remove that film, say world's dental authorities. Send the coupon, *make this unique test*

MODERN science has found a new way to healthier teeth; *to whiter, clearer teeth.* Now, as an international movement, the people of some 50 different nations are being offered a 10-day test.

Won't you mail the coupon below? Then see for yourself what as little as 10 days of modern dental hygiene will do for you.

Your teeth may be cloudy—film-covered, discolored. If your present dentifrice fails to cope with that situation, it is surely worth while to try, at least, another way.

***That stubborn film—how it makes teeth ugly and invites tooth troubles and decay. You must remove it***

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a

film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must remove it regularly. It is ever present, ever forming.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the common cause of many troubles, local and internal.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

***New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles***

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants for that film. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated.

1709

**MAIL** Coupon for 10-Day Tube to **Pepsodent** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 304, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

***Make the test*** Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is [illegible]. The [illegible] that [illegible] teeth, [illegible] water, makes them look dingy and dull. "For health's sake and beauty's sake, remove it three times daily," says leading dental authority.

This new way removes and combats it in scientific safety—it will give you the lustrous teeth you envy—*quickly.*

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube of your druggist. Why not try this new method which is urged by the world's dental authorities?

**Canadian Office and Laboratories:**
**191 George St., Toronto, Canada**

(Continued from Page 166)

"It belonged to a Russian general," said the agent; "killed in Silesia during the war."

"How much is it?"

"For the summer, one hundred and ten dollars a month."

"Done!" I said. "Fix up the lease right away. My wife will go to Hyères immediately to get the——"

"Just a minute," she said, frowning. "How many servants will it take to run this house?"

"Why, I should say"—the agent glanced at us sharply and hesitated—"about five."

"I should say about eight." She turned to me. "Let's go to Newport and rent the Vanderbilt house instead."

"Remember," said the agent, "you've got the Grand Duke Michael on your left."

"Will he come to see us?" I inquired.

"He would, of course," explained the agent, "only, you see, he's gone away."

We held debate upon the mosaic floor. My theory was that I couldn't work in the little houses and that this would be a real investment because of its romantic inspiration. My wife's theory was that eight servants eat a lot of food and that it simply wouldn't do. We apologized to the agent, shook hands respectfully with the millionaire taxi driver and gave him five francs, and in a state of great dejection returned to Hyères.

"Here's the hotel bill," said my wife as we went despondently in to dinner.

"Thank heaven, it's only fifty-five dollars."

I opened it. To my amazement, tax after tax had been added beneath the bill government tax, city tax, a ten per cent tax to retip the servants.

I looked gloomily at a nameless piece of meat soaked in a lifeless gravy which reclined on my plate.

"I think it's goat's meat," said the nurse, following my eyes. She turned to my wife. "Did you ever taste goat's meat, Mrs. Fitzgerald?"

But Mrs. Fitzgerald had never tasted goat's meat and Mrs. Fitzgerald had fled.

### *Hunting His Majesty*

As I wandered dismally about the hotel next day, hoping that our house on Long Island hadn't been rented so that we could go home for the summer, I noticed that the halls were even more deserted than usual. There seemed to be more old copies of the Illustrated London News about, and more empty chairs. At dinner we had the goat again. As I looked around the empty dining room I suddenly realized that the last Englishman had taken his cane and his conscience and fled to London. The management was keeping open a two-hundred-room hotel for us alone!

Hyères grew warmer and we rested there in a helpless daze. We knew now why Catherine de Medici had chosen it for her favorite resort. A month of it in the summer and she must have returned to Paris with a dozen St. Bartholomew's sizzling in her head. In vain we took trips to Nice, to Antibes, to St.-Maximin—we were worried now; a fourth of our seven thousand had slipped away. Then one morning just five weeks after we had left New York we got off the train at a little town that we had never considered before. It was a red little town built close to the sea, with gay red-roofed houses and an air of repressed carnival about it; carnival that would venture forth into the streets before night. We knew that we would love to live in it and we asked a citizen the whereabouts of the real-estate agency.

"Ah, for that you had far better ask the king," he exclaimed.

A principality! A second Monaco! We had not known there were two of them along the French shore.

"And a bank that will cash a letter of credit?"

"For that, too, you must ask the king."

He pointed the way toward the palace down a long shady street, and my wife hurriedly produced a mirror and began powdering her face.

"But our dusty clothes," I said modestly. "Do you think the king will ——"

He considered.

"I'm not sure about clothes," he answered. "But I think—yes, I think the king will attend to that for you too."

I hadn't meant that, but we thanked him and with much inward trepidation proceeded toward the imperial domain. After half an hour, when royal turrets had failed to rise against the sky, I stopped another man.

"Can you tell us the way to the imperial palace?"

"The what?"

"We want to get an interview with his majesty—his majesty the king."

The word "king" caught his attention. His mouth opened understandingly and he pointed to a sign over our heads:

"W. F. King," I read, "Anglo-American Bank, Real-Estate Agency, Railroad Tickets, Insurance, Tours and Excursions, Circulating Library."

### *Where Things are So Cheap*

The potentate turned out to be a brisk, efficient Englishman of middle age who had gradually acquired the little town to himself over a period of twenty years.

"We are Americans come to Europe to economize," I told him. "We've combed the Riviera from Nice to Hyères and haven't been able to find a villa. Meanwhile our money is leaking gradually away."

He leaned back and pressed a button and almost immediately a lean, gaunt woman appeared in the door.

"This is Marthe," he said, "your cook."

We could hardly believe our ears.

"Do you mean you have a villa for us?"

"I have already selected one," he said. "My agents saw you getting off the train."

He pressed another button and a second woman stood respectfully beside the first.

"This is Jeanne, your *femme de chambre*. She does the mending, too, and waits on the table. You pay her thirteen dollars a month and you pay Marthe sixteen dollars. Marthe does the marketing, however, and expects to make a little on the side for herself."

"But the villa?"

"The lease is being made out now. The price is seventy-nine dollars a month and your check is good with me. We move you in tomorrow."

Within an hour we had seen our home, a clean cool villa set in a large garden on a hill above town. It was what we had been looking for all along. There was a summer-house and a sand pile and two bathrooms and roses for breakfast and a gardener who called me milord. When we had paid the rent, only thirty-five hundred dollars, half our original capital, remained. But we felt that at last we could begin to live on practically nothing a year.

In the late afternoon of September 1, 1924, a distinguished-looking young man, accompanied by a young lady might have been seen lounging on a sandy beach in France. Both of them were burned to a deep chocolate brown, so that at first they seemed to be of Egyptian origin; but closer inspection showed that their faces had an Aryan cast and that their voices, when they spoke, had a faintly nasal, North American ring. Near them played a small black child with cotton-white hair who from time to time beat a tin spoon upon a pail and shouted, "*Regardez-moi!*" in no uncertain voice.

Out of the casino near by drifted weird rococo music—a song dealing with the non-possession of a specific yellow fruit in a certain otherwise well-stocked store. Waiters, both Senegalese and European, rushed around among the bathers with many-colored drinks, pausing now and then to chase away the children of the poor, who were dressing and undressing with neither modesty nor self-consciousness, upon the sand.

"Hasn't it been a good summer'" said the young man lazily. "We've become absolutely French."

"And the French are such an æsthetic people," said the young lady, listening for a moment to the banana music. "They know how to live. Think of all the nice things they have to eat!"

"Delicious things! Heavenly things!" exclaimed the young man, spreading some American deviled ham on some biscuits marked Springfield, Illinois. "But then they've studied the food question for two thousand years."

"And things are so cheap here!" cried the young lady enthusiastically. "Think of perfume! Perfume that would cost fifteen dollars in New York, you can get here for five."

The young man struck a Swedish match and lit an American cigarette.

"The trouble with most Americans in France," he remarked sonorously, "is that they won't lead a real French life. They hang around the big hotels and exchange opinions fresh from the States."

# Start the Children right!

Careers are founded on habit. The future of your children depends largely upon the training they receive when young.

Begin early to teach them good, useful and self-respecting habits. One of the most important is that of always looking neat and tidy.

The child who is taught to take pride in personal appearance has an advantage. It is a habit that will be retained all through life. And personal appearance is a vital factor in social and business life today.

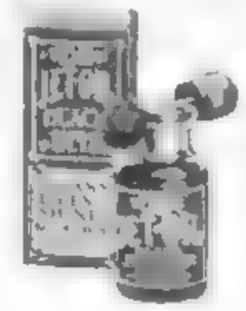
Start with the shoes! No one can really look neat with untidy shoes. Buy a Shoe Shining Outfit for the home and see how quickly and naturally the boys and girls fall into the habit of the daily shoe shine.

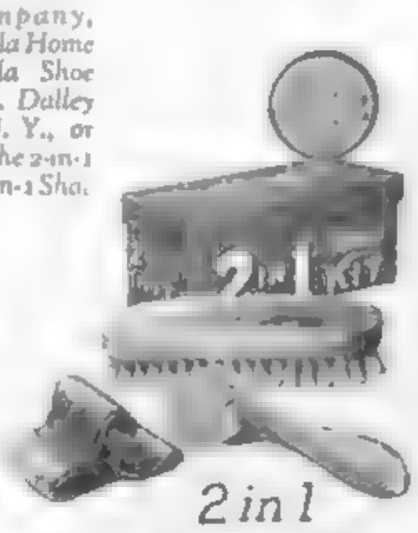
Aside from its everyday convenience, a Shining Outfit is economical. It saves many a dime. And frequent shines with a good shoe polish preserves shoe leather. A saving both ways!

SHINOLA COMPANY Rochester, N. Y. — S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC. Indianapolis, Ind. — F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC. Buffalo, N. Y. and Hamilton, Can.

## "look at your shoes!"

*If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.*

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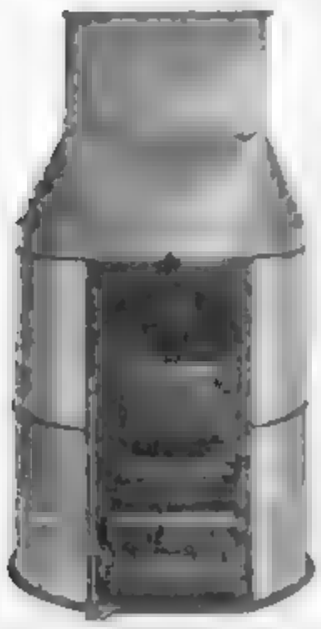

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Rain or shine, winter or summer, the "Monitor" dries clothes quickly. Ironing can be done without waiting. Saves time, labor, expense. Economical in use of gas or electricity

Eliminates the need of clothes lines. Rapid circulation of heated air sterilizes and dries the heaviest woolens quickly. Many improvements and superior features: wide, sliding door; square hardwood bars; "Armco" rust-resisting iron, white enameled steel frame.

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PIPELESS
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"I know," she agreed. "That's exactly what it said in the New York Times this morning."

The American music ended and the English nurse arose, implying that it was time the child went home to supper. With a sigh, the young man arose, too, and shook himself violently, scattering a great quantity of sand.

"We've got to stop on the way and get some Arizon-oil gasoline," he said. "That last stuff was awful."

"The check, suh," said a Senegalese waiter with an accent from well below the Mason-Dixon Line. "That'll be ten francs fo' two glasses of beer."

The young man handed him the equivalent of seventy cents in the gold-colored hat checks of France. Beer was perhaps a little higher than in America, but then he had had the privilege of hearing the historic banana song on a real, or almost real, jazz band. And waiting for him at home was a regular French supper—baked beans from the quaint old Norman town of Akron, Ohio, an omelet fragrant with la Chicago bacon and a cup of English tea.

But perhaps you have already recognized in these two cultured Europeans the same barbaric Americans who had left America just five months before; and perhaps you wonder that the change could have come about so quickly. The secret is that they had entered fully into the life of the Old World. Instead of patronizing tourist hotels they had made excursions to quaint little out-of-the-way restaurants, with the real French atmosphere, where supper for two rarely came to more than ten or fifteen dollars. Not for them the glittering capitals—Paris, Brussels, Rome. They were content with short trips to beautiful historic old towns, such as Monte Carlo, where they once left their automobile with a kindly garage man who paid their hotel bill and bought them tickets home.

### *The High Cost of Economizing*

Yes, our summer had been a complete success. And we had lived on practically nothing—that is, on practically nothing except our original seven thousand dollars. It was all gone.

The trouble is that we had come to the Riviera out of season—that is, out of one season, but in the middle of another. For in summer the people who are trying to economize come South, and the shrewd French know that this class is the very easiest game of all, as people who are trying to get something for nothing are very liable to be.

Exactly where the money went we don't know—we never do. There were the servants, for example. I was very fond of Marthe and Jeanne—and afterwards of their sisters Eugénie and Serpolette, who came in to help—but on my own initiative it would never have occurred to me to insure them all. Yet that was the law. If Jeanne suffocated in her mosquito netting, if Marthe tripped over a bone and broke her thumb, I was responsible. I wouldn't have minded so much except that the little on the side that Marthe made in doing our marketing amounted, as I figure, to about forty-five per cent.

Our weekly bills at the grocer's and the butcher's averaged sixty-five dollars, or higher than they had ever been in an expensive Long Island town. Whatever the meat actually cost, it was almost invariably inedible; while as for the milk, every drop of it had to be boiled, because the cows were tubercular in France. For fresh vegetables we had tomatoes and a little asparagus; that was all—the only garlic that can be put over on us must be administered in sleep. I wondered often how the Riviera middle class—the bank clerk, say, who supports a family on from forty to seventy dollars a month—manages to keep alive.

"It's even worse in winter," a little French girl told us on the beach. "The English and Americans drive the prices up until we can't buy and we don't know what to do. My sister had to go to Marseilles and find work, and she's only fourteen. Next winter I'll go too."

### *No Money and No Regrets*

There simply isn't enough to go around; and the Americans who, because of their own high standard of material comfort, want the best obtainable, naturally have to pay. And in addition, the sharp French tradesmen are always ready to take advantage of a careless American eye.

"I don't like this bill," I said to the food-and-ice deliverer. "I arranged to pay you five francs and not eight francs a day."

He became unintelligible for a moment to gain time.

"My wife added it up," he said.

Those valuable Riviera wives! Always they are adding up their husbands' accounts, and the dear ladies simply don't know one figure from another. Such a talent in the wife of a railroad president would be an asset worth many million dollars.

It is twilight as I write this, and out of my window darkening banks of trees, set one clump behind another in many greens, slope down to the evening sea. The flaming sun has collapsed behind the peaks of the Estérels and the moon already hovers over the Roman aqueducts of Fréjus, five miles away. In half an hour Renée and Bobbé, officers of aviation, are coming to dinner in their white ducks; and Renée, who is only twenty-three and has never recovered from having missed the war, will tell us romantically how he wants to smoke opium in Peking and how he writes a few things "for myself alone." Afterwards, in the garden, their white uniforms will grow dimmer as the more liquid dark comes down, until they, like the heavy roses and the nightingales in the pines, will seem to take an essential and indivisible part in the beauty of this proud gay land.

And though we have saved nothing, we have danced the *carmagnole;* and, except for the day when my wife took the mosquito lotion for a mouth wash, and the time when I tried to smoke a French cigarette, and, as Ring Lardner would say, swooned, we haven't yet been sorry that we came.

The dark-brown child is knocking at the door to bid me good night.

"Going on the big boat, daddy?" she says in broken English.

"No."

"Why?"

"Because we're going to try it for another year, and besides—think of perfume!"

We are always like that with the baby. She considers us the wittiest couple she has ever known.

*Crater Lake, Oregon*

# The Warmth of Pure Virgin Wool

## More than style in overcoats of virgin wool

SLIP your arms through the satin-lined sleeves of a Jacobs Oregon City pure virgin wool overcoat. Feel the "heft" and fit and fashion of it! Enjoy the intimate nestle of the softly rolling collar. Then view yourself full-length in the glass!

You get more than style in an Oregon City garment. You get the warmth and the sturdy wearing qualities of pure virgin wool—live lustrous fleece that has never been used before.

Here, in the heart of the great wool country we dye, spin and weave our fleece into sturdy overcoatings.

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For three generations Oregon City looms have been famous for their woolens. They surpassed the world at Philadelphia in 1876 and at San Francisco in 1915. On this, our sixtieth anniversary, they are better than ever.

Let our label help you select your next overcoat. See interesting display at your Jacobs Oregon City dealer's. The moderate prices will give you an entirely new conception of clothes value. Write for illustrated story booklet, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool."

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"Do Not Climb This Tree
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Iron Clad Stockings
"Iron Clad"
IRON CLAD No. 17
with Triple Knees and Double Soles
BLACK or BROWN
IT'S the boy-proof stocking! An Iron Clad combination of good looks, economy, and strength. Double strength in the sole. Triple strength in the knee! —and Iron Clads cost no more than ordinary stockings! Every pair is backed by an Iron Clad guarantee of satisfactory service. If you don't know where to purchase Iron Clads in your city, it will be well worth your while to ask us.
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Makers of good stockings for the American Family for Forty Years
EPPENSTEINER

# Iron Clad Hosiery

# CALVIN COOLIDGE—AFTER 20 YEARS

(Continued from Page 9)

fairness, looks like the road is entitled to a chance to make a living just the same as you and I."

Ye gods, what a man! Brooding over railroad crossties and trolley equipment in moments that should have been dedicated to beauty, mystery, romance.

But the lady of my dreams passed me by in life as Beatrice once passed Dante without speaking. The memory of her faded with the years. Long afterward I met her by chance. Plumpness had descended upon her as lava overwhelms a doomed city upon a fair mountain slope. The springlike quality had entirely evaporated. She of the deliciously baffling reticences had become vocally incessant with the years. My brilliant talk was limited to tepid interjections, "Yes, indeed!" "Oh, really!" Any cretin could have made as good a showing.

Not so long after the Mountain Park excursion the unromantic Coolidge married the most charming girl in town. I remember Grace Goodhue vividly, hardly out of her teens when she came to Northampton to teach in the Clarke School. A creature of spirit, fire and dew, given to blithe spontaneous laughter, with eager birdlike movements, as natural and unaffected as sunlight or the sea, a soul that renders the common air sweet.

What did she see in him?—everybody asked. Certainly no Prince Charming or knight in shining armor. She saw, let us believe, as by swift divination that unseen thing which we call, for want of a better name, character. As by revelation, she apprehended what had to be beaten into the heads of the rest of us. This much I am now willing to concede—that straight thinking about the real problems of life, even though it be in terms of railroad crossties and overhead charges, has its place as well as romantic mooning over unrealities on a silvery night in June.

### Early Coolidge Campaigns

Of the many Coolidge myths, none has had more persistent vitality than the legend of his invincibility in politics. Never beaten in a political fight, so the saying goes. In his early fights he was beaten repeatedly, whether fighting for himself or his friends. He was beaten at the polls by a young Irishman named Kennedy, in a three-cornered contest for a place on the school board, and in the city council by Connor, when a candidate for city solicitor. It was said later that he had wanted Kennedy to win.

After nearly ten years of battling he won his fight for mayor in a city which was nominally Republican by 500 votes, after a bruising contest, by only 165 votes. He had a good deal to contend with from the very outset. A retiring personality, poor mixer, indifferent speaker, coming to Northampton a stranger, with neither money, prestige nor influential friends—naturally we underrated him. He had in opposition a gifted young Irishman, Bert Connor, just out of Yale, a magnetic personality with a genius for making friends, a gift for organization and a most persuasive tongue.

Up to the time that Coolidge was elected to the city council in 1899, no one in the Democratic camp thought it worth while to pay any attention to him; but when in the following year he was elected city solicitor it looked as if we would have to beat him to keep him in his proper place. Not being prepared to give up our political liberties and live thenceforth under an autocratic form of government, we accordingly made a great fight on him in 1901. There were whisperings, confabulations and dark conspiracies aplenty, and withal a plenty of scientific, intelligent strategy. We had a card index of 4000 electors—a Who's Who cataloging each voter according to his friends, enemies, sympathies, antipathies, accessibility.

The Coolidge chief lieutenant was Ernest Hardy, a lawyer by profession. Hardy possessed many engaging qualities which Coolidge lacked. No man was more perfectly designed by Nature for chieftainship of the Amalgamated Organization of Boosters throughout this broad land of ours. As a mixer, booster extraordinary and militant go-getter, Hardy was exemplar and prototype of our modern red-blooded, two-fisted, forward-looking, one hundred per cent he man. His world was the man's world of the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. In 1902 the Coolidge-Hardy offensive was thrown for a loss when Bert Connor was elected city solicitor.

### Behind the Scenes

The year before, for some mysterious reason, probably as an attempted jail delivery from the tediousness of being a pedagogue, I had set my heart on being elected an alderman in the city government. My opponent was Rob Weir, Coolidge's fellow lodger on Round Hill. Now politics is an uncertain game, but Connor and I had politics worked out to an exact science—an exact science enables one to predict exactly what is coming to pass. Weir apparently was attending strictly to the business of providing food for the Clarke School and we were filling the world with our fury at nocturnal gatherings in which the principles of true democracy were expounded. We went about the thing in the spirit of crusaders and our meetings betook almost the character of evangelism. It seemed almost unfair to press our manifest advantage. It was pleasant to have some obscure truck driver whisper words of praise and encouragement:

"Perfesser, you sure got them going. After you get tired being alderman, we'll make you mayor. We may get you in Congress some day."

But no meat is too strong to feed a political delusion of grandeur, and when the count actually disclosed that Weir had beaten us we could not understand it at all. Evidently there was some trick about it, just as when one is beaten at a game of checkers by moves that are not allowed by the rules. I thought at first we had been beaten by Harry Field having taken a hand. Field was formidable enough—good-looking, highly intelligent, resourceful. Coolidge had studied law in Field's office. We found, however, that Field hadn't bothered himself about the matter that the trick had been turned by Coolidge. Later I came to receive a very adequate explanation of the mystery. Coolidge had been working behind the scenes while we were holding the spotlight in the center of the stage.

Long afterward I learned the Coolidge method. Our Democratic stronghold was Ward 1, full of fighting Irishmen that were born

*Phil Gleason, the Blacksmith, a Coolidge Man*


The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE CAMPUS
Style M-156
One of Many Styles

Sturdily built Florsheims are the natural choice of those who want rugged endurance with smart style. In Florsheim quality there's stamina that gives long dependable service.

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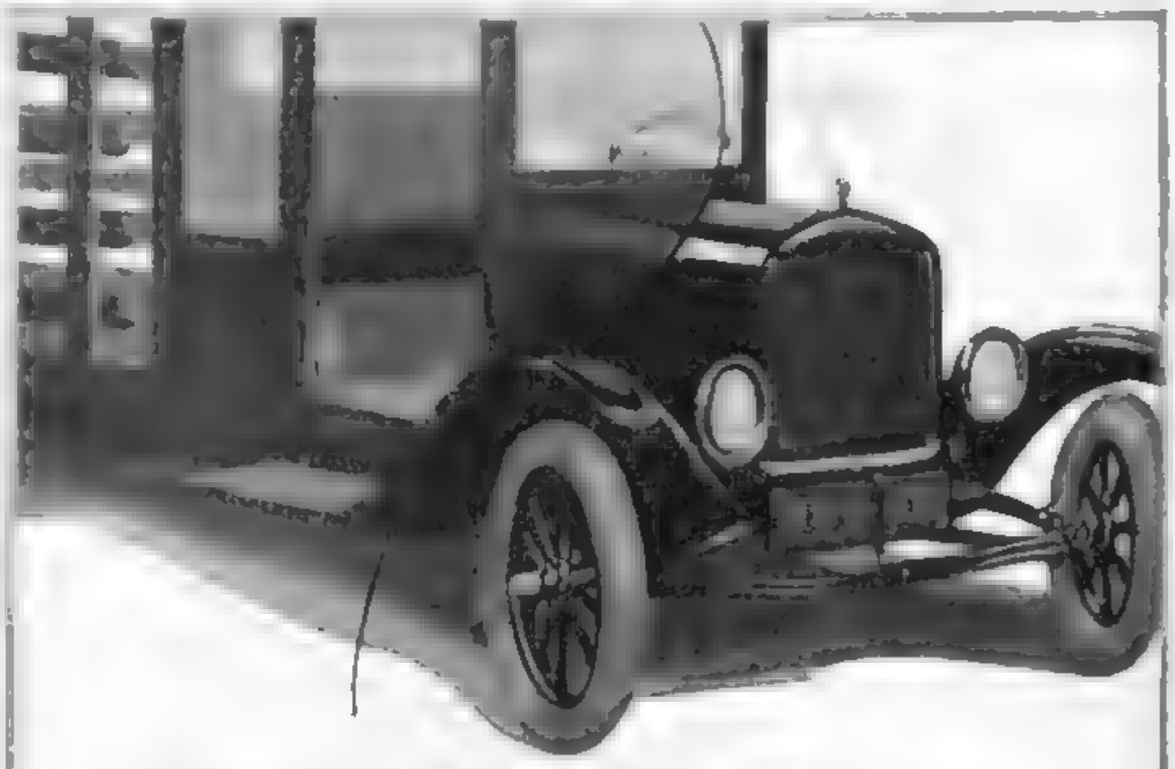

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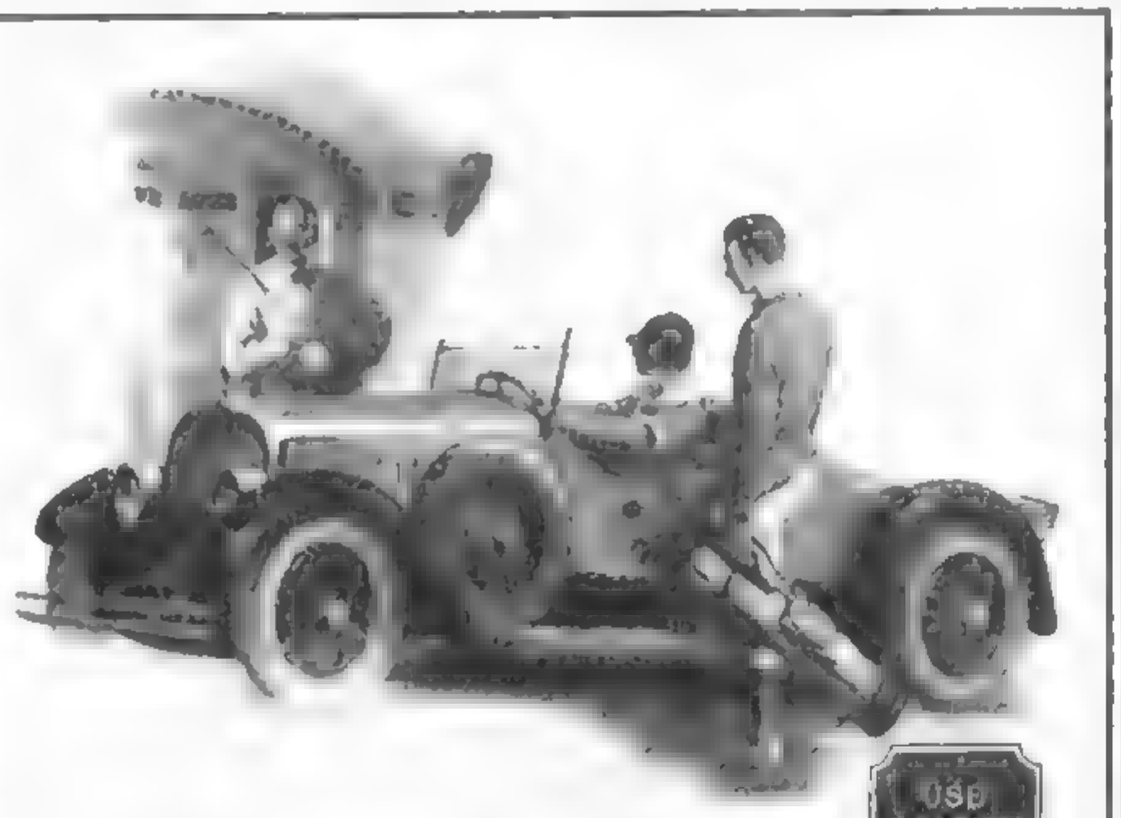


"You cleaned up today!"

"Your game is surely at top form. Cleaned up your car, too, didn't you? It always looks as though it just came out of a bandbox. What's the secret? You must spend a lot of time on it."

"We don't do a thing but keep it *simonized.* Then it's easy enough to follow through. Every day we rub off the dirt and dust with a soft cloth. Scratch the finish? No, the Simoniz protects it. That's the wonderful convenience of Simoniz. There's no expense or time lost having the car washed. Simoniz is perfect protection the year 'round."

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Instruct your architect to specify Mueller Faucets.
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Irishmen and Democrats, but who acquired the habit of casting their votes for Coolidge. The thing was worth looking into. We went to Phil Gleason, a herculean blacksmith and quite a power in ward politics.

"Phil, they tell us you voted for Coolidge. Thought you were an old-line Democrat."

"So I am and always will be, but I just figured how Coolidge was about the best Democrat we had in the city. He calls himself a Republican, but I vote for him because to me he's a Democrat."

Johnny Prokup, who ran a lunch wagon, dropped away from us; John Dewey, the tavern keeper; Ed Lynch, the brick mason; Jim Lucy, the shoemaker; all Democrats, true and tried. We went to Jim Maloney, the baker.

"Jim, is it true you have gone over to Coolidge?"

"Well, it is this way: I'm a Democrat, always will be; but my old aunt took sick one night and was about to make a die of it. She wanted her will wrote and I was hurrying uptown about eleven o'clock to wake up Bert Connor when I met Cal Coolidge on the street. Being in a big hurry, I asked him to come over to the house and draw up the will. He got the blanks out of his office and come trottin' along. He wrote the will, got it signed and witnessed. The old lady, who was always a little close about money affairs, asked him how much he was charging. He thought a while and said, 'Well, I guess three dollars will about cover it.' She thought it would be twelve or fifteen dollars and died happy over the saving she had made. The boys got to talking about it at the wake and we decided the next time we got a chance we would give Coolidge a little lift."

We asked Cliff Lyman, from Bridgeman's bookshop, why he was against us.

### *Disposing of Antagonists*

"Well," he said, "I'm for Coolidge for personal reasons. I have been wrapping up books for twenty-two years and he dropped in one day and sort of took an interest in the way I wrapped up books. He showed me how to do up a book in a neat package so there would be no bulge in the wrapping paper and make it easy to write the address on the outside. I thought that was mighty kind of him to take an interest in what I was doing and I felt like helping him."

These, in brief, are the methods by which Coolidge won through in city politics. The little way in which the modest city saw his deeds was small as compared to the ampler world of state politics to which he was translated, but I cannot help but feel that his methods remained the same. Sparing of promises and money, but winning his way to the confidence and respect of his fellow mortals. We could never discover that he ever promised anybody anything or that he ever exacted a promise of political support in return for a personal favor. He fought fair, but fought with amazing resourcefulness and energy.

It seems that I must have been a glutton for punishment. Two or three months after Coolidge blasted our aldermanic ambitions, some of the boys suggested that matters might be evened up by laying him out in public debate. The proposition seemed reasonable. I had been interclass debater in my sophomore year at Princeton and again in the big senior contest. Coolidge, sparing in words, was sized up as a third-rater in public speaking.

The affair was pulled off by a semisporting organization known as the Rod and Gun Club. The hall was packed. We each had an opening round, with Coolidge clearly at a disadvantage. My closing argument had been spoken. I felt there was not much left to be said. My opponent, sitting in inscrutable solemnity, rose and in his most funereal manner practically laughed me out of court. Even those of us who knew he possessed a fund of dry humor did not suspect that he could ever use it to such crushing advantage.

He mournfully referred to my eminent qualifications for running the politics of a Republican city in a New England state. Nature had perfected me for the task. I was from the South. I was a Democrat and my profession was teaching girls about Attila the Hun and Theodoric the Ostrogoth.

"To establish his fraternal relationship with the Rod and Gun Club he cites his exploits in deep-sea fishing on Southern coasts. Proficiency in fishing increases with the square of the distance. Has he ever so much as landed a yellow-bellied pumpkinseed minnow in Massachusetts waters? I doubt if our friend would be sure at all," he whimsically proclaimed, "if our Massachusetts law against short lobsters was strictly enforced."

Twenty years ago the term "lobster" possessed about the same meaning in marine metaphor that "poor fish" connotes today. The crowd guffawed with delight. So the sport went on. I don't remember all the dry jests, but I do remember the uproarious laughter and the sickening conviction of defeat.

There are many ways of disposing of an antagonist, such as cleaving his skull with a meat ax, running him through with a stiletto or following the methods of Joab, captain of the host, who, having conducted Abner, son of Ner, out by the gate "to speak with him quietly" smote him under the fifth rib. The Coolidge method in this particular trial of strength savored neither of brutality nor treachery, but of the curious indirect method of extermination by which the victim is ridiculed into committing political *felo-de-se* by withdrawing from Main Street into the wilderness. At the close of the debate friends sought to administer balm to the wound. "You had him, perfesser, till he got dry on you" dryness in the New England dialect of the day denoting facetiousness. Yes, dry, desiccatingly dry; as dry as the devastating sirocco sweeping north from over the Sahara Desert and blasting tender vegetation to its roots. People ask if Calvin Coolidge possesses a sense of humor. I reply that he does. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." I can remember how he used to chuckle over things in our small circle at Rahar's Inn.

One night after we had finished supper the professor of logic at the college submitted a problem for our elucidation. He was an Englishman by nativity, with a broad accent and a luxuriant black beard; a dear, lovable man who was always wrestling with some profound problem in metaphysics, as simple and naïve as a child about the commonplace affairs of a workaday world. He drew a line on the tablecloth with a tine of his fork.

"Let us grawnt," he posed, "that the initial point on this line represents Rahar's Inn. The final point my lodging, which I shall soon seek by the shortest route. You will grawnt also that a straight line represents the shortest distance between two points."

"Oh, yes, yes! All that is granted. Spring it, spring it!"

### *Frugal of Words*

"You will grawnt that a line is made up of an infinite number of points," he continued inexorably. "Further, you will have to admit that each one of these points represents a position. It must be conceded that it is impossible to occupy two positions in space at a given time. That being true, how can I occupy an infinite number of positions in a finite time? In other words, how shall I ever be able to traverse the distance from Rahar's Inn to my lodging?"

Somebody remarked jocosely, "Oh, well, I guess you will make it unless you get drunk. In that case we will send you home in a hack."

The professor withdrew in a huff. Four drovers attending the Hampden County Cattle Fair sat at the next table. They had been intrigued by the demonstration of what logic could do.

One of them broke out, "If that fellow with the bunch of black spinach on his face has got good sense, then I am crazy."

The next day we repeated this criticism to our professor of logic as we again sat at meat together.

He pondered it deeply and finally proclaimed, "Yes, I can quite well understand how the uninstructed mind would find itself wholly unable to grasp the points in my argument, but for the life of me I cawn't understand his allusion to the spinach."

Whereupon the corners of Coolidge's mouth drew down in convulsive twitchings. Twenty-three years later, when I met him at the White House, there was precisely the same downward twitchings when we reviewed the effects of the logical demonstration upon an honest Hampden County cattle breeder.

It is said of Von Moltke that he could be silent in seven languages. Calvin Coolidge,

(Continued on Page 177)

# Boyce-ite

# WARNING!

I have already found that unscrupulous dealers are trading on the popularity of Boyce-ite.

I want to warn you and every motorist in the United States against buying inferior substitutes that pit your cylinders or affect lubrication.

As I have repeatedly said, Boyce-ite is absolutely harmless.

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Poured into gasoline Boyce-ite makes a perfect fuel. It gives your motor a velvety feel. Power and responsiveness increase together with mileage.

Boyce-ite works as well in a Ford as it does in a Rolls-Royce—even better.

Because Boyce-ite has proven such a tremendous success it is being imitated.

This form of flattery may be sincere, but it is dangerous to you motorists who pay for it.

Many products supposedly "just as good" as Boyce-ite, peps, camphor, cure-alls, and other nostrums are being offered that claim to do what Boyce-ite does.

They don't.

They can't, because none of them are in any way similar to Boyce-ite.

You can recognize Boyce-ite at once by its peculiar, individual odor.

This is what I claim for Boyce-ite:

FIRST, that after 25 to 1,000 miles driving (depending on the design of your motor) every knock caused by carbon in the motor will be gone.

SECOND, that if you use Boyce-ite continuously you will never have to clean your spark plugs or valves.

THIRD, your motor will show more power and quicker response.

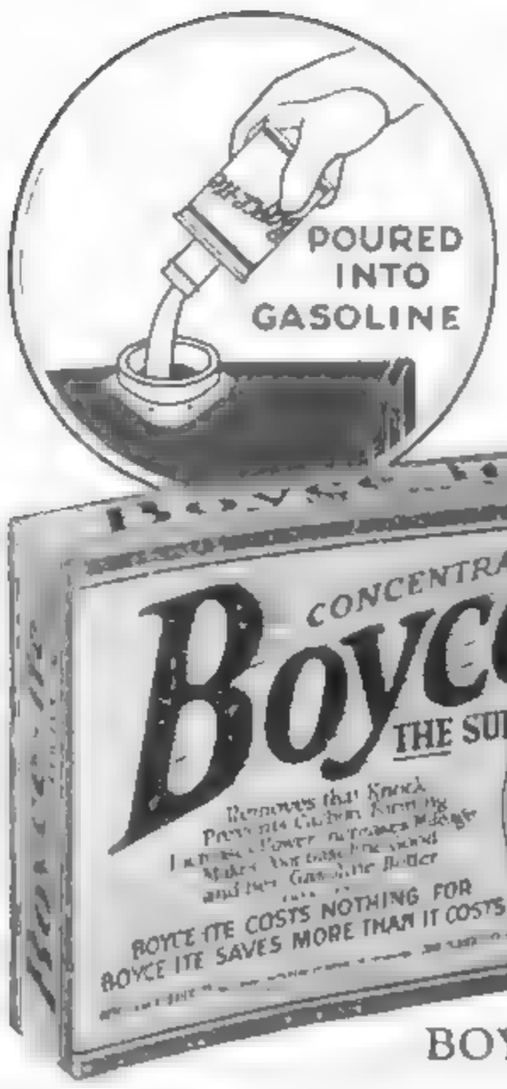
FOURTH, that Boyce-ite will cost you nothing because Boyce-ite saves more than it costs.

There is only one way to be sure that you are getting genuine Boyce-ite.

When buying the dollar package see that the carton is unbroken, then you will know that the contents have not been tampered with. The half-gallon, gallon and five-gallon containers are also sealed for your protection.

Now here is another warning—use Boyce-ite, not occasionally, but with every gallon of gasoline you buy. Continuous use assures permanent satisfaction.

*Look for the Boyce-ite advertising*




*To date over 16,000,000 cans of Boyce-ite have been sold—Boyce-ite is now carried by dealers in every city, town and hamlet in the United States.*

*Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car—contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite—$1.00.*

*Boyce-ite can also be obtained in ½ gallon, 1 gallon and 5 gallon containers.*

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BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., *Manufacturers of Boyce-ite Exclusively*, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.

Compare Pennzoil at 1000 Miles With Any Ordinary Oil at 500 Miles

# This Test Will Convert You

THE records that Pennzoil has helped to make—in the air, on the track, in railroading, on the water—may have made you want to try it in your own motor.

Take the ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles; run Pennzoil 1000 miles; take a sample of each and compare them! You can see the difference. You can *feel* the difference.

The slipperiness, the "cushiony feel," the good color of Pennzoil will show that it has retained its "body" (lubricating value) long after the ordinary oil has broken down to the point where it is *dangerous* to keep in your motor.

Pennzoil is not only pure Pennsylvania, but possesses the very highest qualities possible to obtain from this world-famous crude.

It means true economy—first, because of lower oil consumption; and, more important, because its remarkable heat resistance insures a real margin of safety for every working part in your motor. Will you try it?

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Detroit
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
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THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
OIL CITY LOS ANGELES BUFFALO
*Refineries* Oil City, Penna.

*Division Offices:*
San Francisco
Syracuse
Toledo
Portland
Oregon

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

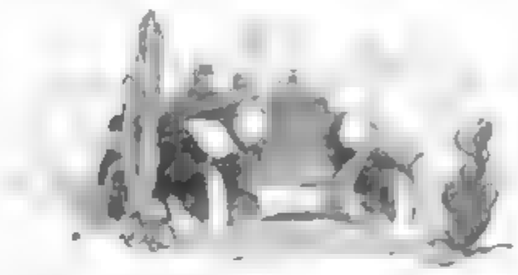
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

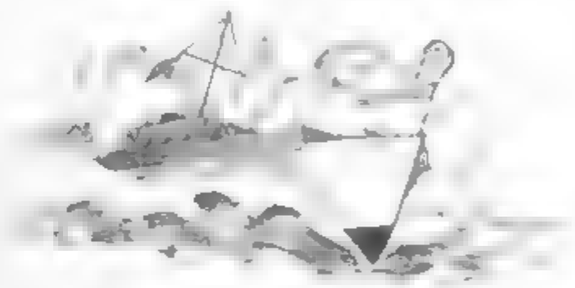
## Proofs of Pennzoil Performance

**IN CALIFORNIA,** one of the great motoring states, all motor car service managers were asked in a secret ballot what oil they used in servicing new and used cars. Four out of ten use Pennzoil Nine out of ten use Pennzoil or some other Pennsylvania grade oil

**LIEUTS. KELLY AND MACREADY** flew from New York to San Diego, 2600 miles, with out a stop. Time: 26 49 4⅕. Plane and load weighed 5 tons. The motor was lubricated with Pennzoil



**"WILD BILL" BRAMLETTE** won first place in a two-day, 1000-mile Nevada road race, over desert roads, under a blazing sun, with radiator sealed. Only one gallon of water was needed to completely refill his radiator, proof that his motor was perfectly lubricated by Pennzoil



**AT DETROIT,** the "Margaret F" won in a great regatta over a 28-mile course. Lubricated with Pennzoil, it increased its speed 4 miles an hour over that attained with other oils tried

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC** locomotives are safely lubricated with Pennzoil on the longest continuous run in the world, Los Angeles to El Paso, 815 miles of deserts and mountainous grades.

**LIEUT DOOLITTLE** drove his plane at 100 miles an hour—part of the way through terrific storms—2200 miles from Jacksonville, Fla to San Diego, Cal. in 21 hr., 20 min., with one stop. Pennzoil safely lubricated his motor

*PENNZOIL in the proper grade for your car may be had from any dealer displaying the Pennzoil sign.*

(Continued from Page 174)

as I knew him, could at least be silent in one. Fundamentally, his quality of silence was only another phase of his instinct for frugality. The logic is clear enough; a man who is naturally frugal in expenditure, whether for dress, food or amusement, will be frugal in the expenditure of speech.

Mr. Coolidge has always been bashful. This, too, helps to explain his reticences. Though silence may sometimes be an evidence of mental vacuity, there simply being no ideas to express, in the case of Mr. Coolidge silence reflects the habit of concentration. He was always reflecting on something, turning over something in his mind. Considering the awful brevity of human life and the magnitude of the tasks to be accomplished, silence may be employed as a weapon for the conquest of time. It is a short cut to an objective, saving detours. Certainly not a winning, electioneering quality in a back-slapping, declamatory, at-a-boy age. For a great executive, however, silence may serve better than a fatal gift of fluency.

Mr. Hoover is a silent man, with a gift for concentrated reflection. He can take the abounding raw material of a particular problem and extract from it all that is valuable, as an ounce of gold may be milled from a ton of ore, and hand it to you in a minimum number of words, a neat little portable package containing the essence of the entire situation. I have never known Mr. Hoover to ask a general question. He asks questions to which direct and specific answers may be given, provided you are clever enough to know the correct answers.

It is somewhat the same with Mr. Coolidge. Returning from Europe after five or six years of economic investigation, friends ask, "Well, how is the situation in Europe?" The question is so general as to make any reply absolutely worthless, inasmuch as Europe is made up of divers peoples and nationalities and governments. In some the governments are bankrupt and the people prosperous. Some countries are sound and not prosperous, some are prosperous and not sound, and so on. Fruitless, endless discussion about the general situation. Waste of time, talk, talk, talk, nothing settled, no valid conclusions. I noted on meeting Mr. Coolidge after nearly a score of years that he made no general inquiries such as, "How did you like it over there?" or, "Do you think Europe is recovering?" or, "What's the prospect for another warlike outbreak?" But he did ask me a great many specific questions. "How is it that the Danes can turn out bacon which sells for five or six cents a pound more than ours in the London market?" "What kind of flour do the British bakers prefer?" "Will Russia be a factor this year in the international grain trade?"

### No Extravagance of Speech

The Coolidge quality of silence unless he had something specific to say had rather a charm for me. It made him easy and comfortable to get along with. You could sit with him on a three-hour train ride from Northampton to Boston and really enjoy his companionship although he never said a word. With most any other man you would have had the fidgets, the quietness would have become tense. But with him quietness was never assumed; it was as natural as breathing. And the queer part of it is that he was always seeking out companionship even though he did not want to talk. He always seemed to be a lonely man. If there were ten vacant seats in a railroad car, he would walk disconsolately down the aisle, seeking an acquaintance, sidle into the seat with him and relapse into solemn silence.

There are those in the world who talk and those who get things done. Connor as city solicitor reviewed the year's record of eleven cases in four printed pages of the annual report. This was considered the irreducible minimum of brevity. Coolidge reviewed his year as city solicitor in two pages covering fifteen cases. A man craving the stark truth of things can't be fed with rhetoric and metaphors. He was frugal with adjectives as a miser with money. Such words as "frightfully," "awfully," "splendid," "fascinating," had no more standing with him than if they were alien terms brought over from the Coptic. His speech was about the run of mill, but shorn of all extravagances and objurgations. Powerful cuss words invoked by politicians as an intellectual means of meeting great crises had no place in the Coolidge vocabulary. He even eschewed the feebler New England diaconal oaths such as "by heck" and "by cracky." He swore not at all. I never heard him tell a vulgar story. He possessed what Jeremy Taylor calls "the prudent endearment of moderate speech."

In speech, as in aught else, there is a strength in moderation. A quiet man with quiet clothes so like the protective coloring of an animal that they merged perfectly with his environment and made no impression upon you whatever. If he took a vacation it was always a quiet vacation. His marriage was described in the local paper as a quiet wedding with no attendants. In the old days all was quiet along the Connecticut just as today all is quiet along the Potomac. Quietude in a clamant world; imperturbability in the turmoil of our great human ant hill.

The art of politics is the art of carrying elections, which in turn is the art of so commending oneself to the public that the voter will eagerly enter a booth and firmly inscribe a perfect cross mark in a little box on the ballot opposite one's name. In these latter days Mr. Coolidge is given various ratings for political proficiency. Some folks hold to it that he is a mighty smart politician. Others will tell you that his talent for making political blunders is nothing less than a crime. A personal friend of mine, whom we Southerners would classify not only as a Republican but as a black Republican, rose almost to the heights of dramatic passion in denouncing the President's political ineptitude in vetoing the postal bill.

### Lowfaluting versus Highfaluting

"Look what he has done! Made an enemy of 375,000 mail clerks when there was really no great issue before the country! These mail carriers drive all about the country and they are a big influence in forming public opinion. In the case of the bonus there was a wide division of sentiment. The veto in this case made friends as well as enemies, but there was no popular clamor against this postal bill. The press was tepid or indifferent. Some of the best political minds in the party pleaded with him and besought him to let the thing go through. Nobody knew what he was going to do. He did not take anybody into his confidence. He turned around and vetoed the bill against the best advice in the party. His action saved the taxpayers $68,000,000, but what is that for this rich country?"

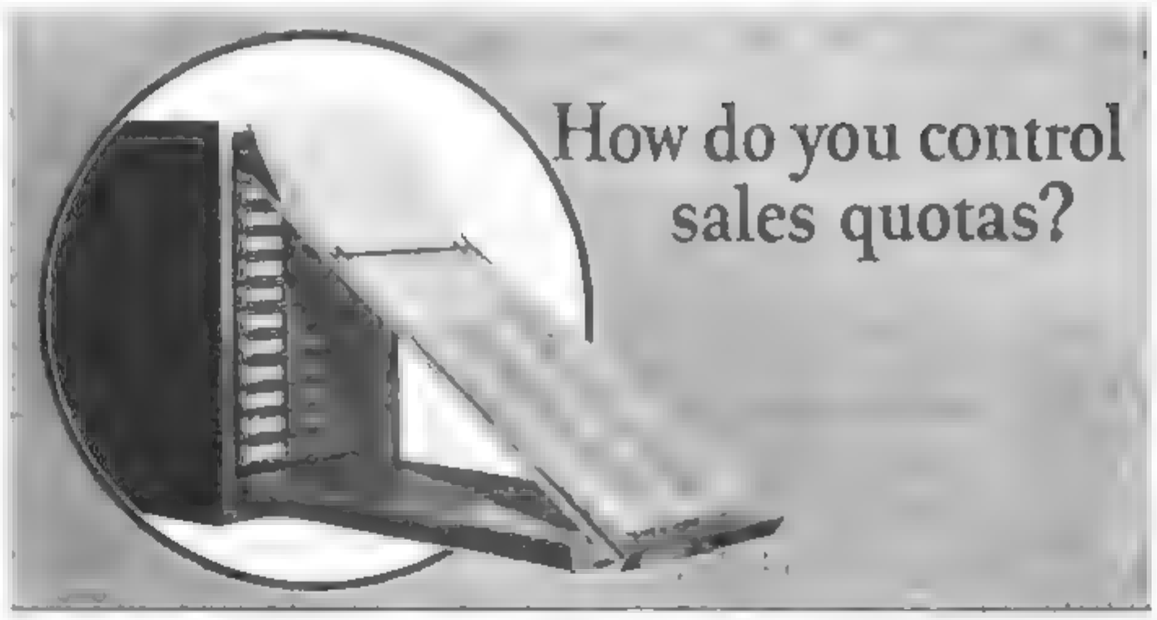
One who understands the President's character would say that he vetoed the bill because his inner compulsion to do so was stronger than the external compulsion to let it go through.

To play any game one must go according to the rules that govern it or be put out of the game. To play politics successfully one is supposed to follow the approved rules of the game. Mr. Coolidge managed to succeed by going against the rules of the game. He is niggard in making promises, but liberal in fulfillment. In the highly organized game of municipal politics he neither made promises nor exacted them. If he did a favor for a voter, he exacted no promise of support by way of return.

It is difficult to find a man who has ever been so sparing in paying political debts by the distribution of patronage. You hear it said jocosely around Northampton that in the year he has been President the favors to his own fair city represent the absolute zero of political patronage. To be sure, a vacancy occurred in the local post office and a Northampton man was selected to fill the breach; but what alternative was there, seeing that it is the custom in our political society to appoint local men to home post offices? When lieutenant governor of Massachusetts one of his old familiars besought his influence for an appointment as medical examiner in Northampton.

"I am not governor," rasped Coolidge. "Got nothing to do with it."

This pronouncement chilled any enthusiasm for Coolidge until two days later the baffled candidate read a notice of his appointment in the Springfield Republican. Coolidge did not promise him anything, but quietly went to the governor, found him unpledged and asked him to name his Northampton friend. The day after Coolidge had been elected lieutenant governor, Harry Field, Northampton's professional bachelor, met Frank Stearns on Tremont Street in Boston. Stearns and Field were college mates at Amherst.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Including Vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units—round for punctures and 6 oblong for cuts. Extra Patch-&-Heat Units cost only 75c a dozen. Slightly higher in Canada and far west.

See how easy it is to VULCANIZE your own Punctures!

Think of vulcanizing your own punctures anywhere on the road as good as the repairman would do it! Millions of motorists always carry the handy Shaler Vulcanizer in their cars—not to cheat the repairman—but because it is so convenient for emergency use on the road. It's the sure way to fix punctures because Shaler patches are *heat-vulcanized*, and any garageman will tell you that there is no substitute for vulcanizing with heat.

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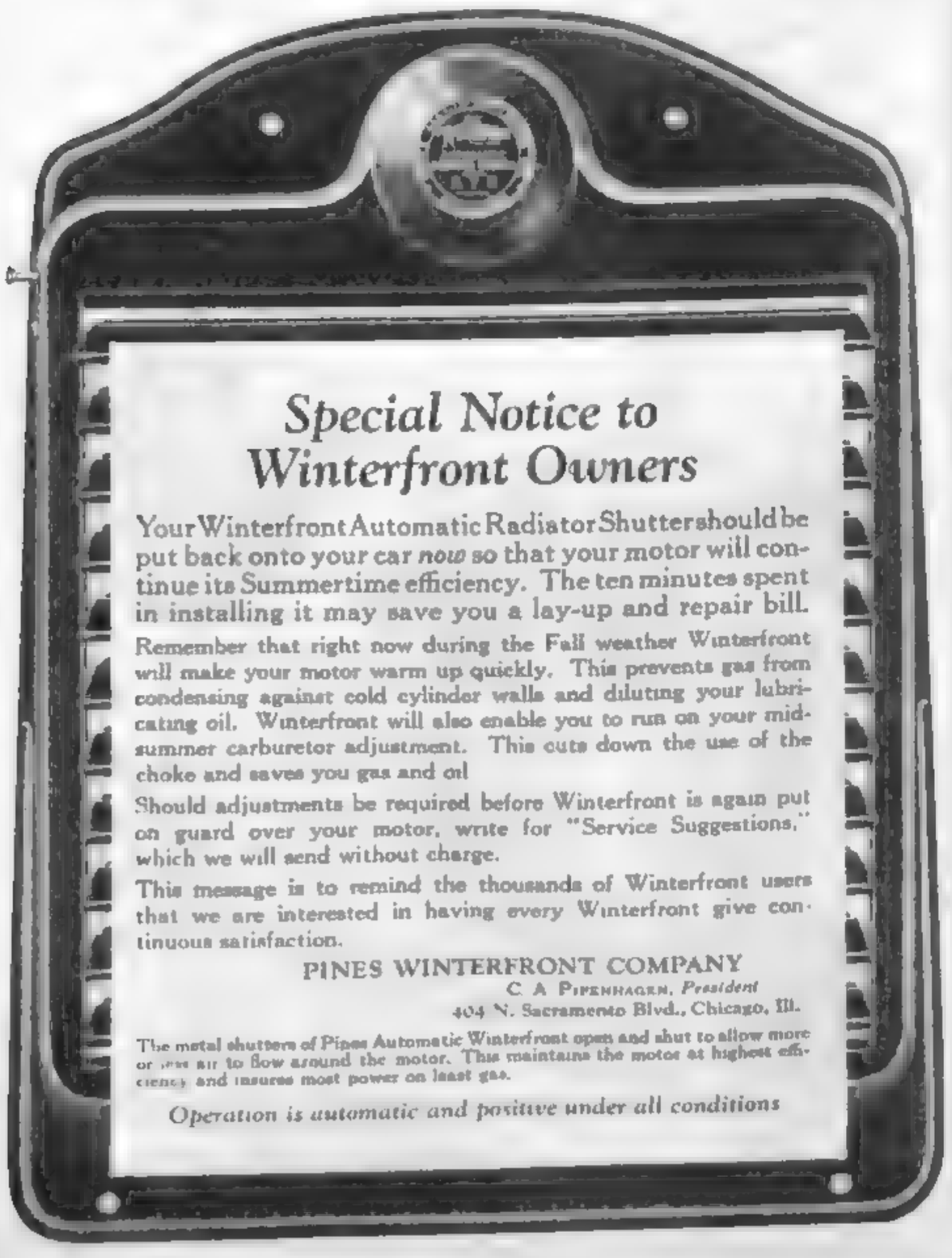

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Your Winterfront Automatic Radiator Shutter should be put back onto your car *now* so that your motor will continue its Summertime efficiency. The ten minutes spent in installing it may save you a lay-up and repair bill.

Remember that right now during the Fall weather Winterfront will make your motor warm up quickly. This prevents gas from condensing against cold cylinder walls and diluting your lubricating oil. Winterfront will also enable you to run on your mid-summer carburetor adjustment. This cuts down the use of the choke and saves you gas and oil

Should adjustments be required before Winterfront is again put on guard over your motor, write for "Service Suggestions," which we will send without charge.

This message is to remind the thousands of Winterfront users that we are interested in having every Winterfront give continuous satisfaction.

PINES WINTERFRONT COMPANY
C. A. Pirnhagen, *President*
404 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

The metal shutters of Pines Automatic Winterfront open and shut to allow more or less air to flow around the motor. This maintains the motor at highest efficiency and insures most power on least gas.

*Operation is automatic and positive under all conditions*


"Why is it," asked Field, "that when a Brown or a Dartmouth man makes a hit a lot of fuss is made over him and they scoop up a little glory for their colleges? But when an Amherst man makes a strike there's never anything done by his college mates"

"That's true," assented Mr. Stearns; "but while I am strong for Amherst, I don't feel like whooping it up for Coolidge. I never made but one request of him and he turned me down cold."

The Amherst spirit prevailed, however, and Mr. Stearns got up a dinner for Coolidge at the Algonquin Club and has been shouting his praises ever since.

Thus we have the paradox of a man playing politics by going exactly against the rules of the game. If any back has ever been slapped by the hand of Calvin Coolidge, or anybody's baby fondled for political advantage, history contains no record of it. There was something about him, however, even in his younger days, that inspired confidence and respect.

Dr. Clark Seelye, whose judgment and character are built into Smith College, the largest woman's college in the world, said of Coolidge, "I never knew a man to make sounder decisions. In politics he is guided instinctively by what he believes to be right rather than by any political advantage that he may hope to obtain."

I remember so well the first automobile whose mechanical perfections challenged the admiration, frightened the horses and aroused the ire of the rustic population in our little Southern community. This devil machine, furiously driven at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour, passed in a cloud of dust a hard-headed old farmer creaking his way townward in an oxcart. Plodding along, the ox driver rounded a turn in the road and discovered the devilish contraption stalled by the wayside with a blown-out tire. The old man, cracking his whip over the backs of his oxen, threw this out in passing:

"I ain't much on flashiality, but I'm great on durability."

Durability as opposed to flashiality. Lowfaluting as opposed to highfaluting notions. This is a big country with all kinds of people in it. Flashiality has its attractions, but the men whom we turn to in positions of trust, whether public officials, bank presidents, engine drivers or deacons, are men of durability rather than flashiality.

### *Not Luck, But Work*

Coolidge luck! I never observed that he had any particular luck in the eight years I was thrown with him. He worked hard for what he got, and I could not then or since see any broad foundation of his success except the public confidence in him. Now a streak of luck may excite the admiration or even the envy of the public, but not its confidence. The little way in the modest city that saw his success was small. The broad way of his later life that saw his success was great, but the elements which contributed to his success were the same, I think, in all stages of his career. A baseball nine may win a particular contest by breaks in the game, but no team keeps on winning through an entire season and rises to first place in a league merely through luck.

Luck, whether in love, horse racing, stock jobbing or poker playing, does not favor any person consistently when spread over a period of twenty-five years. The law of averages works out whether computed by an insurance actuary or appraised in Emerson's Essay on Compensation. Nobody but a savage believes that the destiny of either an individual or a tribe is determined by blind luck.

So it was that I said good-by to Calvin Coolidge one day in front of Kingsley's Northampton drug store. There was almost a trace of warmth in his handshake and nasal benediction, "Luck to you!" That was nineteen years ago. I next saw him in the White House, at the head of his own table, in splendid contrast to the modest little room in Rahar's Inn where we formerly sat at meat together. One might have expected to find him remote, seated in solemn detachment, hinting of mountainous responsibilities, burdened by the importunities of office seekers and the complex problems which would tax the wisdom of Solomon. Not a bit of it. Twenty years of power and place apparently had left no mark upon his manner. He made no reference whatever to anything that had intervened since we last met. He was eager to talk, wanted to tell me all about the changes in Northampton:

"You know Warren died and his livery stable has been moved away from the lot next to the Catholic church. Professor Emerick's dead too. Lived across Massasoit Street from me. He left his family better off than we thought. Two of the four Dragon brothers who kept the barber shop are dead, Louie and Ed, but George and Duffy are still active. I had Phil Gleason come and stay with me at the White House. He has always been a good friend of mine. I have a great big history here in two volumes written by Charlie Hazen. He's made quite a name for himself writing history. Harry Field, you know, never married. Tried to tell me the last time I saw him how lonely he was, but didn't get a bit of sympathy. Could have married a dozen times if he had wanted to. Seemed as if he was always overcautious. Our big man, President Seelye, is still with us. Northampton would not be the same place without him. Bert Connor has put up a three-story building right across from the Draper Hotel. Got his own office in it on the third floor. Dick Rahar has quit serving meals in the inn since prohibition. I always thought a lot of Dick."

### *An Eighteenth-Century Type*

And so he went on, conjuring up old jokes, recalling people that I remembered only vaguely through the mists of twenty years. He made only one reference to his change of state and that an indirect one:

"I'd like to have your two little boys come to the White House and see the animals. We've got a bunch of young rabbits that might interest them. Kind people send us animals, puppies, kittens, queer animals sometimes—wombats and such."

I carried away an impression of boyishness and light-heartedness which I had not associated with Mr. Coolidge in his more youthful days. The years had dealt kindly with him, his face was fuller. His personality had taken on a glow, a touch of eagerness. He had mellowed with the years.

Again I saw him ten days after a tragic domestic misfortune—mortality's conquest of bright, confident youth; the unlooked for stroke; the event itself ironically illogical. We talked about the prosaic matter of Canadian wheat as used by our millers for blending with native wheat for the export flour trade. I rose to go. At the door he called me back.

"How are your two boys?" he asked. "One of my boys has gone," he remarked evenly, as if he were proclaiming a piece of news that I could not possibly have been aware of. "Yes, he put iodine on the injured place after his tennis game and none of us suspected any trouble. But there must have been something lacking in his blood. Possibly he had grown too fast. The white corpuscles lacked fighting power could not subdue the poison. He did the best he could, but luck was against him. Even in his delirium he fancied himself leading a charge and winning his fight. He fancied this until near the end and it buoyed him up. Then came a change, a relaxation of the body and the two whispered words, 'We surrender.' He must have had some premonition, some intimation—I don't know."

He spoke as impersonally as if he were a doctor describing a clinical case before a group of young medical students. Not a word of self-pity, complaint or bid for sympathy, but to me he sat there a symbol of immedicable grief, of sorrow unassuageable, his face the bleak desolation of cold November rain beating on gray Vermont granite. There is grief that clothes itself in sackcloth and sits with ashes on its head. There is also grief that retires into itself, endures and never gesticulates. The latter is more authentic.

In the executive offices a score of clerks were answering letters and telegrams of sympathy which had poured in by the tens of thousands from all over the world. But here was a lonely stricken father, looking out into a gray void, puzzled, tired. There are those who will insist that the President is lacking in the qualities of sentiment and human affection. Judged by outward appearances, it may seem true. For myself, I cannot believe it.

A recently published biography of several hundred pages winds up with the conclusion that to many who have tried to study Mr. Coolidge he remains quite unsolved. Those who seek a solution don't go

(Continued on Page 181)

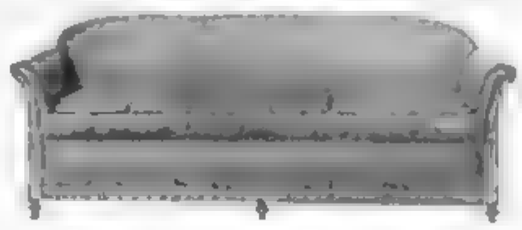
Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

## *"The World's Easiest Easy Chair" is calling*

# THE WORLD'S TIRED MEN

THE world is full of *tired* men—but only a few realize *how* tired they are until "something happens". When *your* day is done, and you come home, *you're* tired—whether you know it or not. You *need* rest and relaxation—however brief—to restore some of your vanished energy.

Then try *this*: Just sink into the inviting depths of your Royal Easy Chair. Pull out the leg rest . . . stretch out . . . lean back as far as you choose! Push the button—and the back *reclines* until you find the exact degree of relaxation you are seeking! Sheer, utter comfort is yours—*absolute relaxation*. Read a bit . . . then doze off . . . . And in thirty minutes you'll be refreshed and fully prepared for whatever the evening may hold! Don't envy the man in the picture. *You* can rest this evening just as *he* is resting. Do it! Royal Easy Chairs bring the utter relaxation busy men so greatly need at the day's end.



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**No. 1009**
A splendid overstuffed wing-chair in genuine leather. Ideal for den, library or private office. Solid comfort!

**No. 22 Special**
Rest and [illegible] handsome [illegible] wing chair. Tapestry or velour. Mahogany or walnut finish.

*"Push the Button—Back Reclines"*

**No. 20 Special**
As comfortable as it is attractive. DeLuxe Spring Edge Seat. Mahogany or walnut finish. Very restful.

**No. 2015**
[illegible]

**No. 811-4W**
Sink back on this rest and [illegible]. A beautiful mahogany or walnut finish DeLuxe Spring Edge Seat.

**No. 1019**
A new design with be pleasing in any home in velour [illegible] Has disappearing leg-rest.

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THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY
*New Kensington, Pa.*

# "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Baking Pan

## *Fine for baking—*

*and a dozen other uses*

WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

*At "Wear-Ever" stores*
NOW

(Continued from Page 178)

back far enough. Calvin Coolidge is considered no enigma in Plymouth, Vermont. Nothing in the youthful Coolidge to excite the imagination of any New Englander born before the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. In his early surroundings he was a perfect and exact type of what everybody was familiar with. No nine-day wonder or puzzle to anybody. One recalls the story of the Down East Yankee who paid good money to see The Old Homestead back in the days when Denman Thompson played the part of Josh Whitcomb. The patron of dramatic art felt that he had been defrauded

"Them folks on the stage," he complained sourly, "wan't no high-class play actors. They were just like our folks to hum."

In this narrative we have gone back twenty or twenty-five years in an effort to explain Mr. Coolidge. We could profitably have gone back 200 years. Mr. Coolidge is eighteenth century, frugal, simple, hard-bitten, set down in the twentieth-century age of jazz, extravagance in speech, dress, mad desire for pleasure, for spending. The age of mobility—light, heat and power distributed in an instant over copper wires, intelligence flashed across continents, under oceans and through the air in the twinkling of an eye; myriads of flivvers darting to and fro on our public highways, a world on wheels, restless, avid, resistlessly pushing and struggling onward; fortunes made or lost in a day, big fees, high stakes. The riddle, the mystery, is not in Mr. Coolidge himself, but in the sheer inability to measure the eighteenth century in terms of twentieth century standards.

He is a throwback to the eighteenth century. He is frugal along with his fellow mortals of the same epoch. They had to be frugal. Those sterile Vermont hills denied life to people who were not frugal. Mr. Coolidge does not know how to play. No more did his forbears. Life was too serious a thing. There was no time to play. The wilderness had to be subdued. A man went to church with a rifle tucked under one arm and the Bible under the other. The beauty of the external world never appealed to these men; their minds were taken up with the beauty of holiness. To them music and art were as sunlight to the blind. In the hard struggle for existence their æsthetic instinct had never been developed. It takes leisure to cultivate the muses. These men, too, were sparing in speech. Hard-bitten of fate, their lives were a protest against extravagance in speech, in dress, in money expenditure. Mr. Coolidge is exactly like his forbears and doesn't try to be anything different.

### Qualities That Made Our Nation

Colonel Coolidge, the father, fell to talking of his son

"My boy was always shy and quietlike and never put himself forward. It riles Calvin to have people show off. He was a trusty kind of a boy. Whatever I left for him to do, I never had to ask him later if he had done it. I thought when he was a boy he had the makings of a good doctor, but he told me that he did not care for doctoring particularly; all he wanted was a good education. He always attended to whatever he had in hand and I guess he is attending right now to what he has to do.

"The other day I was looking over some old papers in the attic and found Cal's cash accounts in college. Everything balanced up $2.50 a week for board, so many cents for newspapers and a bag of peanuts. Every cent accounted for. He never ran over his receipts."

Now surely these qualities are not unintelligible to Americans who know anything about the history of their country. Men of the Coolidge quality are the men who in its bleak, precarious beginnings made this nation. They were the hardy souls who, whether living in Virginia or Massachusetts, streamed westward, blazing trails, subduing the forest, fighting savages, conquering the wilderness. While England's ways have been the waterways of the world and the symbol of her greatness an ocean ship, our ways have been the blazed trails of a continent—the symbol of our rise to greatness the covered wagon.

We live in an extravagant, money-spending, pampered, high-powered age; but democracy has an instinct for self-preservation and that instinct makes democracy workable. The life of this nation is a bigger thing than a formula. Our nominating conventions, our scheme of cabinet government are quite unknown to our written Constitution. Our vigorous national life displays itself in constant adaptation to the changing conditions of an ever-changing world. In our restless, complex, high-keyed Western civilization we have not forgotten the slow grim men of our early half-starved beginnings in the wilderness of the New World. Through the self-preservative instinct, flashiality turns for help to durability. Our democracy is always finding an antidote to its own toxins.

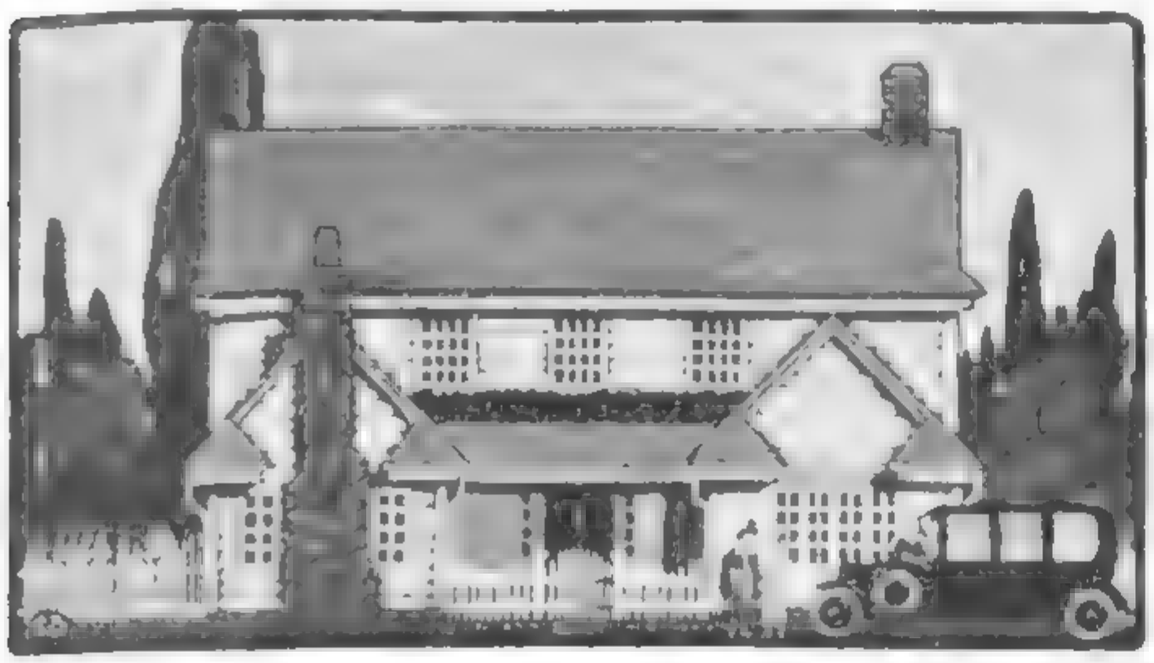
### Keeping Faith With the Past

Further, Mr. Coolidge answers to the demand for emotional relief, the necessity for emotional reversal. The revivalist and the actor understand the psychology of emotional reliefs. The revivalist keys his audience up to a high pitch of emotion, to the point where men and women begin to weep. Sensing the need for comic relief, he will tell a funny story and set everyone laughing. The expert vaudeville manager sees to it that sob stuff follows on the heels of the custard-pie turn, and vice versa.

The President's strength, I think, lies in the fact that to the great mass of the American people he is intelligible rather than enigmatical. He is not below them nor yet too high above them. He is not impatient with mediocrity and is understood by mediocrity. He has risen step by step in the public service just as a lad starting as a water boy for a railroad section gang works up through the entire executive hierarchy and becomes president of the road.

There's nothing new in all this to American experience. It is nothing new for our modern men to keep faith with the homely virtues of their ancestors. The roots of our great democracy strike deep into the soil of our Western world with its abounding resources and fresh opportunities. The topmost shoots like the myriads of lesser buds are fed from the same sap. There are tens of thousands of young men in this country not different in the essentials of character from the Calvin Coolidge of the Vermont hills; young men who with no hope of great achievement are content to do humbly their duty. Some of them sleep in France and others have retired to the background, ready, however, to come forward if danger again threatens.

Editor's Note—Written in response to The Post's request for personal reminiscences of Mr. Coolidge when he was an obscure lawyer in Northampton a quarter of a century ago

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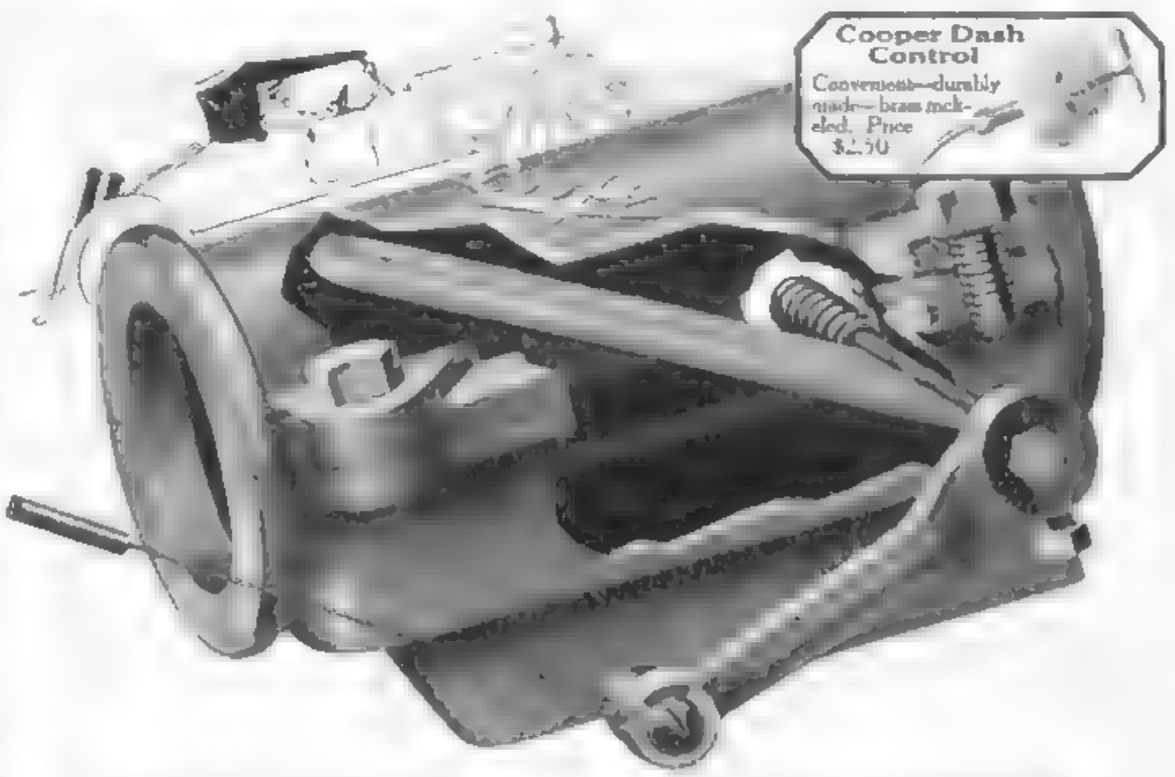


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# THE OTHER THIRD PARTY

(Continued from Page 29)

the British Government or to declare independence of it, looks like one of the most momentous with which Americans have ever had to deal. But a scholarly examination of the evidence in the case has led to the opinion that about one-third of the American people were then decidedly in favor of independence, about one-third were decidedly opposed to it, and about one-third were neutral.

There is no difficulty now in imagining an American of 1776 to whom rebellion against the government under which he had been born and reared was as disagreeable as it was to Lee in 1861, and who was not attracted by the passionate and clamorous partisanship on either side. Certainly, after the event, an overwhelming majority of the people may hold a given opinion; but that is a different thing from the situation while the decision is in the making. In 1861 a very large party in the North was opposed to war with the seceding Southern states, and up fairly to the end of 1916 a majority of the American people held aloof from the World War—reelecting President Wilson in November of that year partly on the slogan that he had kept us out of the war. But a comparatively slow-burning material like anthracite may make the best fire once it gets started.

In politics, as in architecture, slow-burning material may be very useful. I don't think a higher average of combustibility is what we want. If a man is a nonvoter because his roof piece is slate or tile, instead of straw or shingle, his insensibility to sparks may be maddening to a hard-pressed campaign manager who is fanning the flame with his last shirt, but it isn't necessarily a detriment to the country. The nonvoter may have his good points.

Indeed, one whole generation, in which I made an atom, was brought up to look upon him as the true hope and salvation of democracy. Certain raw facts about democracy were patent to everybody—for example, that not a few rogues and a great many blockheads regularly got themselves elected to representative offices where they managed the business of government in a shockingly unsatisfactory manner. This happened, we were told, because all the evil influences, such as the bosses and machines and predatory corporations, saw to it that their cohorts marched to the polls and cast the ballots which had been prescribed for them, while great numbers of wise and virtuous citizens, who were warmly devoted to democracy at heart, exemplified their wisdom, virtue and devotion to popular rule by forgetting to vote.

### No Golden Age of Politics

No doubt that always sounded somewhat paradoxical even to those who tried hardest to believe it. But there had to be some hopeful explanation of the raw facts here referred to. We had to believe that the people were capable of governing themselves wisely and justly. We had to acknowledge that the representative bodies which they elected for that purpose frequently displayed the wisdom of a rabbit and the justice of a hungry dog. The explanation that so many of our best citizens simply forgot to vote was the least humiliating one we could think of. So we labored earnestly to get out this wise and virtuous stay-at-home vote. I recall one local crisis which we might be said to have met with some measure of success. That is, the vote was unusually large—which made the majority against us and in favor of the bosses simply overwhelming.

Careful consideration and some first-hand investigations have led me to abandon the theory of special virtue and wisdom in the stay-at-home voter. The old stock picture of him as a bank president, intelligent in the conduct of his own affairs, a good patriot and faithful to the principles of democracy at heart, but so absorbed in business that he neglects to vote, must go into the discard. The census shows there are no 27,000,000 bank presidents in the United States. Only a few of the stay-at-homes can be presidents of anything. They must include pretty much all sorts and conditions of men and women.

They represent no new condition; and like some other old political conditions this one shows improvement with the passage of time. Relatively more men vote now than voted a hundred years ago or sixty-five years ago. Political campaigns, in spite of all the bunk which still characterizes them, are on a higher plane with regard to intelligence, common honesty and common decency than they were in the middle of the last century. In fine, when we view the political doings of our canonized forefather, not through a rosy fog of romance but in the cold light of facts, we have no reason to be discouraged about ourselves. There has been no decline from a Golden Age.

Such evidence as is now available indicates that in colonial Massachusetts and Connecticut only about 2 per cent of the population voted. In the early presidential elections under the new Constitution electors in about half the states were chosen by the legislatures, so there was no popular voting. In most of the others election records have disappeared. But in the two first presidential elections less than 2 per cent of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania voted, and in the third election less than 5 per cent.

Of course, suffrage was then restricted in all the states by property qualifications, but there is no doubt that a good many more people might have voted if they had cared to. Also, the first two elections were foregone conclusions, and though Jefferson contested the third election with John Adams, it is only with the fourth election, held in 1800, that we get a genuine presidential scrap comparable to those of our own period.

### Old-Time Mud-Slinging

By that time Jefferson's followers were well organized under the name of the Republican Party and raised to a high pitch of fury by the conviction—if we may take their word for it—that their opponents were double-dyed scoundrels bent upon the enslavement of the country. Essentially it was the ever standing contest between conservative and radical; and it was conducted on the broad principle that any lie was good enough if it would win a vote. The Republicans not only charged the Federalists with being monarchists at heart, intent upon setting up a king, but John Adams was alleged to cherish an ambition to establish a state religion and subject the country to a rule of priests. The new ramshackle village on the banks of the Potomac was pointed to as proof that the loathed Federalists proposed to build a modern Babylon. Annual revenue of the Government was a trifle more than $10,000,000, but Adams' Administration was charged with squandering public funds right and left. Nor had the Republicans any monopoly of this gross exaggeration and mud-slinging. Federalists pointed fingers of horror at Jefferson's liberal theological views. He was an infidel, they said; elect him and at home religion would be destroyed, immorality would flourish, the bonds of society would be loosened.

A citizen who listened to both sides and took them seriously could hardly fail to conclude that his unhappy country was doomed to speedy destruction, whoever won. Which may be a reason why so many of them did not vote. The election was thrown into the House of Representatives, which, after thirty-six ballots, in a six-day contest, handed the presidency to Jefferson. The Jeffersonian party then kept control of the Government for twenty-four years with so little effectual opposition that in 1820 Monroe got every electoral vote save one.

Let us note, however, that at the beginning of 1818, in the midst of Monroe's famous era of good feeling, when pacific citizens were congratulating themselves that partisan strife had all but disappeared, the Territory of Missouri petitioned for admission as a state. When the bill was up in the House a member moved an amendment providing that thereafter slavery should not be admitted to any American soil north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes—thereby lighting the fuse which finally exploded in the Civil War. The amendment was lost at the moment; and for a full generation one of the major occupations of politics consisted of an earnest endeavor to compromise, soft-pedal and side-step this fatal question of the extension of slavery to new territory. As we all know, politics failed to settle it. Broadly speaking, politics does not settle things, but only stirs them up.

(Continued on Page 185)

# Floor Varnish Must Be More Than Waterproof to Withstand This Daily Test

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*Watch Your Home Paper for details of the Home Lighting Contest*

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 182)

Also, in 1820, when this Missouri Compromise was again under debate, a member from North Carolina arose to address the House. In the district which he represented Buncombe County was the largest unit. His remarks rambled so extensively that an indulgent House lost patience, and the orator finally confessed that his speech was designed exclusively for home consumption. Said he, "I am talking for Buncombe." Thereafter to "talk for Buncombe" became a common expression. Hence the modern abbreviation "bunk," which so many of the younger generation regard as a synonym for politics and presumably derived from the same Greek root.

In 1824 the Jeffersonians had been in almost undisputed power for one year short of a quarter of a century. Every President save one had come from Virginia. John Adams, second President, had been Vice President under Washington. Jefferson, third President, had been Secretary of State under Washington. Madison, fourth President, had been Secretary of State under Jefferson. Monroe, fifth President, had been Secretary of State under Madison. J. Q. Adams, mentioned for the succession, had been Secretary of State under Monroe. Up to that time presidential candidates were chosen in a congressional caucus.

Meanwhile the country beyond the Alleghanies had been filling up, and viewing with much displeasure the situation at Washington. So the devoted followers of Thomas Jefferson found themselves confronted with a new democratic revolution which proposed to throw them out exactly as they had thrown out the Federalists in 1800. They were now the conservatives and aristocrats. They upheld the Virginia dynasty. They were devoted to the proposition that only a Secretary of State could be President. In fine, they were a silk-stocking, kid-glove, highbrow gang of rascals who were running the Government as a close corporation for the benefit of themselves and their friends. The West wanted a man of the people.

Andrew Jackson, in precarious health, had then resigned the governorship of Florida and retired for life, as he supposed. But this new democratic movement claimed him, and the contest between him and J. Q. Adams furnished another political battle which was at least full of sound and fury. Never before had the country been so wrought up over the choice of a President. Meanwhile restrictions upon suffrage, in the way of property qualifications and the like, had been lightened; and this election of 1824 gives the first nation-wide record of a popular vote for President. It is not complete, for in six states presidential electors were chosen by the legislatures. The census of 1820 gave the remaining eighteen states a population of 6,900,000, in round numbers, and in this exciting election of 1824 they cast 352,062 votes—not more than 5 per cent of the population. There were two candidates besides Jackson and Adams. No one had a majority of the electoral college, and again choice of a President devolved upon the House—which considered the old, official, blown-in-the-bottle brand of Jeffersonian democracy quite good enough, and chose J. Q. Adams, although in the popular vote Jackson had 155,872 to his 105,321. Jackson's vote was only 44 per cent of the total, but his friends said the gang had swindled him out of the presidency, and four years later they returned to the attack with double vigor.

### *Some Lively Campaigns*

Meanwhile liberal legislation had much further extended the suffrage, and all the states save South Carolina chose presidential electors by direct vote of the people. Under these favorable circumstances there followed the liveliest campaign the country had yet seen. John Bach McMaster, one of the best authorities on the subject, says, "The mass of campaign literature surpassed anything of the kind that ever went before it in quantity, in scurrility and in falsehood."

J. Q. Adams, again the leading candidate in opposition to Jackson, was said to be an aristocrat and monarchist at heart, and an inveterate feeder at the public crib. An ingenious statistician figured out that, what with his salaries and the allowances he had drawn on his various diplomatic missions, a patient public had paid him sixteen dollars a day from the moment he first drew breath. Moreover, it was solemnly alleged that while in St. Petersburg this pious Yankee had engaged in a scandalous intrigue with a beautiful American girl who in some mysterious manner had become a servant in the Czar's palace.

On the other hand, patriotic citizens were implored to save their country by voting against Andrew Jackson because he had married his first wife before she got a divorce from her first husband, because he had murdered six deserters from the militia in Mobile in 1815, and because he used profane language. The result of these and other alarming appeals—with a wider suffrage—was to draw out 1,156,328 votes in twenty-three states which had ten times that population. About 40 per cent of the adult white males voted—high-water mark by a wide margin up to that time. Jackson's plurality in 1828 was 138,000; in 1832 it was 157,000; and in 1836, Van Buren, who had been Secretary of State in Jackson's first administration and Vice President in the second, received a plurality of 214,000.

Jackson's first election, like Jefferson's in 1800, was a democratic revolution, an uprising of plain people against privilege, aristocracy and a silk-stockinged official crowd. As such revolution it presumably had moral value; but of material value there is no trace. Certainly no plain citizen, unless he got an office, found it easier in any respect to make a living, or was in any respect better advantaged for the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. On the other hand, Jackson destroyed a good banking system and so made way for a bad one, which was in some part responsible for the violent panic of 1837 and the ensuing industrial depression. Also he gave us our celebrated spoils system by which public offices are still handed out as a reward of party services.

### *The Log Cabin Issue*

Counting Martin Van Buren as a true successor, the Jacksonian régime had continued twelve years when it, in turn, met a new democratic movement. In 1840 the Democratic Party, as it was called by that time, unanimously nominated Van Buren to succeed himself. Various political elements had coalesced in the Whig Party, which nominated Gen. William Henry Harrison, then sixty-seven years of age. As a matter of fact the general's father had been a leading citizen of his time and place, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a governor of Virginia, and holder of various other conspicuous offices. William Henry had received a classical college education, and after a brief course in medicine entered the Army. In 1811 he defeated a large body of Indians on the Tippecanoe River, in Indiana, and he served capably in the War of 1812. In 1840 he was living modestly in Ohio on the emoluments of the office of clerk of the county court. A part of the house which he occupied had originally been a log cabin. Directly after his nomination an incautious politician in the opposite camp remarked that if Harrison had a pension of two thousand dollars a year, a log cabin to live in, and plenty of hard cider to drink he would never bother about the presidency.

Astute Whigs caught at that, and it became, in fact, the leading issue of the campaign. A flood of oratory, print and cartoons pictured the modest old hero of Tippecanoe—true man of the people at last—sitting in the doorway of his humble domicile solacing his age and poverty with plain, democratic hard cider. One of the great Whig documents of the campaign, distributed in every part of the country, consisted of a speech by Congressman Ogle in which the Executive Mansion at Washington, occupied by President Van Buren, was described as rivaling in splendor the palaces of the Cæsars. The walls, said the impassioned congressman, were hung with costly mirrors, the floors carpeted with velvet; in this luxurious setting the man who asked for the suffrage of plain American citizens was waited upon by liveried servants, eating from silver plate, imbibing French soup out of gold spoons and sleeping on imported beds; out in the White House grounds men, paid with the hard-earned money of the people, actually spent their time plucking burdock and sheep sorrel out of the grass, while Van Buren and his satrap friends openly expressed contempt of battle-scarred William Henry Harrison because he was poor, lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider!

In vain flustered Democrats sought to stem the tide by alleging that General Harrison did not live in a log cabin and was


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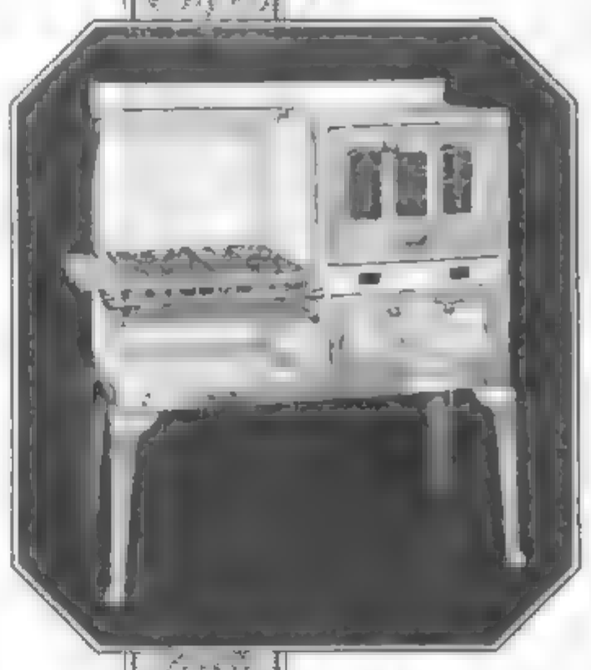

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rather a plutocrat. Numberless torchlight processions marched countless miles chanting songs of Tippecanoe, log cabins and fermented apple juice. The popular vote rose to 55 per cent of the adult white male inhabitants. Harrison's plurality was only 6 per cent of the total vote cast, but he got 234 electoral votes to Van Buren's 60. As to what this portended to the country, I cannot do better than quote briefly from two leading newspapers of the time.

According to the Democratic one, "The power of money has triumphed over intelligence. Democracy has been beaten by a new description of voters, some having flesh and blood, the others being men of straw." The flesh-and-blood ones had been "raked and scraped from the jails and penitentiaries," herded in log-cabin headquarters and voted like so many sheep. The men of straw were the fraudulent ballots. Thus, "The Bourbons are restored. Let the people prepare for the new reign of terror that is approaching!"

On the other hand, our Whig journal observes, "The contest is over. The victory is won. The people are free again. Our republican institutions are redeemed from the grasp of tyrants. Let the people rejoice!"

The people did not rejoice, however. On the contrary—Harrison dying a month after his inauguration—they speedily recovered from their hard-cider debauch and turned heavily against the Whigs at the next congressional elections. Probably this campaign of 1840 achieved high-water mark in pure bunk.

The contest of 1844 is memorable for two things. "At none of the fourteen presidential elections which up to that time had been held," says McMaster, "was fraud so openly, generally and recklessly practiced." The other memorable thing is less humiliating. The Democrats nominated Polk. The Whigs nominated Clay. Meanwhile a new political sect, generally regarded by both the old parties as a mere nuisance, held a convention and nominated J. G. Birney for the presidency. At the time, this new sect operated under the name of the Liberty Party, but its chief creed was antislavery.

It may be recalled that only seven years before this an antislavery association had attempted to hold a mass meeting in Boston, but could find nobody that would rent it a hall of any description, so it had to meet in a barn. There is no doubt that gross fraud was practiced in the contest between Clay and Polk, but it probably had not much to do with the result. In New York 15,812 voters, dissatisfied with Clay's attitude on slavery, plumped for Birney, thereby giving the state to Polk. So the Albany Journal stated the simple truth—a rather remarkable performance in partisan political utterances of that day—when it said, "The state of New York has been given to Texas and slavery by the Abolitionists." Their principles were right, but their votes were wrong.

### *Wabbly Party Lines*

The total vote was about as large in proportion to population as four years before, and Polk's popular majority over Clay was 38,175, while Birney got 65,608 votes. In New York Polk's majority over Clay was only 5106, or one-third the Birney vote.

Old party lines were growing wabbly. There was a big definite question concerning the extension of slavery to new territory. Broadly speaking, politics didn't know what to do with it. In 1848 the Whigs named Zachary Taylor, hero of the recent Mexican War, and the Democrats named Cass. Then there was a Liberty Party, a Free-Soil Party, a Barnburners Party, a Hunkers Party, and various obscurer sects. The returns show the unsettled state of opinion and the insignificance of party lines. The Whigs carried fifteen states, seven of them free and eight of them slave states. The Democrats also carried fifteen states, eight of them free states and seven of them slave states. But the Whig states had 163 electoral votes, and the Democratic states only 127. The popular vote was 2,879,908 and Taylor's plurality 139,000.

Then there was the lull before the storm, and four years later in an apathetic campaign the Democrats had a walkover, with 254 electoral votes out of 296. Loosely speaking, nobody had ever heard of their candidate, Franklin Pierce, before he was nominated, but in a popular vote of 3,145,773 Pierce's plurality was 214,896.

By 1856 opposition to an extension of slavery had got organized as the Republican Party, which nominated John C. Frémont for President. The Democrats nominated Buchanan, and the Know-Nothings, Millard Fillmore. Buchanan had a minority of the popular vote, but a majority in the electoral college.

We now come to the presidential election whose consequences to the plain citizen were incomparably more important than those of any other. It had been declared that Lincoln's election meant division of the Union, and behind that loomed at least the shadow of Civil War. Moreover, the big issue of 1860 was perfectly simple, clear-cut, objective.

In Jefferson's time and in Jackson's the results had been subjective rather than objective. People had expressed an emotion—an attachment to democratic principles but nothing in particular in a tangible way had followed. The election of 1860, however, must have tangible results. Whichever way the answer ran, a very definite, concrete thing would happen. Slavery would be extended or it would not be extended. Anybody could understand that. There was, of course, plenty of mud-slinging and lying. Staid journals pictured Lincoln as a barroom loafer; but on its serious side no campaign was ever conducted on a higher plane. By this time all the states save South Carolina chose presidential electors by direct vote of the people and we have presumably accurate election returns.

Sixty per cent of the adult white males voted, and Lincoln got 40 per cent of the vote cast—the three other candidates, taken together, receiving almost 1,000,000 more votes than he did. In Illinois his lead over Douglas was only 11,966. But of 303 electoral votes he got 180.

### *Political Bunk and Hokum*

In order to keep the historical background in mind, remember that Lee was defeated at Gettysburg in July, 1863, and in the following November Grant's operations around Chattanooga practically ended the war except in the eastern theater. In July, 1864, Sherman took Atlanta; and in August the Democratic convention at Chicago nominated McClellan for president on a platform which declared the war to be a failure and called for a cessation of hostilities.

Of course only the Northern states voted in the ensuing election. Lincoln's majority over McClellan amounted to 10 per cent of the total vote cast. He carried Connecticut by 2405, New Hampshire by 3562, New York by 6749—less than 1 per cent of the total vote cast—Pennsylvania by 20,075, and lost New Jersey by 7301. We now know that the Civil War was not a military failure; and in this coming November, Abraham Lincoln would get a practically unanimous vote in the North. But one purpose of this very sketchy little review is to show that we have no reason to be discouraged about ourselves. However great blockheads we may be politically, our fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers were not a whit wiser or more virtuous. In almost all of these elections the winning candidate's plurality was but a small fraction of the stay-at-home vote.

Five years after the close of the Civil War, population had risen to 38,000,000, and national wealth to $30,000,000,000, or $780 a head, against $308 a head only twenty years before. That had been the record from the beginning. However anybody blundered, the country steadily grew bigger, stronger and richer, not only absolutely but relatively to population. Even the tremendous destruction of four years' Civil War could not check its progress. Very likely it was somewhere around 1870 that an expression which I often heard as a youngster came into common use—namely, "God takes care of fools, drunken men and the United States." In that case many people might have asked themselves why they should bother about voting, especially as voting seemed to settle nothing that really mattered.

One party was turned out because it was too high-hat and silk-stocking. Presently the victors were turned out because they had become too high-hat and silk-stocking. At least since 1820 the tariff had been a football of professional politics, kicked now to one goal, now to another, but no nearer a settlement than at the beginning. All parties dealt liberally in bunk and hokum.

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

Meanwhile, whoever won or lost at the polls, the Government, as it actually affected the lives of ordinary people, went on substantially as it had gone on before. Plenty of fine words, but no plain citizen's parsnips were buttered either the more or the less. We know now that no party or administration intended monarchy, tyranny or any other deliberate deviltry. All administrations did the best they knew and intended nothing but liberty and prosperity as they saw it. From the beginning there had been the ominous question whether a state could withdraw from the Union. New England had raised it by threats of secession in 1812. South Carolina had raised it in 1832 by the nullification ordinance declaring the Federal tariff void within that state. And at least since 1820 there had been the ominous question of the extension of slavery. Those questions had been settled, in Bismarck's cheerful phrase, not by paper ballots but by blood and iron. Why bother to vote?

More people did vote, however. The mild contest between Garfield and Hancock, in 1880, drew out a vote equal to 70 per cent of the white adult male inhabitants. This proportion of voters was not improved by the more exciting contest four years later in which Cleveland won by the narrowest of margins, his popular plurality over Blaine being only 62,683 in a total vote which, for the first time, reached 10,000,000.

In 1896, for the first time in a generation, electors were presented with an issue which had an obvious and tangible meaning to everybody—the Democrats proposing to change the monetary standard by free coinage of silver. The campaign was the hottest since the Civil War, and the total rose to 75 per cent of the white adult population—high-water mark then and since. Four years later the proportion of voters dropped to 70 per cent of adult white males; and in 1904, although Roosevelt aroused much enthusiasm and won by the greatest plurality ever given a candidate at that time, the total vote dropped to rather less than two-thirds of the adult white male population. And thereabouts it has stuck ever since, only the extension of suffrage to women has greatly increased the proportion of stay-at-home voters.

### Elections That Go by Default

There is a theory that if the stay-at-homes went to the polls their votes would be divided in the same way as their voting neighbors', so the same candidates would win. Probably that is true in rare landslide years like 1920 and 1904, but, in view of the magnitude of the stay-at-home vote and the narrow margin by which many elections are won, it is not tenable as a general rule. To go into details of the electoral vote would produce a discouraging mess of figures; but to take the latest example of a close election, in 1916 Wilson's plurality in California was 3806, and if Hughes had carried that state he would have won the election. Or, Hughes carried Indiana by 6942, Connecticut by 6728, Maine by 5379, Massachusetts by 20,899; and if Wilson had carried any one of those states he would have won the presidency even though he had lost California. Many elections go by the default of the stay-at homes. It is high time that state of things stopped.

From the adoption of the Constitution down to the Civil War, total cost of the Federal Government ran rather less than two dollars a year per capita. State and local governments were on like modest scale. Mostly they tried to maintain public order, kept the courts open, delivered the mails, sometimes swept the streets and let it go at that. Their small cost indicates the very limited scope of their activities. Whoever won at elections, the plain citizen might rest assured that government would take little out of his pocket and brush against him only very lightly and casually as he went about his daily occupations and amusements, provided he kept the peace. That may have been a reason for indifference to his electoral privilege.

In the year of Lincoln's first election to the presidency the country had 31,000,000 inhabitants, and the cost of government, Federal, state and local, was $150,000,000 in round numbers, or under five dollars a head. In 1902 it had grown to $1,285,000,000, or sixteen dollars a head. The latest report on the subject by the Bureau of the Census puts the cost of Federal, state and local government in 1922 at $6,349,000,000, or about sixty dollars a head. In 1860 the Federal Government collected in taxes from all sources, direct and indirect, rather less than Connecticut, with 1,400,000 inhabitants, now collects each year for state and local purposes.

This increase in expenditure connotes a great increase in the activities of government, which now, nationally or locally, has a finger in numberless pies.

Total cost of Federal, state and local government in 1912 was only one-third as much as in 1922 -which is another way of saying that especially since the World War government has become increasingly of immediate and tangible importance to everybody. It now takes nearly one dollar out of every eight of the total national income. And it contains ample promise of taking more, for never before were so many vigorous minorities trying to use government for their own benefit—with plain citizens inevitably footing the bill in one way or another.

### Radicalism Now and Then

Radicalism as a political party in the United States began under Jefferson with the famous motto that that government is best which governs least. In a many-fingered government he saw tyranny. We have lived to see conservative and radical change sides on that proposition. Present radicalism—occasionally with Jefferson's name piously inscribed on its banner—stands for a many-sided extension of the activities of government. In a general way it looks upon government, not as the big policeman and umpire, but as an instrument to be used for the relief and profit of any group of citizens sufficiently numerous to turn an election. Indifference to voting on the part of many citizens obviously assists a program of government for class or group benefit.

No doubt many people abstain from voting out of disgust with the bunk and hokum of politics. They know there are political managers on both sides—or on all sides if there are more than two—for whom no balderdash is too rank, no exaggeration too gross, no appeal to passion and prejudice too base. Unfortunately, noisy shysters of politics are always striving to crowd to the front of the platform and outyell everybody else, so they tend to give the whole proceedings a rowdy and blackguardly air which disgusts many sober citizens. But at no time, by any means, have all political managers or leaders been of that stripe. There are always people worth listening to. It is certainly more profitable to vote against bunk and hokum than to sit at home and denounce them.

Perhaps there is absolutely as much bunk and hokum in politics today as ever; but I am sure there is less relatively—and relatively more sober discussion addressed to sober and self-respecting citizens who are not interested in the bogymen, pasteboard dragons, bloody shirts, mares' nests, roorbacks and other well-seasoned stock articles of the politico-theatrical property room. It would be odd if there were not more intelligent discussion of politics when government becomes increasingly a matter of direct, tangible importance to everybody. Incidentally, it is not monarchists, aristocrats, British gold, freemasonry, big business or invisible government that has been the special curse of American politics, but balderdash and buncombe. If only we could organize the huge stay-at-home vote as an antihokum party!

But the important question is not whether some 40 or 45 per cent of the electorate are going to stay at home this fall or march to the polls. If they march to the polls only because some campaign committee wheedled or bluffed them into it, then they had much better stay at home. What we need isn't simply more voters. Twenty-seven million is plenty so far as mere quantity goes. We need less indifference to government when

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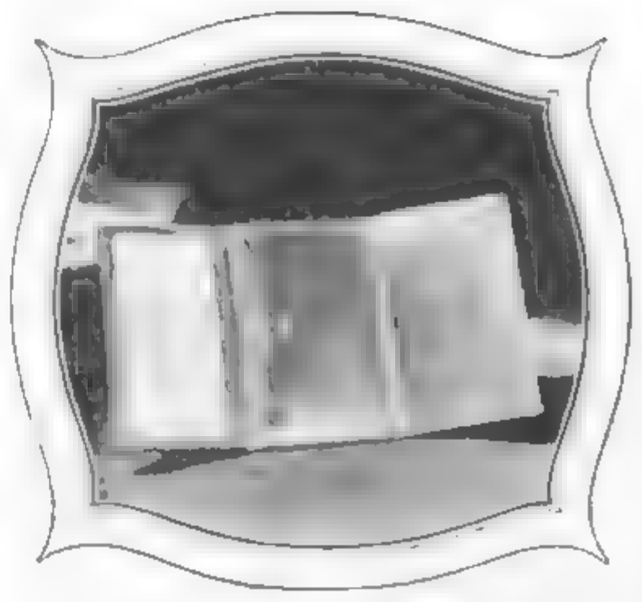

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no voting is going on, and whatever else may be said about it, that huge stay-at-home vote must include a large mass of indifference to politics. That it does include such indifference on the part of women, everybody knows. A huge number of intelligent women see nothing in politics but a confused rowdy mess, and turn their backs on it.

Voting isn't enough. I would plead with the stay-at-homes first to get some ideas of their own as to why they should vote, and how. It isn't a subject that need daunt any person with sufficient intelligence to grasp, for example, the rules of bridge. Reading the political columns in the newspaper and in any one of a number of very accessible periodicals will give a foundation. Everybody, for instance, ought to be able to make up his or her mind as to whether higher or lower taxes are desirable, and how to vote in order to get the desired end.

Voting is one of the simplest operations imaginable—as simple as buying a dollar's worth of sugar at the corner grocery. For any reasonably intelligent person, getting a foundation of information upon which to base an opinion for voting purposes requires no greater exercise of will power than, say, knocking off twenty pounds of superfluous flesh by a change of diet. Half an hour's daily reading of easily accessible material would make any such person a sort of electoral Einstein by November.

There are two old parties, both standing for the same general social and economic pattern—that is, private ownership of property, individual initiative, self-reliance, no revolutionary change in government, and so on. One of them claims to be more democratic than the other, which the other doesn't admit. One of them has been in power for three years and a half. The other was in power for eight years before that. It is no onerous job for anyone to look over the high points of the respective records and compare one with the other, or to read and check up their platforms this year.

There is a third party which proposes some very important changes in the general pattern—including government ownership of railroads, a large extension of government activities in other directions, and a revolutionary change in the present constitution of government by which the last word in interpreting the organic law would be taken away from the Supreme Court. If that last word were given to Congress, as Senator La Follette has recommended, it would obviously amount to the same thing as giving Congress power to change the Constitution at will. This party promises that large benefits will flow to the plain citizen from the changes which it proposes. Its platform has the great merit of conciseness. Anybody can read it in five minutes. With only a cursory knowledge of American political and economic history anybody can form a reasoned opinion as to whether he wants to vote for it or not.

I haven't a doubt that with an immense number of people nonvoting, like so many other things, is just a habit. They stayed away from the polls, nothing in particular happened to them, and they kept on staying away. I submit that it is a bad habit. A great many people, too, are intermittent nonvoters. If it is a little more convenient to go out of town on election day than to stay at home and vote, out of town they go; which is another bad habit. According to all prognostications and precedents this coming election will go by default; it will be close enough, however it goes, so that a small fraction of the stay-at-home vote might have turned it the other way. The precedent of abstention from voting ought to be broken. Nobody has any business to let the election go by his or her default. Still, don't go to the polls at all rather than go only because somebody asks you to. Get a reason of your own for going. Government becomes increasingly of immediate and tangible importance to everybody. Informing yourself about it is no great task. You can't afford to ignore it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*

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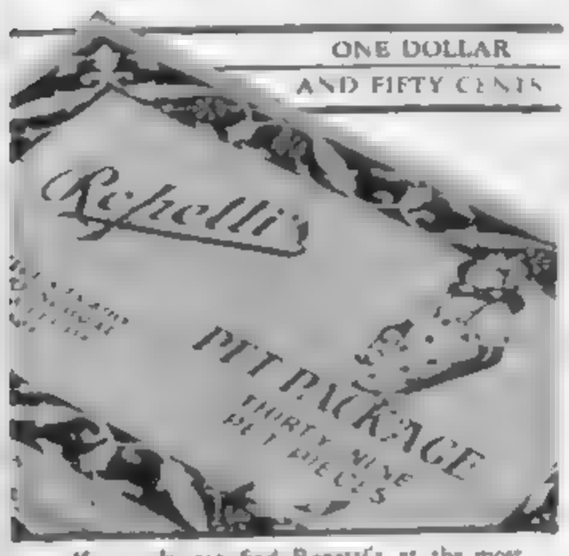


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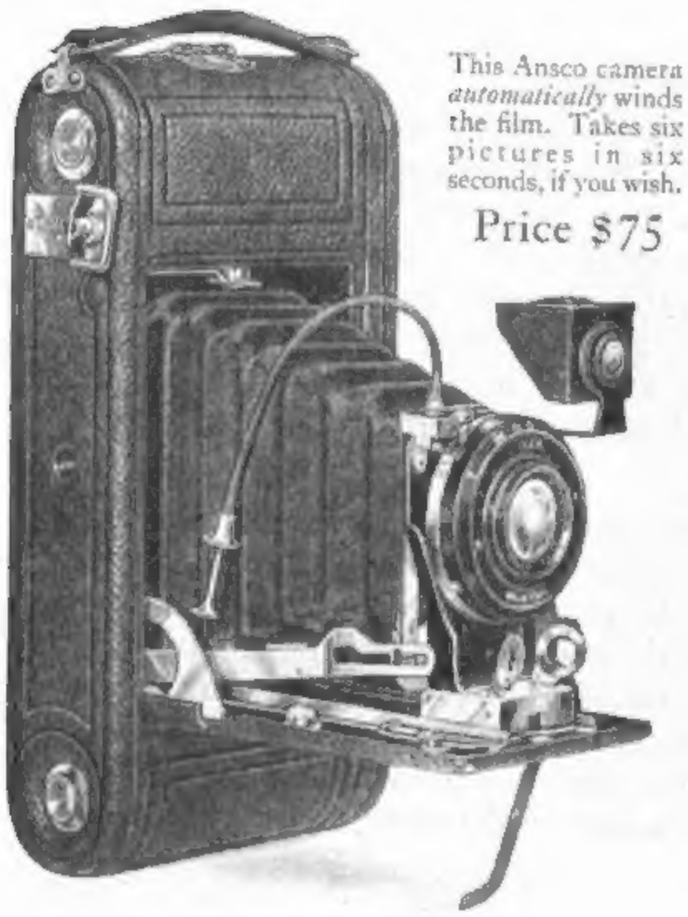

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When you first hear the buzz of those little wheels automatically winding the next picture into place, you will exclaim, "Why, this is as startling an improvement in cameras as the self-starter was in automobiles!" And that is exactly what it is: a self-starting picture-taker that gets just the pictures you want—and gets six in six seconds if you wish.

When a regular roll-film camera, no bigger than other folding cameras, is made so the film winds automatically into place for the next picture exposure, it is a truly marvelous camera. Now you can catch all those delightful things which invariably happen *after* the camera has clicked—*before* you have time to wind up the film, adjust and point the camera again.

If you are unable to buy this new camera where you shop regularly, we will be glad to send it to you direct, if you will use the coupon below.

*Illustrated catalog sent free on request.*

## More fun with this new kind of film

You don't have to worry about the light if you use Ansco Speedex Film. This film is made *for you as you are and the light as it is!*

With Ansco Film you take pictures as you always have taken them—and after giving Ansco a fair trial, compare the results with the pictures you have taken in the past and see how much finer your Ansco ones come out!

Send a dollar for Ansco film and we'll let it prove its own worth.

*So—now—it's easy to get good pictures*

# ANSCO
## CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

*Emergency Coupon—Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.*

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me:

☐ One Automatic camera for which I enclose $75.

☐ Four rolls of Ansco Speedex Film (or proportionate number if size is 3½ x 4½ or larger) for which I enclose one dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

Size of film _____ No. _____ Cam. Model _____

***For Dealers***

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan.

S. E. P.—9-20

# *The* Pacific Northwest offers you *two* definite opportunities

## *You owe it to yourself to weigh these facts*

THIS is, in a way, a confession of faith—faith in the destiny of a great and growing country.

We make it not for ourselves alone, but for those who in days past "dreamed the railroads across the plains." For those who from the beginning were actuated by an unswerving belief in the future greatness of the Pacific Northwest.

This belief has come down to us as a heritage. To know the Pacific Northwest is to believe in it. And to know it has been the business of our lives.

▱ ▱ ▱

We have watched it grow. In a twenty-year period we have seen its population more than double.

We have seen the commerce of its magnificent ports increase more than 500 per cent.

We have seen a 118 per cent increase in the number of its farms.

The products of its workshops and factories we have seen increase more than 800 per cent in annual value.

But this development, phenomenal as it is, has not surprised us. On the contrary.

▱ ▱ ▱

For we know upon what deep and firm foundations this growth is based.

Here, within the borders of five states, are natural wealth and economic advantages that *must* make for growth in the future as in the past.

Here are more than half the nation's water power resources—26,000,000 horse power.

Here is the largest reserve of standing timber in the United States, 960 billion feet—enough to rebuild thrice every frame dwelling in the country.

Here are millions of acres of the world's richest farm, fruit and stock lands.

Here is an almost limitless mineral wealth.

Here are matchless ports, the natural pathway of the Oriental and Alaskan commerce of today and of the boundless future.

And here are thousands of miles of fine roads—true highways of progress.

In such soil as this the development of the Pacific Northwest is rooted.

To you this country holds forth two definite and very real opportunities.

One is the chance to *grow with it*—to share its progress and its prosperity.

We have seen many men come to the Pacific Northwest. They found it no glittering El Dorado. They found that here, as elsewhere, hard work and plenty of it is the price of success. But they found too that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting. Here is a larger chance to get ahead—an opportunity created by swift growth and boundless wealth and a spirit that will not be denied.

The other opportunity is that for a richer, fuller and happier life. We mean the enjoyment of a natural wonderland and a delightful climate. Of health—for this is the healthiest group of states in the country. And better living conditions, whether on a farm or in one of the clean, modern cities and towns with their fine schools, churches, theaters, libraries, parks—everything that makes life finer and better.

▱ ▱ ▱

We want you to know this country as we know it—then decide for yourself what it offers you. Here it is impossible to tell you more. But we have prepared a booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which gives you detailed and authentic information about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—the Pacific Northwest.

We should like to have you read this booklet. If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it, we shall see that it is sent to you at once. For any special information, just write the Development Bureau.

P. S. Eustis
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A. B. Smith
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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Development Bureau, Dept. 20-E
Burlington Railroad Building
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your free booklet,
"The Land of Opportunity Now."

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

# *Silverware enough---and to spare*

There was company in the house already when a phone call from Plainville announced that the Malcolms wished to stop on their way home. Of course, that meant dinner! Yet she was able to say with conviction, "Oh! do; we'll be delighted." The thought of twelve at dinner held no terror for her. Only last week she had bought the additional half-dozens of knives and forks and spoons. Silverware enough and to spare!

## Does the word "guests" ever make you fearful?

FEARFUL because the table will not be set as completely and as correctly as you would have it? Fearful because you will have to borrow silverware?

But you need not be troubled in this way! To provide all the silverware you need is easier and less expensive than you supposed.

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can add to your present silverware reasonably and in as small quantities as you desire. A little at a time you can thus build up a table service equal to any occasion. You can provide those niceties of table setting—the salad forks, the ice cream forks, the coffee spoons, the orange spoons, the butter knives, the berry spoon, the cold meat fork and the other serving pieces.

On every occasion the beauty of your silverware will give you satisfaction. The durability of "1847 Rogers Bros." has been recognized for generations.

When you need more pieces, you can get them easily; for leading dealers in your vicinity always have the newer patterns of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate in stock.

*"Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," booklet W-90, was prepared in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations to indicate correct table settings. You will find it very helpful. Write for it to-day.*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Cold meat fork
(slightly reduced)
ANNIVERSARY PATTERN
Electric urn, sugar, cream and service tray
These graceful and useful pieces—as well as many others—match the knives, forks and spoons of the Anniversary pattern

# Consider these Victrola features

What records will you use? The Victor catalogs list the great numbers from the musical repertoire of the world.

What assurance have you of lasting satisfaction? The assurance that only the highest quality could have established the Victrola as the standard by which all talking-machines are judged.

What about cost? The unequalled Victor plant—the largest and most modern in the music industry—is devoted entirely to Victor products, assuring you the utmost value for the price of any Victrola style.

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CARUSO
Victor Artist

"My Victor Records shall be my biography" said Caruso in an interview published some time before his death. The statement was made during the close association with the Victor Company, which existed throughout the great tenor's artistic life. The Victor Records by Caruso constitute a library of living music without parallel in the history of the art. Hear these and you will want to hear all:

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Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

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Before Galli-Curci had sung a note to any American audience the Victor laboratories in Camden had caught imperishable records of the voice with which she was so soon to conquer another continent. How well our faith in her was justified, how well the public's judgment was founded—these things are attested again by such records as these:

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KREISLER
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Possession of any Victor Record by Kreisler is possession of a masterpiece. There is little in violin music that he has not explored, humanized, enriched with his own knowledge, and recorded for the Victor Company. On many of his Victor Records, he plays his own compositions. Choose for yourself, but in your choosing be sure you hear these:

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Mahogany, $375; electric, $415
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